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## Contents

	Page
<i>Cover Design:</i> Nicolet, the first white man to reach Wisconsin. From an engraving by Claude Duflos in the Canadian Archives after a portrait attributed to Dion des Campeaux.	
<b>EDITORIAL</b>	
<i>Editor's Office—Mrs. Keyes Speaking</i>	Frances Parkinson Keyes
<b>FEATURE ARTICLES</b>	
Arboreal Archives	Pearl H. Stewart
The Year's at the Spring, III—Maryland, My Maryland	2
An Old Pine Speaks	Evelyn Dixon Dillard
Life in Scraps of Paper	7
Wisconsin and the Old Northwest	Minnie Muse Jones
The Wisconsin State Capitol	20
Old Fort Winnebago	Ruby A. Black
Red Bird's Surrender	32
Brief History of Green Bay	Joseph Schaefer
A Wisconsin Shrine	L. Margaret Fuller
Bridal Adventure	Zona Gale
The River-That-Never-Freezes	Grace Hettinger Washburn
Your Capital City—And Mine!	40
	Harold T. I. Shannon
	Nuna E. R. Whitcomb
	Eleanor Janet Merrill
	Helen K. Stuart
	Bazel W. Vandenberg
<b>FEATURE PICTURES</b>	
Wonderful Wisconsin	60
<b>FICTION</b>	
Apple Blossom Time	Marjorie Barstow Greenbie
The Beauty of Belvoir ( <i>Continued from April issue</i> )	12
	Gertrude Tucker and Pauline Hopkins
<b>VERSE</b>	
And Still I Grieve: A Poem for Mother's Day	50
Horse Chestnut Blossoms	Retta C. Kastenhuber
Pine Tree	6
Memorial Day	Bessie Schenck Bunten
A Desert Song	18
A Rainy Day	Mona W. Moulton
New England Ancestor	Edith Harlan
	Carrie Jacobs-Bond
	Carrie Jacobs-Bond
	108
	Eleanor Alletta Chaffee
<b>REGULAR DEPARTMENTS</b>	
Genealogical Extension Service	66
Parliamentary Procedure	70
Book Reviews	72
Motion Picture Department	76
News Items	78
State Conferences	83
Committee Reports	108
Junior D. A. R.	111
C. A. R.	115
Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics	116
<b>OFFICIAL LISTS</b>	
National Board of Management	118
National Committee Chairmen	121
N. S. C. A. R.	122
Approved Schools	122

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*Editor*

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*Anna Jarvis, Founder of Mother's Day*

# *And Still I Grieve*

A POEM FOR MOTHER'S DAY

RETTA C. KASTENHUBER

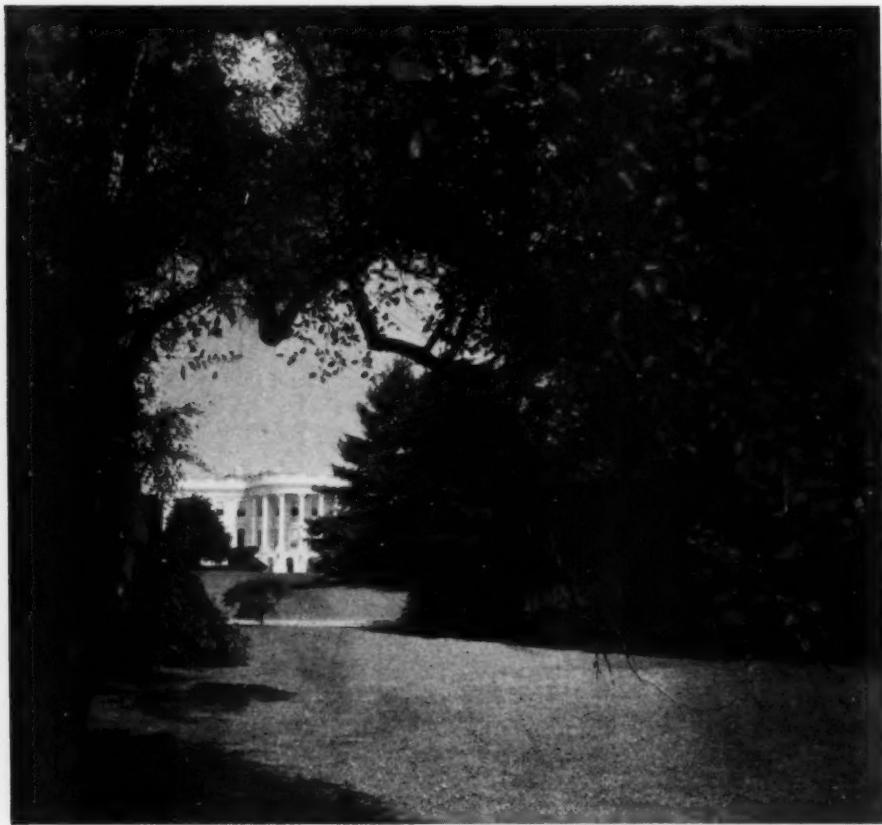
I know she is lovely again,  
And radiant.  
Her undimmed beauty, now shining  
Evermore.

I know she is young again,  
And quick.  
Swift and lithe as a girl, to run  
Untiring.

I know she is singing again,  
Her song.  
Immortal paean of courage  
Winging upward.

I know she is free again,  
Unchained.  
Earth's dismal portals, gladly fled,  
Forgotten.

And still I grieve!



WHITE HOUSE SOUTH GROUNDS. THE MAGNOLIAS PLANTED BY ANDREW JACKSON ARE THE GROUP NEXT TO THE WHITE HOUSE IN THE LEFT

## Arboreal Archives

The Nation's History Recorded in Washington Trees

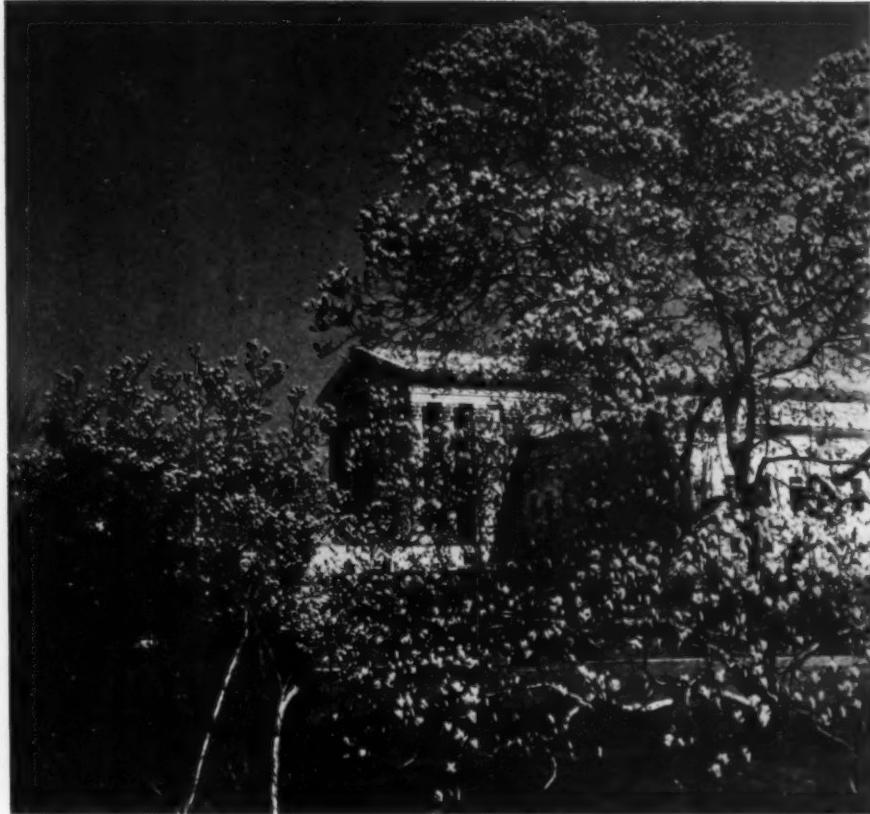
PEARL H. STEWART

**G**AELY our national capital presents to an admiring world continuous pageantry. In a setting of unique beauty the city celebrates a ceaseless procession of interesting and important events. At every opportunity it commemorates the dramatic highlights of history and pays homage to its distinguished visitors. And all the while it quietly stores away in the most unexpected places a host of romantic and significant tales.

In galleries and museums, in the vaulted

corridors of huge public buildings, in book-lined stalls and among the old yellowed documents of its carefully preserved archives, many persons work busily ferreting out these enlightening facts. Few know that under the open sky is spread the momentous story of our country. For the history of the nation is written in Washington's trees!

Every new plan for the city made by General Washington and Major L'Enfant called for trees and more trees. Now



THE SUPREME COURT BUILDING SEEN THROUGH A MAZE OF YULAN MAGNOLIAS

twelve hundred miles of tree-lined streets and sixty-five hundred acres of forested parks proclaim it America's "City of Trees."

Each gorgeous spring greets a parade of blossoming trees which for months wave colorful banners up and down the streets and avenues of the city. And stately trees, standing singly or in groups, memorialize the nation's heroes or their illustrious achievements.

On the landscaped grounds of the White House are trees planted by as many as fifteen Presidents, or their wives, when for a brief time they called this mansion "Home."

That tempestuous old warrior, Andrew Jackson, in his stern but lonely heart kept an undying affection for his wife and for "Hermitage"—the home he had built for

her in sunny Tennessee. When the grounds of the "President's House" were still unkempt and unlovely he brought from his homeland a group of Southern magnolias and planted them beside the south portico, then used as the front entrance. Their white blossoms still perfume this spot and lend an air of wistful reminiscence to the pageant of flowering trees.

Witness to what Theodore Roosevelt might have called a "bully" joke is revealed by a vigorous tree near the east doorway of the White House. It is known as the Hitchcock Oak and its story covers several years of rambling progress! When the capital city was new, Charles Sumner made tedious trips from Boston to Washington. It took from daylight till dark to cover the last 38 miles, between Baltimore and Washington, over, he records "the

worst roads I was ever upon." Visiting the original tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, he gathered a number of acorns that had fallen from the great American oak tree near it. These he sent as a gift to the Czar of Russia, who carefully planted them on Czarina Island.

Years later the American Ambassador, Frank H. Hitchcock, collected several acorns from under the oaks that had grown up on Czarina Island and in 1904—with considerable ceremony—Theodore Roosevelt planted one of them on the little rise of ground near the entrance. It has grown into a splendid tree, but botanists now identify it as a Russian oak and not an American oak. The Ambassador evidently picked up the wrong acorn!

Trees associated with George Washington are numerous. Guides are apt to tell strangers in the city that the big Washington Elm growing near the Senate wing of the capitol was planted by the first President himself. Fact-finding historians, however, declare that Washington did not plant the tree but he often sat in its shade watching the builders at work on the capitol. Engrossed with the actual beginning of his envisioned city, he frequently tarried and ate his noon repast there—amid a seeming wilderness of dirt trails and roads and bare, stark clearings.

Jefferson loved trees and gardening and seemed never to have been truly happy except in the country. He searched constantly for foreign trees and grasses suitable for American experimentation. Said to be the real founder of the gardens of Georgetown when he lived there, he must also have been the original distributor of free seeds from Washington, since for twenty-three years he sent to public and private gardens throughout the United States boxes of seeds he received from France.

Presented by the capital of Japan to the capital of the United States, the first of the cherry trees which now beautify the capital was planted by Mrs. William Howard Taft and is marked by a bronze tablet. A similar tablet marks the tree planted on the same occasion by Viscountess Chinda of Japan. The date of their blossoming varies with the season, but usually by the first of April the wide-spreading, single-flowered Somei Yoshino

trees at the Tidal Basin are drifted deep with pale pink blossoms.

When the quiet water reflects the first shower of falling petals, the later varieties begin to flaunt their showy boughs along the banks of the Potomac. Here they hold aloft their double cups against a background of giant weeping willows.

Dipping low over the seawall long branches of these graceful willows sway above the water, just as the tree from which they originally came once bent and swayed above Napoleon's tomb on lonely St. Helena. Commodore Porter, who represented America at the ceremonies attending the transfer of Napoleon's body to Paris, took a clipping from the old tree and brought it to Washington. Carefully propagated, a large number of these willows now add a striking note to the picture made by the vast stretch of green lawn, the smooth, curving speedway and the pleasure boats sailing up and down the river. Their beauty persistently reminds the passer-by of the vanity of war and the glory of peace.

Hundreds of the Japanese cherry trees also line the streets of Kenwood, a Washington suburb, where their single and double flowers range in tone from pale pink to warm, deep rose.

The dogwoods of Washington later present a display that rivals the cherry blossoms. A large number of the dogwoods, intended for planting along the streets of Tokyo, were included in the gift of American trees sent to Japan.

Growing only 20 or 30 feet high, but holding their spreading branches very firm and straight, they present with great poise and elegance a profusion of white or pink blossoms that resemble sturdy wild roses. In the gardens, on the lawns, and through the wooded parks they gleam. Their bright streamers fly above a carpet of violets, ferns and May-apples in famous Rock Creek Park. Closely they follow the banks of this historic little stream, past the century-old mill still tranquilly grinding grain, and gradually spread into the countless acres of forested countryside.

Other rivals of the oriental flowering trees are miles of American crab apples along the Anacostia River. Their rosy, perfumed splendor lasts for more than a



KENWOOD, A SUBURB OF WASHINGTON, IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

month and beguiles visitors to this park where an interesting grove of "trees with traditions" has been planted.

Here a walnut tree from Arlington honors Robert E. Lee. Walnut trees from the home of Francis Scott Key and Barbara Fritchie have been given by the Boy Scouts of Frederick, Maryland. A hickory tree from the Old North Bridge woods at Concord, Massachusetts, reminds us that there once "the embattled farmers stood." Trees from General Grant's home in Illinois, from Julliette Gordon Lowe's home in Georgia, and from out in Cache Valley, Utah, where Jim Bridger once hid his furs and supplies from the Indians, and many others, recall the country's struggles and conquests.

Another group of commemorative plantings adds interest to the grounds of the Lincoln Memorial. Seventy famous men and women are thus honored.

High above Washington's downtown traffic, long rows of horse chestnuts lift fluttering green canopies which they brighten with large upright panicles of showy white flowers. A mystic old horse chestnut in

Lafayette Square has become Washington's "wishing tree." Beneath its branches princes and paupers alike have stood and in the traditional pose, with feet crossed and hands clasping the lowest bough, have voiced their most cherished wishes. The Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, was among these!

The oldest trees in the city are two weazened, bent and hollow sassafrases still alive on the grounds of the Soldiers' Home. They are estimated to be more than a thousand years old. Though time has altered some of their identifying characteristics, each year they bravely put forth a few green leaves and typical bright yellow flowers. Every attention known to tree culture is given to encourage them to carry on.

A curious tree from the Far East, known as the "fossil tree", was introduced in Washington many years ago and is now recommended for planting anywhere in the United States except the coldest latitudes. It is the Ginkgo, or maidenhair tree. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is the oldest form of plant life known,

and is calculated to have existed, unchanged, for more than ten million years. Once a sacred tree of the East it was planted in the gardens around China's ancient temples. A handsome specimen grows on the White House lawn, many others flutter their fern-like boughs along the Mall and in various other public places.

The story of a staunch hearted woman is told in the shadows of a large white oak, 500 years old, growing on a knoll at the intersection of Connecticut and Florida Avenues. When General Washington selected the site for the "Federal City" as he always called it, this entire wooded area was inhabited by the Anacostia Indians. Among the captives held by them was a beautiful young woman and her small daughter. Upon her refusal to become the squaw of Chief Mannacasset, she was condemned to live the rest of her life within the shade of this one large tree. When Washington's negotiations with the Indians were finally terminated by a treaty signed under this tree, it became known as the Treaty Oak. The captive woman was then given 17½ acres of this

ground for her own and there she remained until her death. Her tract of land is found recorded on all surveyors' old maps as "the widow's mite."

So with trees from the virgin forest and planted avenues forming green gothic arches, are mingled the memory trees and the brightness of flowering trees. The unbroken succession of blossoms begins in late March with the Yulan magnolias, and includes a multitude of redbuds, the yellow blossoms of Massachusetts Avenue's 8,000 lindens, and many Paulownia, Mimosa and Chinese Scholartrees. It ends with the late white Southern magnolias, though the witch hazel in Potomac Park blooms in November and the Glastonbury thorn at the National Cathedral sometimes blooms at Christmas.

The far-sighted city planners never dreamed of the rare beauty of Washington's flowering trees. But how the "father of his country" would rejoice if he could but see in the tree-lined vistas beside the imposing buildings, those living memorials that mark the triumphant progress of the nation!



## Horse Chestnut Blossoms

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTER

*Like candles burning 'neath the dim  
Vast arches of cathedrals where  
Each is a trustful reaching out to Him  
Who hears and answers prayer.*

*So are these tapers formed of flowers  
Uplifted toward the branches arched above,  
A votive offering of sun and showers  
To nature's God of Love.*

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THE HUNT STARTING FROM ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WORTHINGTON VALLEY, MARYLAND

## The Year's at the Spring

### III—Maryland, My Maryland

EVELYN DIXON DILLARD

*This is the third of a series of four articles in which we are following spring northward through the media of old houses and old gardens*

IN the historic State of Maryland the spring pilgrim finds a home and garden richness unexcelled elsewhere in America. Here the dignity and color of Colonial plantation life reached its height. Here the art of riding to the hounds was introduced in this country. Here lived four signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Founded on the broad principle of true religious tolerance, the State was the early haven of many denominational groups—all of whom have left their imprint on the culture of the region, which is noted for its variety of landscape and the scope of its natural beauty.

With a shoreline of 3,000 miles—the distance to England, if measured in a straight line—it is but natural that boats should have played an important part in the development of the State. They supplied the most convenient means of travel between neighbors living on opposite sides of the wide Chesapeake. They took Maryland tobacco to Europe, and brought back the rich furnishings which still fill many of the old homes. The gardens of the early manors often stretched down to the sea, and were visible to visitors approaching by boat. Ferries figure prominently in Maryland travel to this day, and seascape is often as



PATUXENT FARM, HOME OF MR. AND MRS. MARSHALL CLARK, CALVERT COUNTY, MARYLAND

important as landscape when the charm of the State is being considered.

During Colonial times more than 25,000 houses were built in Maryland. Almost 5,000 of these still remain, in whole or in part, and a total of 160 of the fine old residences will be opened for the Maryland Garden Pilgrimage, April 29 to May 8, inclusive.

Since it is said on good authority that more original Colonial buildings in good condition are to be found in Annapolis today than in any other one town in America, and since proceeds from the pilgrimage will go toward Annapolis restoration work, it is quite fitting that the Maryland visit should begin with this ancient little city—the Home of the Navy, and the only State capital in the United States that cannot be reached by railroad.

Annapolis is a quaint and colorful city. The view down any street is an excellent subject for a color print, and the street names themselves are something from Seventeenth Century England. Maryland homebuilding reached its height in Annapolis, as did also the culture of the early State. The fashions and politics of the little port were "eagerly noted and quoted" in all the thirteen colonies. Three of the State's four Signers lived here—William Paca, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll "of Carrollton," who was reputed to be the richest man of his time in America.

Even the ivy-covered walls of the U. S. Naval Academy fit into the quaintness of the Annapolis scene, and it is here that most visitors love to begin their visit to the city. In the crypt of the beautiful Academy Chapel is buried John Paul Jones, the "Father of the American Navy." A uniformed student sailor is always on duty.

To the Academy in June come girls from throughout the nation, to attend the graduation exercises and commencement festivities of the Navy. During their visit, the little city takes on the appearance of a flower basket. Many of the girls stay in historic Carvel Hall, which adjoins the shady, bay-swept campus and which was once the home of William Paca.

Only a step from the Hall is the Hammond-Harwood House, one of the group of homes which has made Annapolis famous among students of early American architecture. It is often called the most nearly perfect example of a Georgian house in this country. Particularly notable are the cornices, the gables, and the woodwork about the front entrance. Inside, the mantles and the carved window shutters and door frames are perhaps the finest in Maryland. The ballroom on the second floor has been termed the most beautiful in the world.

The grounds back of this old house—built in 1774 by Matthair Hammond—used to slope away to the water and the garden was known as "My Lady's Bower."



SPOUT FARM, CALVERT COUNTY, MARYLAND

This has long since passed away, but copies of the plans and remains of the garden terraces are a delight to the pilgrim.

The Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland have leased the Hammond-Harwood House from St. John's College and will open it this spring as a museum.

Across the street from this home is the beautiful old Chase House, built in 1769 by Samuel Chase, a Signer. It is the only Colonial structure in Annapolis fully three stories in height. Its design is full of vigor, and the interior is impressive. The stairway leading from the large entrance hall becomes double at the landing, which is lighted by a large Palladian window overlooking the garden.

In the Chase House drawing room, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" was married to Mary Tayloe Lloyd. This historic room has a marble mantle from Italy, solid silver latches, and lovely mirrors. Shutters in the large dining room are daringly carved.

Another of the fine homes of Annapolis is Brice House, where Dr. and Mrs. Stringfellow Barr now live. Dr. Barr is the new president of St. John's College, and Mrs. Barr is doing a remarkable piece of work in her restoration of the historic residence, which is also owned by the college.

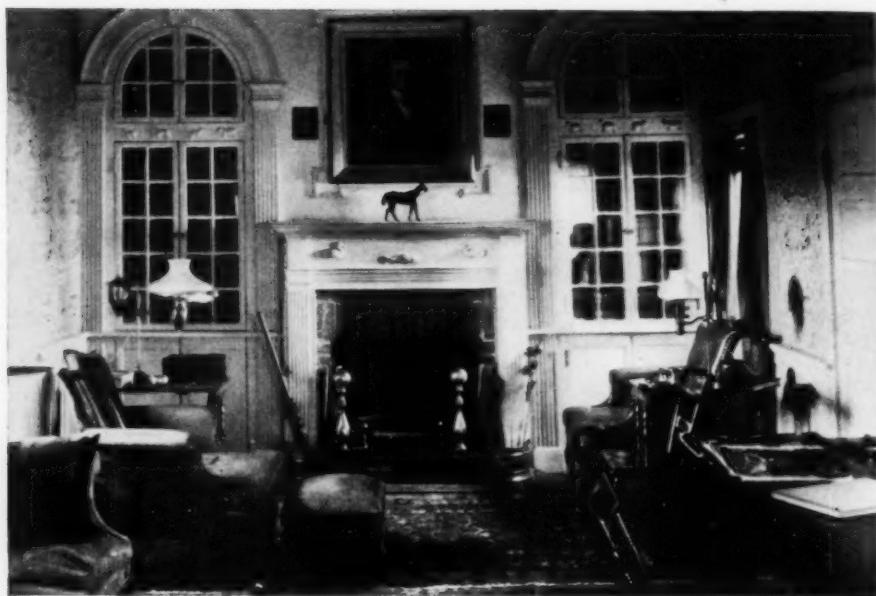
Brice House was built in 1760 by Thomas Jennings and is one of the most exquisite of the early Maryland town houses. It has great chimneys, tall, wide, and very thin,

and a gorgeous Palladian window under an elaborately carved cornice. Inside, the San Domingo mahogany stairway and carved mantles are noteworthy. In the library is a secret stairway leading to a bed chamber above. The ghost stories told about Brice House are legion.

St. John's College was built in 1784 on the property of "King William School," which was founded in 1696. On the rear campus Count Rochambeau encamped with his command on his way to Yorktown. Still standing on the front campus is "Liberty Tree", a poplar which experts pronounce at least 600 years of age. Under its branches Lord Baltimore made treaties with the Indians, and here Lafayette was received during his visit to the city.

The Carroll Mansion, built by the Signer in 1735, is at the rear of St. Mary's Church and is today owned by the Redemptorist Order.

Dominating the "uptown" portion of Annapolis are the State House and St. Anne's Church, which occupy the two circles from which radiate the city's streets. Washington resigned his army commission in the old State House and took L'Enfant to see the circular streets when plans for the City of Washington were being considered. The original St. Anne's Church was built by "Good Queen" Anne, who erected in the name of the Church of England a brick church house "every ten miles" throughout Maryland. A silver communion service was



LIBRARY AT WEST HATTON, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND

presented to the church by King William III and is still in use.

Motorists will not want to miss a drive through Worthington Valley. Perhaps no other section of the State away from the Tidewater country has achieved such a renaissance of its Colonial life and tradition as exists today in that beauty spot. Here, in the spring, the two great cross-country races—the Grand National and the Maryland Hunt Cup—are run. Breeding stables have been established for the improvement of Maryland horseflesh and the rolling hills of the farming country afford excellent fox-hunting for members of the Green Spring Valley Hounds, who use one of the old homes of the Valley for their clubhouse.

Samuel Worthington, for whom the Valley was named, built Bloomfield on an original grant from George III. The main section of the home, which is today owned by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, was built in 1780. On the estate Mr. Vanderbilt maintains one of the best known racing stables in America.

St. John's Church, which was erected in 1816 by the Worthington family, is a perfect church in a perfect setting. In its

yard, beneath ancient trees, many of the early settlers of the Valley are buried. Out from it today ride scarlet-coated hunters followed by hounds which has been blessed at St. John's in accordance with ancient custom.

The drive through the lovely farming country of the Valley into Baltimore City is one that is never forgotten. It leads into the thriving Maryland metropolis by way of Johns Hopkins University, on the campus of which is Homewood House—which was built by Charles Carroll for his son. The mansion was restored a few years ago, in order that it might be preserved as an example of the taste and refinement of the period in which it was built, around 1800. Its exquisite interior reveals the French influence prevalent in America, although the spread American eagle also figures in the carving and decorations. The porcelains include a notable Sino-Lowestoft set embellished with views of Mount Vernon.

Baltimore County was established about 1659. Its rolling, well-watered lands soon attracted many settlers. The City of Baltimore was incorporated in 1729. The port of Baltimore, extending along 127 miles

of deepwater frontage, is the second foreign trade port on the Atlantic coast and has led in the construction of ships from the days of the sailing craft known as the Baltimore Clipper—a name now used by an airplane.

It is the only large city along the coast that never has been under a foreign flag, and is proud of its name as the birthplace of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Its downtown business area is picturesque. Its shops are delightful and I, for one, would never make a visit to Baltimore without going to buy something at Lexington Market—an old marketplace in which every conceivable food and flower can be purchased.

One of the most noted homes of old Baltimore is Hampton, which has been in the unbroken possession of the Ridgely family for more than 200 years. Sheltered by especially rare and impressive trees, the old house is filled with many rare portraits and priceless pieces of furniture. Its gardens, according to tradition, were laid out by L'Enfant. The wistaria which shades the rear portico almost hides the Chinese Chippendale railing along the balcony.

Charlesmeade, which is an illustration of what gardeners with creative ability can accomplish within a short time, has as the central part of its building a tenant house which was on the tract of land owned by Betsy Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte. The garden at Charlesmeade is so planned that it is a succession of small gardens. All restoration and all gardens on this old place have been planted and grown up since 1921.

Out from Baltimore, in Howard County, is Doughoregan Manor—which was built by the first Charles Carroll and is the "home of the Carrolls of Maryland." The manor has remained in uninterrupted possession of the family since it was erected in 1727. Its 300-foot facade, the picturesque farm buildings, slave quarters, and dairies give an unspoiled and matchless picture of an old Maryland manor.

In one wing of the house is a large private chapel where generations of Carrolls have been baptized, married and buried, and where services are still held every Sunday morning.

Giant trees shade Doughoregan Manor. Gardens, along the original lines—and impressive enough to match such a set-

ting—are being beautifully restored by the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Acosta Carroll.

To see anything like a considerable portion of the 160 homes on display in Maryland during Garden Week is impossible, and even to mention them all is not within the scope of one article. But among the highspots in other parts of the State outside the Annapolis-Baltimore area I would like to point to: "My Lord's Gift", in Queen Anne's County; Cross Manor, St. Marys County; the Teackle Mansion, in Somerset County, and Stephen Decatur's birthplace, in Worcester County.

"My Lord's Gift" was given by the second Lord Baltimore to Henry DeCourcy for having effected a favorable treaty with the Indians. Lord Baltimore promised DeCourcy as much land, shown on a particular map, as he could cover with his thumb. Consequently, the tract is still known as the "Thumb Grant." Mimosa walk, a bog garden, and enormous trees reaching down to Chester River are to be remembered in connection with this beautiful home, which has paneling from the original house and which houses many priceless antiques.

Cross Manor, in the oldest county of the State, is the oldest brick house standing in Maryland. It was built in 1643 and is in the shape of a cross. It is named from the tradition that the owner accidentally shot his best friend and erected a white cross on the spot. The box bushes of this old house are immense. The spacious rooms of the residence are filled with interesting old pieces of furniture.

The Teackle Mansion is the scene of George Alfred Townsend's "The Entailed Hat," a novel written while the author was sojourning in the nearby Washington Hotel.

From Queen Anne's comes the first record of fox hunting in America. Legend says that almost every homestead had a pack of hounds, with a special slave to take care of them. They were a cross between English fox hounds and Irish stage hounds, and they hunted the grey fox of the new world until eight pair of red foxes were brought over on a tobacco schooner and loosed in Queen Anne's.

Every Maryland County has just as interesting legends to its credit, and holds its own place in the home and garden history of the State.



## Apple Blossom Time

MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

*Marjorie Barstow Greenbie first won widespread recognition as a travel writer, and since then has done much to revive the fine technique of the essayist, "The Arts of Leisure" being one of the most charming volumes ever written in such a style and on such a subject. Her latest book, "Be Your Age," is just off the press*

"**L**IGE stopped by today," said Ella Copeland, kneeling on the hearth and deftly swinging out the iron kettle in which the corn bread was baking.

Will Copeland made no reply. He set the wooden bucket dripping from the spring on the plank shelf, removed the gourd that hung overhead and took a deep drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and sat down heavily at the supper table. He was as fine a specimen of frontier youth as one could find on the banks of the Wabash, tall, lithe, and

strongly built, but his face was too mobile and sensitive for a frontiersman. His brooding dark eyes were now turned from his graceful young wife, with a look that refused speech.

Ella went serenely about the preparations for supper. She had tried many kinds of behavior on Will when he had one of his "spells." This afternoon she was seeing what she could do with a manner of placid composure. The composure was assisted by the fact that today spring had definitely come. All day Ella had been out doors,

carrying into the blossoming woods a secret which she was waiting to confide in Will. Perhaps the news would break the spell.

Spring in those days came back to a frontier cabin with a meaning no one in settled towns can even imagine. The winter here in the Indian country was so long and so cold. The snow piled over the cabin roof. The ice multiplied in towers and frozen spirals about the spring. The food got low. There was a time when every gain of the previous summer seemed to have gone for naught. The cleared land looked as if it could never be ploughed. The orchard of young trees they had got from Johnny Appleseed was surely dead. Better make tracks through the frozen forest to Ohio before it was too late. Surely these United States were large enough now. What did anyone want of Indiana? Let the Indians have it.

But here they still were, and spring had come. The wheat in the cleared field was up, thick and green. The truck garden showed neat rows of promise for tomorrow's dinner. Johnny Appleseed's big apple tree was actually in bloom, and the little new trees all alive. All day Ella's fancy had been running forward to the future. When she and Will had taken up this land two years before there had been no neighbor for ten miles. Now there was quite a long cabin settlement on the banks of the river—a general store, docks for boats coming up from the Ohio. The doctor who swung around this way sometimes on his long horseback journeys through the forest bridle paths was actually talking of settling in the village. The doctor meant much to Ella now.

Her eyes rested on the apple-blooms, in a stone jar, on the table beside a copy of a month old News Letter. Johnny Appleseed had said that apple blossoms were a symbol of home and civilization and the kindly graces of life to come. They seemed a promise—a promise that in a year or two they would have a real farm, and she would make apple butter and apple jelly as they did back in Ohio. They would make cider, too, and neighbors would come to have cider and doughnuts with them. There would be a frame house then, instead of this old log cabin, so untidy, with the bark always chipping off the logs. There would be a flower garden, and perhaps a

lawn for the children to play on. The children—

Will's attitude hurt. She was fighting now not to admit how lonely it made her feel, in her moment of triumphant planning. Back home in Ohio, she knew, folks were still wondering why Ella Putnam, the prettiest girl in town, one who might have had her pick of schoolmasters and storekeepers and saw-mill owners, had married Will Copeland. They weren't in the same class at all. Ella's great kinsman, General Rufus Putnam, was a hero, the founder of the Northwest. When Ella's mother was a child, he had floated the Mayflower down the Ohio, and had set up the town of Marietta. Behind him had come bands of Revolutionary soldiers founding New England villages, with all the amenities of Yankeeland. With him had come whole battalions of Vermont kin, tough and horny-handed Putnams, people born to lick tree roots. Having few needs and a great capacity for work, many of them had prospered. The home and village of the second generation in which Ella had grown up had few marks of the frontier left. There was a church, and a school taught by the preacher. Ella spoke her own tongue pleasantly, with few lapses of grammar, and read almost any piece of print now being turned off by the busy presses of Cincinnati. She had nice dresses, too, and from the steamboat already going down the Ohio, she learned about the styles in Philadelphia only a few weeks after they had burst upon the beaus and belles of that sophisticated metropolis.

Then, one night at a dance, she had met Will Copeland, a famous bear hunter from the Indian country. They had great tales to tell of him. As a mere child he had been a scout for General Harrison, and had fought in the Battle of the Thames. Some said that it was an arrow from his Indian bow and not a shot that had killed Tecumseh. This was just one of those stories, but it made Will interesting in the eyes of the girls. Ella had been hearing tales of him all day. His brooding eyes had been fastened on her in a look no woman can mistake. Suddenly, in the square dance, he was opposite to her. Swinging her out with an iron grip, he drew her to a dark corner. She could not remember what they talked about, if indeed they

talked at all. He did not try to dance again that evening, only waited jealously to capture her again. Finally he saw her home, swinging her expertly to his horse and pleased to see how well she sat upon it. When he lifted her down, he held her a moment, and blurted, "Johnny Appleseed told me I'd find a girl like you in the settlements. I've got fine land and a place for a cabin where he planted a tree. Let's find a parson and be married."

He found the parson himself, next day—a sagacious circuit-rider, used to hasty marriages. Ella held off briefly, while she told her family that she was going to marry Will Copeland. Will, said her family, was a man of substance and good habits, but ignorant. To the intelligent and ambitious Yankees, being ignorant was a prime disadvantage. They had looked for pioneering to end with their generation, and Ella to set up in a home with advantages.

But Ella stood her ground, till her family, between arguments, gave her a grudging blessing. "Have it your own way, but you are a fool, Ella Putnam. You'll rue the day." So they were married by the circuit rider, and set off on the endless bridle trail that led through the forest from Ohio to Indiana.

Will's claim was indeed a fine stretch of land. Johnny Appleseed had selected it for him years ago when he was a lad, and had set out the apple trees to mark the site for the cabin. In those days it was still Indian land. "But," said Johnny Appleseed, "the Government will take it up in a few years, and open it to settlement. We'll have the apples ready. Bring a sweet girl out here, one that will civilize ye, ye blarsted young heathen."

Will had known Johnny since the Indian wars in 1812, when they were both scouts. Through the woods Johnny had gone, warning the settlers. In and out like his small familiar devil, had darted the child, Will, crawling into Indian encampments at night, hiding in the shadows, listening with all ears. He knew all the dialects as a child will who has lived among Indians and regards any sound that he hears as his mother tongue.

Will's kin were persons of sturdy English origin who had been gradually edging westward in lonely, individual pioneering.

Every vestige of civilization had been torn off them by the briars and the brambles. They had no graces, no laughter, no conversation, nothing except forest skill and the will to endure. Will, hardy, sensitive, proud, ignorant, had found one link with civilization through Johnny Appleseed, whose real name was John Chapman. Wearing an old pair of jeans, a shirt made of a coffee sack, and a queer visored cap, Johnny was what the housewives called a "figure of fun." But he was also an educated man, and a valuable public institution.

Johnny was a frontier nurseryman. He owned dozens of little fenced orchards where he raised apple trees to be distributed to the settlers, not selling them for profit, but giving them away or taking what he wanted in trade. In return the grateful households, nestling under his blossoming trees, had food and clothes or transportation and tools for Johnny's use wherever he wished to stop.

Incidentally Johnny was also a Swedenborgian missionary. He usually carried on his trips among his orchards an old Bible and a book by Swedenborg, telling the children gorgeous stories about heaven and the angels and reading aloud to their elders. If his listeners became interested in a page, he tore it out and left it with them. Reading matter was scarce on the frontier, and Johnny's books, distributed piece-meal, went a long way.

Will had always lapped up Johnny's stories eagerly. He intended to be civilized himself, to have a pleasant house and a pretty wife, and everything people had in towns. "But you've got a lot to learn, Will," said Johnny. "Kinda like making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, civilizin' you."

Will did have a lot to learn. He knew that better than ever now. Proud and sensitive, adoring his wife, wanting desperately to shine in her eyes, and for her sake in those of the neighbors, he carried about with him an increasingly sore heart. Bringing Ella through the woods, building the cabin, breaking the ground, he had been happy enough, for there he was in his element. He was master, and she was his squaw dependent upon him. But ever since the cabin had begun to mellow into a home, all was changed. From moment to moment, Ella shamed him. There was, for example, the News Letter from

Ohio. It arrived several weeks late and went the rounds of the settlers. Someone almost always brought the well worn copy to Ella. She read eagerly, items about the folks back home in Ohio, and bits of general national news. But Will could not read.

There was also the matter of the bedding. When Ella's hope chest had been brought down the Ohio by flatboat and towed up the Wabash, she had proudly made up the bed with the beautiful linen, blankets, and patch work quilts. But Will, appalled by such finery, had sunk into one of his most obscure and complicated spells. He was afraid that he might show his awkwardness and discomfort and so further disgrace himself in Ella's eyes. Only half divining his embarrassment, Ella put all the fine bedding away and slept thereafter under the old blanket on a ticking filled with corn husks, with the big black buffalo robe for warmth in cold weather. But this did not satisfy Will either. He felt defeated by Ella's apparent readiness to sink to the squaw's level with him. The great plank chest in the corner, filled with sheets and patch work quilts, stood as a rebuke to him, and when neighbors stopped by, he was uneasy lest they think that a woman like Mrs. Copeland should have something better than a buffalo robe.

Though she put a brave face on these and other matters, Ella's courage sometimes faltered. Most of the time she went through the day making anxious little detours around threatened emotional disaster. She was happiest when Will forgot the difficulties of civilization—when they were out in the woods together and he could show off his skill with axe and rifle, or when he brought in his winter's catch of furs, always the best on the frontier. And Will, being no fool, was only too aware of her many adjustments to him.

Afterwards it seemed to Ella that she could not have stuck it out if it had not been for Johnny Appleseed. He had a way of turning up just when matters were worst, and staying a day or two, fussing with the trees and sleeping contentedly on a pile of fur robes on the hearth. Usually he arrived with his pockets full of apples and stray pieces of literature, and talked steadily from the time he stepped into the house.

Of Will's feelings he was blandly regardless. He made Ella read every word of the News Letter aloud to him, though he knew Will did not like to have her read. He said that he heard her folks had sent the hope-chest, and where were the things? He admired every item of her apparel severally and individually, and asked Will if he didn't like them. When Will did not answer he asked Ella what she had done with her husband's tongue—had she cut it out? He said six or seven times a day that Ella was as pretty as an apple blossom, and didn't Will think so? He never let Will off till he had answered that he did.

Put through his paces by Johnny, Will at first glowed with happiness. There was in him a world of love and good will which had never found expression. But it was with manners as with the alphabet. They were too foreign to his long, hard upbringing in the Indian country. He could not master the externals fast enough to satisfy his great inner need. Even before Johnny left, Ella knew that the light was fading, and that when the old man went out the door, depression would fall like darkness on the house.

But while Johnny was present, he kept Will transfigured by some reflection from his own inner light. For when he was not giving lessons in manners or reading from Swedenborg, Johnny discoursed in a large way about love. He talked about the love of the angels, the love of children, of man and wife, of Heaven. He talked about the mysteries of creation and life after death and the glories that would be revealed to us. He talked about eternal marriage, and transfigured husbands and wives exchanging the holy kiss before the Great White Throne. He talked about birth and seed-time and harvest, and the wonderful way life is locked up in the heart of an apple, and how it grows and becomes a great tree.

On the frontier it was not the habit to fling the word love around, as Johnny did, in a large, easy style. Love was a word people avoided pronouncing if they could. It stuck in the throat and came out with difficulty, and left a shamed feeling after it. But Johnny not only used it. He enlarged upon it, and embroidered it with all possible associations. He gave the

feeling that he had taken everything shy and dark and furtive about love, and spread it out in the sunshine of God's smile.

After his first embarrassment, Will always mellowed under Johnny's talk. He sat there listening, his face relaxed, his eyes full of light. And he was soft and gentle with Ella afterwards. "Trouble with Will," said Johnny, "is he don't know how to behave. He thinks it's harder than it is. If he'd accidentally do it for a few hours some time, he'd like it so well he'd keep on."

\* \* \*

"Will thinks the world of Johnny," Ella was thinking that spring afternoon in May while Will gloomed at the supper table, and she moved to and fro before the great fireplace. Never had she needed Johnny so much. She was waiting for the right moment to tell Will what Lige had told her.

Meanwhile she went calmly on, setting out the supper. It was a good meal tonight. Besides the corn bread and fried pork which were staple food, there were fresh greens, cooked with bits of salt pork that had melted to gray jelly, and there was also tea, real sugar, and molasses to eat with the corn bread. The general store had got some shipments in, now that all the rivers and roads were open—tea from Stephen Girard's China ships in Philadelphia, and sugar and molasses up from New Orleans.

Ella, seating herself composedly at the supper table, realized that Will had not been impervious to the appeal of a good supper, and seized the auspicious moment.

"Lige stopped by today," she said. "He told me that Johnny Appleseed was sick."

"Sick," cried Will, springing up. "What's the matter with him? Where is he? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did try to tell you," answered Ella, with amiable perversity. "But it seemed like you didn't want to listen."

Will was already pacing the floor, looking like a trapped beast ready to spring in any direction.

"Might as well finish your supper," said Ella coolly.

Then she doled out the facts: Johnny had been taken with a spell and had fainted

on the forest path, some fifteen miles up in the country. An Indian had found him and had taken him to his wigwam, and had sent a runner down to the settlement. Lige and another man had gone after him, and were bringing him down on a stretcher.

"They're bringing him here," said Will violently. "No one else's got the right to look after Johnny."

"So I told them," she said.

"Don't sit there eating," roared Will. "Get ready. He'll want—"

"He'll want plenty of hot water, maybe, and a good fire these chill nights, and maybe broth or something," said Ella, coolly. "And they're all ready. Time enough yet. They can't get here till some time in the night. Better finish your supper, Will, so's I can clean up and have things nice. The doctor's in town. He'll be out."

Will sat down again, and hastily gulped down a few mouthfuls. Then he resumed his tramping. Ella, lightly and deftly clearing away the supper things, let him tramp. She knew that he wanted to talk, but she had lately decided that if there were to be talk between them, she would let Will start it. When she had swept the hearth and set the dried sweet corn to soak for to-morrow's dinner, she saw that he was standing by the bed.

"Better put him here," said Will gruffly.

"Yes," she answered. "The doctor will be coming."

Will's eyes rested on the great chest where the bedding from Ohio was packed away. "Better make the bed up clean," he said finally, with difficulty. "Make it up with sheets."

Ella began to take the sheets out, in a matter of fact way, evincing no surprise.

"Here, I'll help you," said Will suddenly. Ella almost jumped at the sound of these unusual words. But she only replied gently. "Yes, it's easier. You stand on one side of the bed, and I'll stand on the other."

They made the bed between them, Will handling the sheets and blankets awkwardly and shyly at first, then with increasing pleasure and a kind of pride in them. He would not have admitted, even to himself, the childish pleasure he felt in handling these luxurious things. He had completely relaxed. His face was tender,

his hands light and gentle. Now and then, leaning across the bed to smooth it in the middle, his hands touched Ella's. The first time it was accident. But as they went on, it was the result of deliberate plotting on his part. Their eyes met in a long look.

"Johnny's lived rough out here, same as the rest of us," remarked Will, turning away. "But he was raised nice, back in Massachusetts. It'll seem good to him, sleeping in a clean bed."

He strolled away to the table where Ella had set the apple blossoms, and, in defiance of his feelings, the copy of the last News Letter. He brought them both in and set them on the shelf above the bed. "Maybe Johnny will want you to read to him," he said grudgingly. "He'll like to see the posies. Set a store by that tree—Johnny did. Said he'd live to see it blossom if he had to stay in this vale of tears till he was a hundred." His eyes moved from the flowers to Ella's flushed face, on which the last rays of the setting sun fell through the window hole. "Always said the apple blossoms were sweet, like young gals." His eyes rested on her face with shy meaning. Ella knew that this was a compliment, the first compliment Will had ever paid in his life. She fought down a wild flush of joy and tried to look serenely matter of fact.

As the sun sank down, the cabin became suddenly chill. A dank mist rose from the woods outside the open door, reverberating with the voices of a thousand peepers. Will stirred the fire till its light danced on the cabin walls. "Nothin' to do but wait," he said.

"Yes," answered Ella, quietly sitting down opposite him. "Better save the candles. We might need them all night."

The night voices swelled to a great chorus outside. Will began to talk, hesitatingly at first, then more and more freely. Johnny was an old man now, he said. He didn't know how old, but he was born way back before the Revolution. He was getting old—and very tired of life. "I'll live to see the posies on your tree, Will," he had said. "Then I'll quit." Now the flowers were blooming.

From there he went on, recalling his childhood on the frontier, telling about its hardships, things Ella had never heard,

things she heard now with wide eyes shining at him, holding his glance now and again, till his look seemed to sink deep into her heart and nestle there in pity and in peace. He told how Johnny Appleseed had always said that he was a messenger of civilization, bringing his trees ahead of the settlers, getting orchards ready where only the black forest had been. He told how Johnny had set him dreaming, looking forward to the time when he should have a home, such a home as his father and grandfather had never had, home like the home they left behind them long ago in England. And he would have a sweet wife, one that could sing and laugh and dress herself up nice, and have the neighbors in and know all about the little fixin's of life, and bring the children up real smart and teach them to read and sit down to meat with clean hands.

"But I don't know. Maybe it ain't for me. I can't change that easy from what my paw and grandpaw was. Ye ain't got a husband, Ella Copeland. Ye've got a black bear in a trap."

His voice trailed away.

There was a halloo outside, and a minute later Johnny was brought into the cabin and laid on the patch work quilts, while Ella held the candle. Gently they stripped the worn dirty clothes off the old frail, sagging body. At first the old man seemed oblivious of everything that they were doing. But when they laid him between the sheets, he said feebly, "Hold on. I can't dirty up your marriage things, Ella. Wash my feet fore I stick them into all that whiteness."

He thrust out his lean, shrunken limbs. Ella bathed them gently in hot water while Will dried them on the embroidered towels which smelled sweetly of the clover blossoms she had laid among them. Then Johnny said that they must wash his face and hands, too, and brush the burrs out of his hair, else he would not put head to pillow.

So they brushed out the long, straggling, gray locks, and, finally, fresh and clean as a baby from his bath, Johnny sank to dreamy rest. "Takes a woman," he murmured, "a woman and a woman's things—for a man's comfort."

Then the doctor came and went—a shrewd, rough riding fellow, who had more faith in his own observations and deductions than in any books of medicine. He examined Johnny and left some medicine. To Ella, following him to the door, he observed, "Johnny's played out. When the end comes, neither man nor medicine can do much about it. Keep him comfortable and let him go easy."

Through the long night they waited for the end, Ella and Will, side by side on three-legged stools set by the bed. Several times Johnny roused himself. Once he saw the apple blossoms where they stood in the candle light, and joy overspread his face. "Hey, it blossomed, did it? My tree blossomed. Lay a sprig here, so's I can smell it." They placed a spray on his pillow. Johnny nestled his face into it, saying happily as he sank into unconsciousness, "Time now for me to quit."

But again he roused himself. "Give me your hand, Ella. Give me your hand, Will," he said, and laid Ella's hand in Will's. Will's strong fingers closed over hers warmly and would not let them go. By and by Johnny opened one eye warily to see that the hands were still clasped. "I was always trying to catch up with God," he murmured. "I'd come to a place and think surely he'd be there, and then I'd find he'd just left." His dim eyes rested on Ella's hand clasped in Will's. "Guess I've found him," he whispered. "Seems like God is here."

He could hardly speak now, but signaled to Will to bend his head close. "There's something I always wanted to do for you," he breathed. "But I never could—you were such an obstinate heathen. But I guess my dyin's going to do it."

He sank back on the bed, his face seeming to shrink and grow cold, and his slight body to stiffen under the sheets. Ella's eyes met Will's in awe and horror. Will put his head down against the breast and listened for the heart-beat. There was none.

"He's gone," he cried, in a dreadful choked voice, his whole frame shaken. He had risen and was looking desperately to right and left with his wild, trapped look. Ella laid a gentle hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Ella," he moaned, turning away. "He was my folks. He was all I had."

"Will," she said, her whole soul in her voice, "you have me."

She put her arms around him, and after a moment of struggle his arms came around her, and he bent his tall head sobbing to her shoulder.

"There, there, Will," she murmured, stroking his rough hair. "There's things for both of us to learn, things Johnny knew and tried to teach us. But we can learn now."

"Yes, Ella," he said. He felt as if some rough shell had cracked and fallen away. The real man, the man that he might be, stood forth, gentle and poised and fine.

"Dear old Johnny, he's happy. He wanted to go," he said, leaning over and stroking the cold forehead. He lifted the spray of apple blossoms, and, turning, placed it in the bosom of Ella's dress. Then he took her in his arms.

He did not see—Ella did not see—that, as he did so, the head on the pillow slightly lifted, and Johnny cast upon their oblivious forms one impish, triumphant glance. Then he sank back in utter stillness.

This time Johnny Appleseed had really quit.



## PINE TREE

MONA W. MOULTON

Pines in my city  
Pines by the sea—  
Pines in a greenwood  
A single pine tree!  
  
Winds in your branches  
Scents from your heart—  
Mingled enchantments  
Of all you're a part.

Wind voices whisper  
Life in you came  
From hardships enduring  
To kindle your flame.  
  
Shake out your branches  
Green flags unfurled  
To light a torch for  
Winds of the world.

# Memorial Day

1938

EDITH HARLAN

*Bring me no more of laurel wreaths and palms,  
No more of fragrant roses—glowing red  
As the life's blood I gave you long ago—  
You of the earth for whom my blood was shed.  
Bring me, instead, the strong forged chains of hate  
The bonds of jealousy, of wrath, of greed  
Break them and leave them here beside this tomb  
Then learn once more of peace—the whole earth's need.*

*I cannot breathe the perfume of the spring  
This year—this month—I've died for you again.  
And lie—unknown—in China or Japan  
Heard mothers mourning me in war-swept Spain.  
Bring me no tear-wet wreaths! Bring me instead—  
That they may stand close—your little sons  
To pledge to them an everlasting peace—  
Then spike your guns, poor mortals, spike your guns!*

# *An Old Pine Speaks*

MINNIE MUSE JONES

I AM over two hundred years old. My memory begins when "the groves were God's first temples." My origin came from the winds, or a bird, carrying a pine tree seed. This I know, for I was surrounded by all species of Pennsylvania forest trees. I took root in soil near the spot where George Washington met Queen Aliquippa.

In my youth no white man ever looked upon me, but the redskins encircled me with their bows and arrows, their crudely made fishing tackle, their tomahawks, and other instruments of war and destruction. Beneath my branches and those of my lofty neighbors played the little papooses and slept the mighty warriors.

Then times began to change, for I saw an occasional white man. One day, I witnessed the burial of two white men on the hillside above the glen. They were the Neel brothers, coming from the wilderness of Kentucky to visit their brother, John Neel, who lived across the Monongahela River in Mifflin Township.<sup>1</sup> They were ambushed and killed by the Indians beside a run which has since been named Neel's Run in honor of these pioneers.

To the white authorities, my wilderness home seemed too advantageous for Indian activities, so a Block House was hewn from some of the lively oaks standing nearby. A man named Adam Reyburn was put in charge of this Block House, and it was named Reyburn's Station. I was very happy for I was bowed in sorrow over the bloody deeds committed by the Indians.

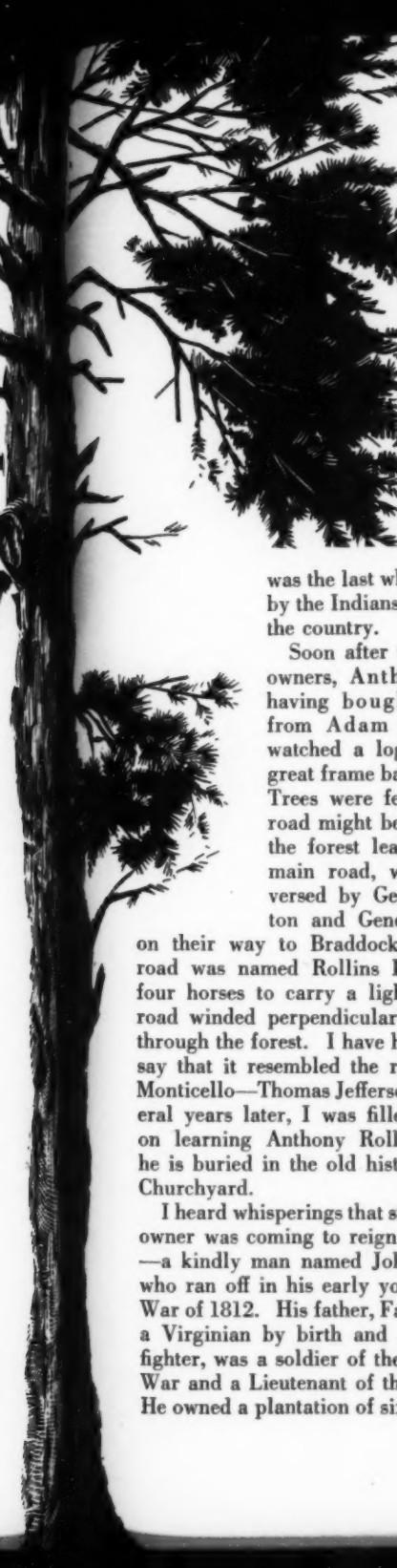
In 1788, Adam Reyburn took possession of me and my neighbors, having taken out a patent from the Commonwealth of Penn-

sylvania for this tract of land, consisting of two hundred and sixty-six acres, which was named in the Patent Office, "Galilee." Thus, I found, I was a Galilian pine tree!

Soon the white man felled the trees, but I was always spared. Cultivation of the soil followed; since then my masters have always been yeomen. One of the first fields to be tilled was a large level field on top of the hill leading to the Lincoln Highway. It is one of the highest points in Allegheny County. For a hundred years, after every season's plowing, scores of arrowheads, stone knives, and tomahawks were found.

Adam Reyburn planted the field below the Block House. Soon tender little shoots of green corn appeared. One beautiful June morning, I saw Adam Reyburn's two daughters and a young man named Robert Couzens, who was stationed at the Block House, hoeing the corn. The sisters were hoeing near the Block House, while Robert Couzens took the more distant portions of the corn field. Suddenly, they were surprised by a band of Indians coming up over the hill, and descending upon them. The girls ran toward the Block House, and with the aid of their father drew the ladder up after them and escaped within. Robert Couzens was killed. The Reyburns blew the conch shell, which was heard even at Alpsville, three miles distant across the Youghiogheny River. In a half hour two hundred people had assembled at the Block House, for the blowing of the conch shell

<sup>1</sup> This is near the present town of Dravensburg, Pennsylvania.



was the pioneer signal of danger. The Indians became frightened, withdrawing over the hill from whence they came. Robert Couzens lies buried in the corn field. He

was the last white man killed by the Indians in this part of the country.

Soon after this I changed owners, Anthony Rollins having bought "Galilee" from Adam Reyburn. I watched a log cabin and a great frame barn being built. Trees were felled so that a road might be built through the forest leading from the main road, which was traversed by George Washington and General Braddock,

on their way to Braddock Fields. This road was named Rollins Road. It took four horses to carry a light load, as the road winded perpendicularly up the hill, through the forest. I have heard passersby say that it resembled the road leading to Monticello—Thomas Jefferson's home. Several years later, I was filled with sorrow on learning Anthony Rollins was dead; he is buried in the old historic Long Run Churchyard.

I heard whisperings that still another new owner was coming to reign over "Galilee"—a kindly man named John Jones Muse, who ran off in his early youth to join the War of 1812. His father, Fauntleroy Muse, a Virginian by birth and a great Indian fighter, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War and a Lieutenant of the Indian Wars. He owned a plantation of six hundred acres

where Olympia Park and the Borough of Versailles are now located.

The trail of civilization was being blazed throughout the country. I watched a barn being built on the site of the old one. Many neighboring trees were used in the barn, for the timbers were all hand hewn. And I watched with interest the bricks being burned in the glen below, where the Neel brothers were buried. I heard the little children saying, as they played around me, that a brick house was being built to replace the five-room log cabin. I was fearful that they might fell me for a pine floor, but, no, all the floors had to be made of oak!

I became the center of activities, for the new house was rising near me. I was proud to be the tall sentinel of the white-shuttered colonial mansion house. Apple, peach, pear and plum trees were planted in nicely planned rows toward the setting sun. A vegetable garden was neatly fenced, and arranged in the rear of the orchard. Sweet-scented, bright-hued flowers encircled my feet, stretching forth on every side, in blooming adoration of my majestic form. I gave shelter to the matchless rhododendron, the brilliant azalea, the lowly johnny-jump-ups, and the cowslips. Again my fears were aroused for I heard my people say that they must build a church and a school. I murmured to myself—will they take me? But no! they loved me too much for that.

After many years of peace, I again heard the drums of war. Two stalwart sons of the house go forth to battle for the nation—North against South; South against North. One returned no more. The other returned a cripple, soon to leave his home for the long rest. But since then, generations of other little children have romped around my feet. I love little children, and I am glad that they continue to play about me. For time marches on, and with it the progress of civilization.

I have stood the test of these. I am getting old, and have lost many of my limbs; but I have seen America rise from a wilderness to a great nation. I pray that it may be safe from all pit-falls and errors and that it may be forever free.

3 Dore Line for W.R. E. Lee  
Washington to Jersey (\$2.00)



## Phænix Line for Baltimore. Washington

Passengers' Names.	Pass.	Washington, April 24 <sup>th</sup> 1906	Sums Paid.	By whom received.
W.R. E. Lee & Lady	2	Manato	7 00	
Mr. Dye	1	F.C. House	1 25	
Mr. Cole, Son of Mr. from Canada	3	Antonito	3 50	\$11.75 Antonito

## Life in Scraps of Paper\*

RUBY A. BLACK

*Ruby Black is very generally regarded as one of the most brilliant journalists in Washington. Though she was born in Texas, her name is closely linked to Wisconsin, where she did her post graduate work and taught for two years at the State University. She now acts as correspondent for a string of Wisconsin papers, as head of her own bureau, and is also on the staff of the United Press*

MY husband, Herbert Little, and I had been looking for a house for two years. Because we loved the homes our colonial ancestors built, and because we had faith in the craftsmanship of those days, we wanted an early American house, which we could restore and modernize, saving the architectural beauties, the strong construction, and the durable materials, lovingly wrought by skilled craftsmen of early days, while installing the plumbing, electricity, and heating of the twentieth century. For a long time, our searches resulted only in a succession of depressing disappointments. Then one day a friend told us about a house in Alexandria, Virginia, the town across the Potomac from Washington which considers Washington a mere modern development. The house had fine large rooms, and corner fireplaces in every room, with broken-arch and paneled mantels and walls-of-Troy cornices which rivaled those taken from Gadsby's Tavern, home of the George Washington birth-night balls, to grace the Metropolitan Museum's American wing.

It was nearly Christmas, 1930.

We came. We looked. We bought.

\* All spelling, capitalization, and punctuation in the quotations from letters, notes, advertisements, and waybills are exactly as they appear in the original documents.

Then our adventures began.

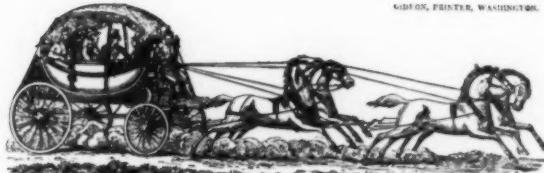
To be sure, we considered factors other than our love for early American homes. We are newspaper correspondents, writing daily, and all too often nightly, about what the President, Congress, the Supreme Court, and the vast governmental organization do to affect the lives of men and women and children all over the nation. So, we had to live where it is easy and pleasant to go back and forth between home and jobs. The Mount Vernon Boulevard was being built then, and we foresaw that we would enjoy the drive on that wide road along the Potomac River. It has been a morning and evening delight for six years, with its ever-changing lights and colors.

Just before Christmas, we signed the contract to buy the house. It has three storys, attic, and basement, and is in Prince Street, just two blocks from the river. It is of fine old brick, with dormer windows in the attic, a simple white doorway, exterior cornices also in the Walls-of-Troy design—and the enchanting corner fireplaces, six separate chimneys in a wedge. We had the verdict of a construction expert that its stone foundations, its walls, its beams, its floors, were sound.

On New Year's Eve, we came to see the first house we ever owned, and to bring

Mr. Latrobe  
 Postage of letters  
 Warrenton, 1817.  
 U. S. Marshall's Office

GROOK, PRINTER, WASHINGTON.



## UNITED STATES' MAIL FOR WARRENTON.

Passenger's Names.	Seat.	Washington,	March 4 1817	Sum Paid.	By whom received.
Mr. Holton	1	Warrenton		8	
Mr. Marshall	1				
Mr. Foster	1			57	James Foster
Mr. Haar	1	do		50	
Mr. Radcliff	1	do		50	
		Things have come to open pop			
		Will to pay 2000 persons stand to			
		Boys last night			

a contractor to inspect the rafters to determine whether they, as well as the shingles, had to be replaced.

It was ours now, and it was our responsibility to make it a fit place in which to live comfortably, with a tiny sum to do the job. So, we began to view the house with unromantic eyes. We saw fine wood-work, old plaster, all grime-gray. We saw black, rough floors, with wide boards of random widths, the kind you can see copied now in the most expensive homes and public buildings. We saw tiny pipes bringing in a dribble of water. We saw an antiquated kitchen sink, black with the ages. We saw the most ancient of iron bathtubs, very long and so narrow that only the most sylph-like form could recline in it, set in a tiny corridor between the master's bedroom and the maid's room.

We saw the ceiling of the 23x17 drawing room on the second floor. It was a series of concentric circles, each only slightly less black than the middle. The floor was similarly circled. We realized that, for many years, the heat had come from a kerosene stove in the middle of the room, and from the fireplace in that room. The other seven fireplaces had been covered with sheets of tin. The first floor was heated by a Latrobe furnace, that ugly but effective fireplace device invented by Ben-

jamin H. Latrobe, who was appointed Director of Works by President Jefferson in 1803, and who supervised the completion of the House of Representatives wing of the Capitol.

We began then to re-create the lives of the people who had preceded us in our Alexandria home. We saw that all but four rooms of the 10-room house had been carefully sealed up. The doors had been nailed shut. All around their edges were pasted layers upon layers of old newspapers. We tore the newspapers away, and gleefully found old wrought-iron L-and-H hinges, which we had not even suspected when we bought the house.

From the floors we picked up scraps of paper. I would not divulge all they reveal about the lives of two old women, for they are too recent. But together with the nailed and sealed doors, the stove in the drawing room, the huge brass gong installed for a doorbell, they tell the story of two old ladies living together in the old house, afraid of intruding drafts and intruding persons, the older, deafer lady suspicious of her sister and their banker, who handled their rural property, the younger impatient with her dominant deaf elder.

There was a letter addressed to the older lady, delivered by hand, bearing the nota-

tion which proved that suspicion had reared its glaring head: "I got orders to deliver your mail to nobody but you." There was the last of a series of letters from the banker, which revealed clearly that, after five years of negotiations, the elder sister suspected him of "being disposed to undervalue your property and urge you to do something the result of which would be termed by you as a 'sacrifice'." The letter concluded:

"We do not understand that part of your letter in which you refer to the 'Warning'. There is a way out of your difficulties if you are willing to be helped, but before anyone can help you the one essential thing for you to do is to realize that your property is no more valuable than it will bring."

On the envelope is the despairing notation: "Did give power of attorney to sell 40 acres which would have put me out of debt-& the deal was called off—1912. Offer of \$60,000 was from a respectable (sic) firm in Washington (1913) Called off."

It's like reconstructing a telephone conversation from hearing one end of it.

Yet, the old ladies still seem to live, merely from those scraps of paper, those unimportant things people leave behind them when they move from a house in which, through long years, they have accumulated so much junk. We know the first name of only one, the deaf one, to whom the notes and letters were addressed. But we know what they spent for ice, and for milk, in the months of 1904, because they left, tied tightly together, their received bills. And we know the younger sister (at least we guess it is her handwriting) was a little bitter, for on an envelope dated Nov. 8, 1913, there is penciled: "Would \$16,000 make me comfortable for 3 years (! ! !)"

And a part of the letter inside from a Washington real estate agent says:

" . . . I want to tell you that rich men now everywhere are holding their funds in the bank. They are not putting them out in development companies because they do not know what change may be made in our currency system. There is a fight on between the President of the United States and Wall St., The President has the great mass of people behind him, and Wall Street has hundreds of millions

of dollars. They have the finances of the country by the neck and want to hold it there . . . ."

So Economic Royalists and fighting Presidents are not new!

But perhaps we have spent too much time on the second floor of our house, and on its early 1900 occupants. Suppose we go back to that New Year's Eve in 1930, when things were very black in this country. Herbert Little and I went on up to the attic with our contractor. There was a trap door from the attic to the air chamber above, and the two men went on up, flashlights in hand, to inspect rafters.

As the men tramped above, scraps of paper began to drift through the trap door in that bitterly cold attic. I picked them up. They took me back to 1836 and 1837. Engraved at their tops were entrancing pictures of stagecoaches; coaches hitched to high-stepping horses prancing through clouds of dust—not one speck of which seemed to reach the richly be-costumed ladies and gentlemen within; coaches harnessed to stiff-legged horses promenading carefully; quaint ships which carried mail and passengers to connect with the stagecoach lines from Washington and Alexandria. And most of them carried the proud line, "U. S. Mail."

When Herbert Little came down, assured that the rafters were as good as they were in 1787, when the house was probably built, I showed him these scraps of paper, and back he went, modern flashlight in hand, to see if other residues of past life were there.

The loot was rich. Even yet we have not sorted it all out, have not wiped from it the dust and smoke and grime collected upon it in the century in which it remained there just under a roof of hand-made shingles, leaking these many years.

Indeed, only tonight, going over those papers, did I find the first evidence that a child had ever lived in our house before our own daughter, born just nine months after we moved into it. The witness was a grimy old copybook, with such maxims in copperplate script as "Return a kindness Slander not the dead" and "Truth will triumph Unite skill & industry." Each was copied five times in a childish hand. But there are also the normal scribblings of a small child, and the attempts

to copy his own name, Thomas Douglass, and his father's name, John Douglass. In a moment of ambitious expectation, the little boy wrote, "Thomas Douglass, Esquire." John Douglass, with his wife, Eliza C. K. Douglass, owned the house from 1844 until 1852.

It was probably an earlier occupant who left in the air chamber, above the fourth floor attic, the records of a chain of stagecoach lines in northern Virginia in the 1830's, together with the abolitionist magazines left by the

Douglass's predecessors, John C. Vowell and Mary I., his wife. Maybe Mr. Vowell was whole or part owner of the stagecoaches, for we found he rode free on them.

We learn from the owner's few extant writings and his meticulously kept records that he was an austere, formal, careful man. We can see him clearly, with his gray beaver high hat laid aside on the table, writing his stern but formal diplomatic note to his most rambunctious and erratic agent, James Fossett, saying: "Mr. Fossett will please be more careful in the spelling of names." We well understand this note, after seeing Mr. Fossett's spelling of the eminent name of Marshall in at least five different ways. Unfortunately, the depredations of time have destroyed the signature of that note.

Mr. Fossett is the most living inhabitant of our house, excepting our present flesh-and-blood inhabitants from 60-year-old



RUBY BLACK WITH HER DAUGHTER, JANE, IN THE WINDOW OF THEIR ALEXANDRIA HOME

aunt to 6-year-old daughter.

He, too, lives through the scraps of paper he left, the notes he wrote on his waybills. The other agents merely recorded the names of the passengers buying the tickets, the number of seats they took, their destinations, how much they paid, and who took the money. But Mr. Fossett commented upon the day and upon the times.

The hard times of 1837 are revealed on the waybill of the "United States Mail for Warrenton" for "August last

1837". There was only one passenger, Mr. Neely, who paid \$4. At the top James Fossett wrote: "If this ant hard dam me madam" and on the back he added another gloomy comment: "Last day of the month and dam hard times and I am broak."

On May 3, 1836, Mr. Fossett, who apparently was the Washington agent, wrote as the coach started off, "Blank as be Damned."

The record of a fine Spring day of the previous year—April 24, 1836—is more cheerful as recorded by the neat A. Newton, another agent of the numerously named stagecoach lines. On the "Phoenix Line for Warrenton" that day "Mr. R. E. Lee & Lady" went to Warrenton. Mr. Lee paid \$7 for the ride, and another \$2 for "3 Boxes Wine for Mr. R. E. Lee."

We found Mr. Lee traveling frequently to Warrenton, taking guests and wine and grass seed. This puzzled us until a researching friend, going through memora-

bilia of Robert E. Lee in the Library of Congress, found a little advertising pamphlet purporting to be letters from a New Englander to his friend back home, written to tell of the fine water, the fine food (Enoch Grigsby of Gadsby's Tavern is said to have been the summer host) at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. The list of directors of the company, chartered by the Commonwealth of Virginia, is headed by Mr. R. E. Lee.

There must have been a gathering of the aristocracy on June 14, 1836, for on that day the "Piedmont U. S. Mail for Washington" carried Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Washington, and Mrs. Helm, undoubtedly dressed in their best and most cumbersome gowns.

Dear Mr. Fossett took no satisfaction in the inauguration of Martin Van Buren as President on March 4, 1837. Recording the travels of Mr. Helm, Mr. Marshell (one of his variants of Marshall), Mr. Howe, and Mr. Ratcliffe to Warrenton on that day, he commented:

"Things have come to a purty pass. Hell to pay 2000 persons Stood to Hay Last Nighth." (Sic)

Perhaps some reader who has studied that era can tell me just what "Stood to Hay" meant in the colloquialisms of those days.

We might be disappointed if we could find a daguerreotype of a lady who traveled on the "Omnibus for Alexandria and Washington" on "19 Mar 1836." Her name is "Miss Dainty," and maybe we'd better stick to the picture in our imagination.

There were thirteen passengers on the "United States Mail from Alexandria to Winchester" on "4th Jany 1837", and the thirteenth was indeed unlucky, for crotchety J. Fossett recorded him, no doubt with a snort of disgust, merely as "Never pay."

August 11, 1837 was one day on which even James Fossett could find no cause for complaint. "Genl Janes" took the whole coach and paid \$42.50 for the ride. The coach also carried "1 Trunk for Mr Tyler." (Note: John Tyler, a Virginian, became Vice President on March 4, 1841, and President on April 6, 1841. He resigned from the U. S. Senate on Feb. 29,

1836, because he refused to vote as the Virginia Legislature demanded.) It must have been a fine season for the springs, as, just a month before, Mr. Cromwell took the "whole coach to the springs and not to exceed six passengers," paying \$35.

Searching the files of the Alexandria Gazette, oldest daily newspaper in the United States, for a clue to the owner of the stage lines, I find several advertisements running during 1836 and 1837. On Jan. 1, 1836, there appeared the notice:

#### "Stage for Washington

"The *Mail Coach Line* for Warrenton will hereafter leave Alexandria about 9½ A.M.; and in connection with this line, a daily one of splendid *Post Coaches* will depart every day at 2 P.M., from Newton's Hotel, for Washington, and leave Washington every day at 8½ A.M. for Alexandria.

WM. SMITH"

Weeks and Noland, of Middleburg, Va., advertised a line from Alexandria to Winchester. The coaches left Alexandria at 5 A.M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, "and arrive in Winchester on the same days," there connecting with the Cumberland stage for Wheeling.

Beginning March 22, 1836, the "Warrenton Stages" advertised glowingly:

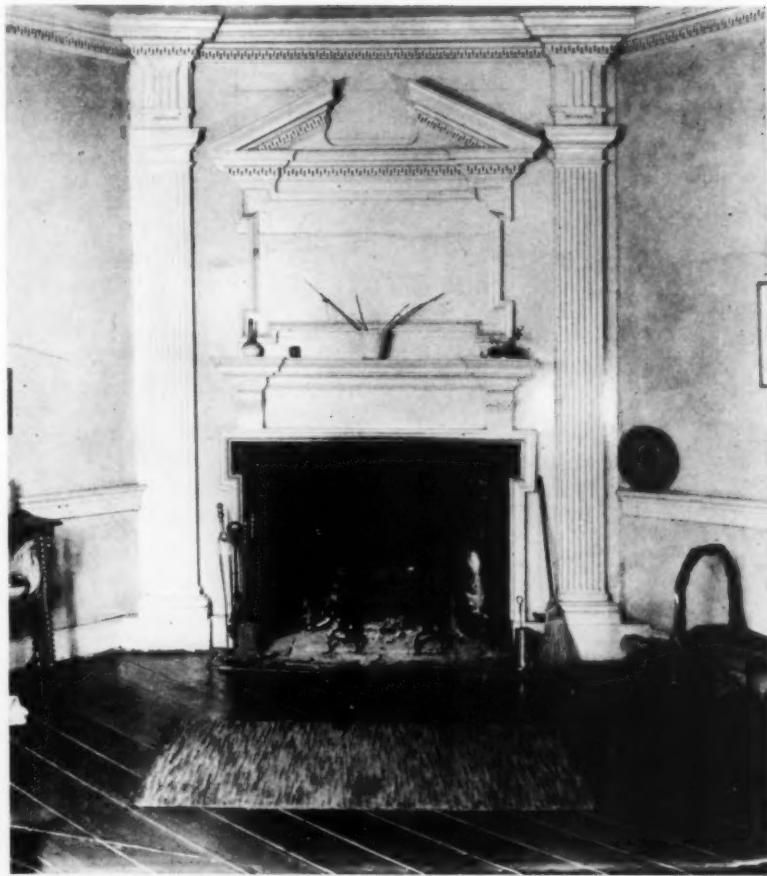
"The connection lately formed, enables us to promise to the public, in a short time, a *Daily Line*, with the *Mail* to be extended with the season, to the *Fauquier White Sulphur Springs*. Meantime, extra stages can be started at either end, whenever the travel requires it. Having secured the services of Mr. Fleming, so well known as the efficient and accomodating manager of the late Blue Line, we confidently trust the arrangements and facilities will be commensurate to all parties.

Geo. Johnson & Co.  
Proprietors."

George Johnson & Co. kept promising, in the same words, daily for months.

On May 31, 1836, the company advertised its "Summer Arrangement," as follows:

"The Piedmont Line of Stages Hereafter will leave Washington 4½ o'clock,



CORNER FIREPLACE IN LIVING-DRAWING ROOM, TYPICAL OF THOSE THROUGH THE ALEXANDRIA HOME OF RUBY BLACK AND HERBERT LITTLE

A.M., do. Alexandria 6 A.M. Arrive at Warrenton by 2 P.M., and Lee's Sulphur Springs 3 P.M., and thence next day to Culpeper Courthouse, &c."

A postscript to the advertisement said:

"Please take notice that no packages, goods &c will be forwarded by this line unless fare is paid before starting."

So, the fine ladies and gentlemen going off to the springs undoubtedly were up by 3 a.m., to dress and reach the stage station. And yet the *Gazette's* most constant advertisement in those days was addressed to "Debilitated Ladies."

On August 10, 1837, George Johnson & Co. apparently belittled their competitors, with a "Notice to Travellers," which said:

"The Mail Stage from Washington, D.C., for Orange Court House, via Alexandria, Warrenton, Lee's Springs, and Culpeper Court House, connecting at Orange Court House with the line for White, Red, and Blue Sulphur Springs, now runs each way six times a week, and presents pleasant, *certain* and expeditious route, with sober, moral, and accomodating drivers and first rate Coaches and teams."

"The United State (sic) Mail Stage from Alexandria to Winchester" speeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the fourteen-hour-trip over the 70-mile-drive.

One of our predecessors—maybe, of course, the same who was the transportation magnate—was evidently a trader in the market places. He left behind numerous printed sheets headed "Review of the Market and Prices Current", from which we learn the 1832 prices of ashes and ivory, anchors and hops, horns and feathers, indigo and grindstones, whiskey and tallow, mahogany and turtle shell, spices and Russia goods, hemp and Dupont common gunpowder.

Perhaps it was he who bought his whisky and wines and liquors in great old jugs and demijohns, which we found in the basement and moved to the drawing room and dining room, because these common vessels of an earlier day are decorative. The demijohns are of pale green blown glass, covered with wicker basketwork.

Even the number above our door tells something about the previous occupants of our house. The number, in old pewter, is 211½. But the truth is that our number is 213, according to all records and in view of the fact that it is between 211 and 215. A superstitious predecessor changed it, according to neighbors, before the Civil War. We let 211½ stay, even though new friends often think we live upstairs or in the alley, because of the half-number.

But to go back to our adventures in restoring the house. One of the greatest satisfactions resulted from scraping the black floors. When the sanding machines were through, and the wax had been applied, we found hard pine floors, the color and sheen of amber. One day four years ago, a friend who lives in Wisconsin, where houses are newer, sat staring at our floors, muttering, "Where have I seen floors like these? Where have I seen them?" After long puzzling, he exclaimed: "I know! On the second floors of barns across which the hay has been shoved for years! If I ever build a house, I'm going to search the barns of Wisconsin until I find floors like these."

The other day his wife visited us, brought the news that they are building their house now, and added, "And he is searching the barns!"

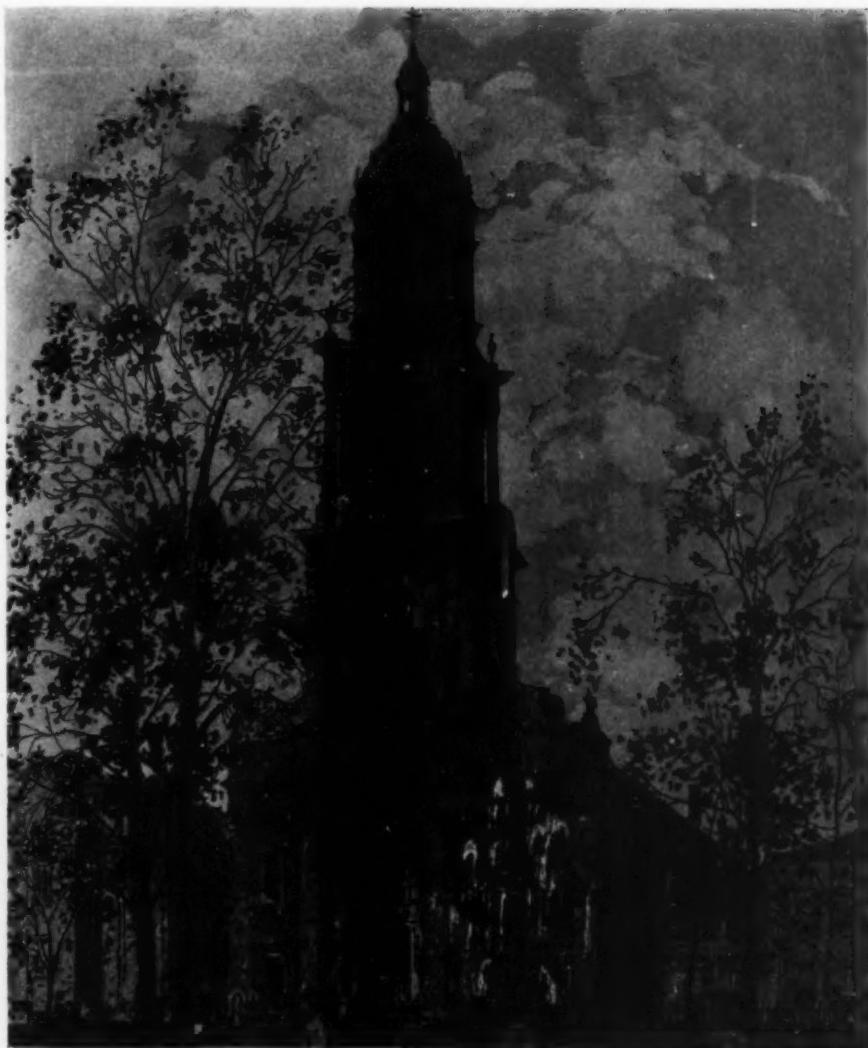
As we were tearing out old, broken plaster, and re-roofing the house, a man from a national lumber organization dropped in, snatched pieces of the 150-year-old hand-made lath and shingles, and bore them off with chortles of joy, saying he was going to put them in a lumber museum.

The still younger generation, however, is not equally enchanted. Our Jane, aged 6 years, is not imbued with a love for antiquities. She wonders "What you ever bought this old house for, anyway," and why we don't have "a nice new house, with a big lawn and garden, instead of that little old back yard."

But even she is entertained by the waybills, with their quaint horses and coaches, their flashing whips, their high-hatted gentlemen, their plumed-hatted ladies.

So are older and more distinguished persons. While the controversy over contracts for air and ocean mail was stirring Congress and public in the early days of the Roosevelt administration, I gave one of the waybills of the "United States Mail for Warrenton" to Postmaster General James A. Farley, as a souvenir of earlier mail contracts. He showed it to President Roosevelt in a Cabinet meeting, and, he reported to me, "nearly lost it." The Postmaster General suggested that I give one to the President, so he would not feel duty-bound to relinquish his own. I did. The President received it with apparent enthusiasm, asked searching questions, and made pertinent comments on its historical significance. He now keeps it among his documents at his Hyde Park home.

But it is not often that an illustrious personage wrests one from me. I like them too much myself. Therefore I cling to them and many of them hang on my stairway a source of delight to my friends and of deep satisfaction to myself. After all, they epitomize for me a pleasant theory which has become a fixed doctrine: that life may be interpreted and fulfilled in many ways—even through scraps of paper!



Artist: Hans Figura. Courtesy F. H. Bresler Co., Milwaukee

*St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee—The following pages carry illustrations typical of "Wonderful Wisconsin". It is said that more etchings are made of St. John's Cathedral, pictured above, than of any other building in Milwaukee*



DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX, INTERSTATE PARK



FLOCK OF SHEEP GRAZING BESIDE A STREAM IN COLUMBIA COUNTY

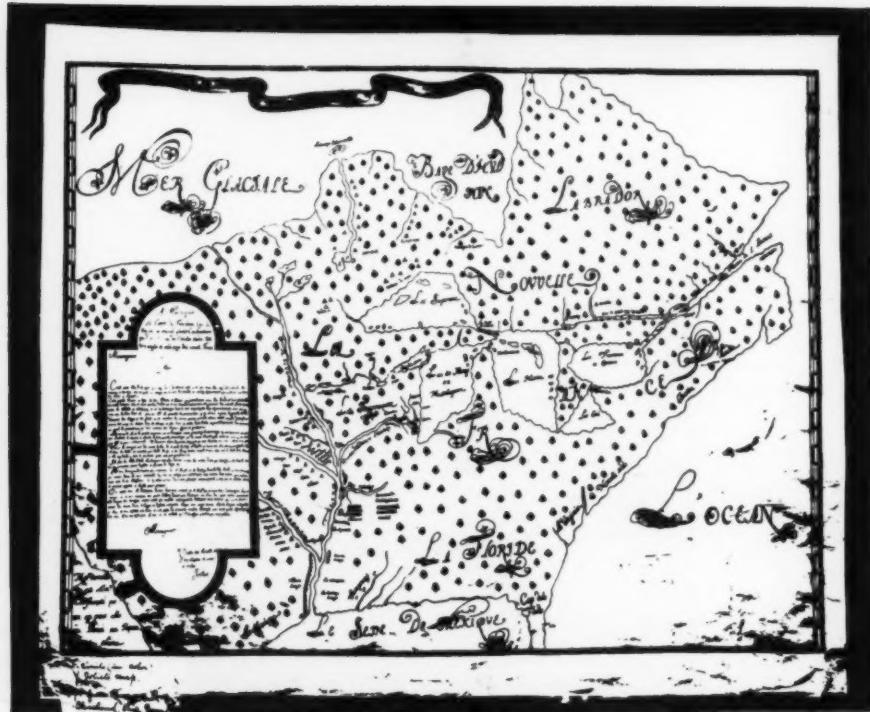


*Milwaukee Journal Photo*

STONE-CARVED AMNICON FALLS, NEAR SUPERIOR



WINNEBAGO COUNTY: HOLSTEIN HERD ON PASTURE. THERE ARE MORE CATTLE THAN PEOPLE IN WISCONSIN.  
THE SPLENDID DAIRY HERDS OF WISCONSIN ARE SOUGHT THE WORLD OVER



JOLIET'S MAP OF NEW FRANCE

## Wisconsin and the Old Northwest

JOSEPH SCHAFER

*Superintendent, State Historical Society of Wisconsin*

A FRAMED chart, with display lettering, which hangs in the document room of the State historical library, is headed: *Wisconsin's Family Tree*. It was prepared by Mrs. R. D. Evans and contains thirteen historical statements arranged chronologically in columnar form, the date in each case standing at the left margin. In order to save space the same items may be grouped in linear form as follows: 1634 discovered by Nicolet, 1671 annexed to the kingdom of France, 1763 transferred to Great Britain, 1783 ceded to the United States, 1784 Virginia's claim surrendered to the United States, 1785 Massachusetts' claim surrendered to the United States, 1786 Connecticut's claim surrendered to the United States, 1787 incorporated in

the Northwest territory, 1800 embodied in Indiana territory, 1809 annexed to Illinois territory, 1818 attached to Michigan territory, 1836 became an independent territory, 1848 entered the union.

This genealogy makes clear the historical derivation of the state, and emphasizes its territorial relationships. Wisconsin was at no time prior to 1848 a distinct and separate geographical entity. Always, it was a part of some more inclusive region, and while that was not at all times clearly defined, usually it was the imperial domain described in public acts as "the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio."

It will not be necessary to consider all the branches of this family tree. The dis-



DR. CUTLER'S CHURCH, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS, THE PLACE FROM WHICH THE FIRST COMPANY STARTED FOR THE OHIO, DECEMBER 3, 1787

covery by Nicolet, the taking possession of the Northwest for France, the transfer to Great Britain at the close of the French and Indian war, and the cession to the United States at the close of the Revolution require no comment. But it should be pointed out that when the United States negotiated the treaty with Great Britain, she claimed the territory northwest of the river Ohio bounded west by the Mississippi and north by the Great Lakes in virtue of charters granted to the colonies of Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut by the British sovereign.

The most extensive claim was that of Virginia and in some respects this was also the most tenable. But, since it was described as running "west and northwest, from sea to sea," Virginia of course had a claim upon the Kentucky country as well as that northwest of the Ohio. The claims of the two New England colonies overlapped in part that of Virginia and also interfered with each other. Besides, New York erected a claim on the conquests of the six nations of Indians who were under her jurisdiction.

For the peaceful solution of the country's

problems after the Revolution it was of first importance that all these claims be ceded to the congress which was the government under the confederation. Besides, congress needed the western lands to sell as a source of national revenue, and to give to the soldiers of the Revolution in lieu of the wages which there was no money to pay. Therefore, strong pressure was brought to bear on the claimant states to induce them to make the desired cessions, and it was natural that the states with strictly limited boundaries, usually spoken of as the landless states, should have been peculiarly insistent that the cessions be made. New York led the way. She was followed by Virginia, and the others as indicated above.

On the tenth of October, 1780, congress adopted a resolution of far-reaching significance which proclaimed: "That the unappropriated lands that may be ceded or relinquished to the United States by any particular state . . . shall be disposed of for the common benefit of the United States, and be settled and formed into distinct republican states, which shall become members of the federal union and have

the same rights of sovereignty, freedom and independence as the other states."

Here is the germ of a new colonial system sponsored by the United States. Throughout the course of recorded history, theretofore, colonies were assumed to be dependent or subject communities. But here was a plan to create colonies that should be independent states. That plan was carried out in the ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio, adopted by congress July 13, 1787, and always cited as the ordinance of 1787. It provided regular stages through which a territory that was settling up would pass on the way to become a state in the union. From the first, it would be a state in embryo.

At the outset, its government would be by a governor, secretary, and judges appointed by congress who would select laws of the existing states and apply them to the needs of the new community. When the number of free white males of full age equalled 5,000, there should be a legislative assembly chosen by the people, also a delegate in congress; and whenever the population should equal 60,000 free white inhabitants, so the ordinance declared: "such state shall be admitted, by its delegates, into the Congress of the United States, on an equal footing with the original states in all respects whatever, and shall be at liberty to form a permanent constitution and state government."

Important as are the branches of Wisconsin's family tree, none of them will serve to explain this startling deviation from the practice of the civilized world respecting colonies. In order to understand it one must put himself right back in imagination where the members of congress were in 1780. They were governing a nation's recently revolting colonies. They were struggling with manifold problems of which finance, including pay for the soldiers, was one of the most difficult. There lay the great West, contiguous to the settled states. People were already interested in going there to make homes. Doubtless soldiers would be an important element among the settlers of new territories, taking advantage of the pay they would receive in land warrants. Would it be right or practicable to expect the veterans who had gained freedom for the original colonies

to accept an inferior status for the colonies they would build in the West?

The soldiers themselves were not backward about putting forth their claims. In 1783 a group of officers at Newberg prepared a plan for a new western state which they asked Washington to forward to congress. He did so, giving the plan his hearty endorsement. In it the officers declare: "That the state so constituted shall be admitted into the confederacy of the United States, and entitled to all the benefits of the Union in common with the other members thereof."

But it was also Revolutionary soldiers, mostly of the Massachusetts forces, who outlined the ordinance adopted by congress on July 13, 1787. Although the reverend Doctor Manasseh Cutler acted as agent for the Ohio Company of Associates, organized at Boston, and it is known that he was influential in framing the ordinance, he professed to have insisted only on the points which his principals, the members of the company, demanded. We may regard the wisdom and liberality of the ordinance as a reflection of the thought of the common people, soldiers and others.

In striking contrast to what Massachusetts' commonalty put into the ordinance, adopted on July 13, Massachusetts' leading statesmen, Elbridge Gerry and Rufus King, in the constitutional convention on July 14, tried to pass a resolution forever subjecting new states to the political domination of the original states. That resolution, supported by all northern states except New Jersey, though Pennsylvania's vote was divided, was killed by the votes of the southern states. Even so, the vote stood four in favor, five against.

The next month the constitutional convention, on motion of Gouverneur Morris of New York, actually cut out from the draft of the constitution a proposed clause declaring that if a new state were admitted, it should be equal in all respects to the older states. They left the provision respecting new states in this form (section 3, article iv): "New states may be admitted by the Congress into this Union." So we have a conflict between the ordinance, which says they "*shall* be admitted," when their population amounts to 60,000, and the new states shall be "on an equal footing with the original states in all re-

spects whatever"; and the constitution which merely *permits* their admission and leaves congress free to make such conditions as it may desire.

The two commonwealths of the Northwest which felt most poignantly the effects of that conflict were Michigan and Wisconsin. But before taking up that story let us see how the states, one after the other, were peopled and brought into the union.

First, to be sure, was Ohio. The colony sent out by the Ohio company in December, 1787, reached Marietta on the Muskingum in April, 1788, and began the first New England settlement. Others followed, making settlements along the Ohio and elsewhere, while Connecticut people settled largely in the Connecticut reserve. But, after all, it was Pennsylvanians, Virginians, and Kentuckians, along with people from New Jersey and Maryland, who made the massive settlements in Ohio. When, in 1802, that state was ready to enter the union, it was those elements, not the New Englanders, who were in political control.

A similar situation, though more emphatic, was true of Indiana up to the time she became a state in 1816. Indiana was called the Hoosier state because so large a proportion of her people were of the Allegheny mountaineer stock. Nevertheless, Pennsylvanians, Kentuckians, Ohioans, Tennesseans, Virginians, Marylanders, were numerous there while New Englanders were very scarce until after statehood. Doubtless that explains why Indiana during the territorial period made so strenuous an effort to establish slavery despite the prohibition in the ordinance of 1787, and also why she experienced such difficulty in providing an adequate school system until near the middle of the nineteenth century when the northern section of the state was occupied by people from New England and New York.

As was early Indiana so was early Illinois—a territory and state derived from the South mainly. After the opening of the Erie canal in 1825 northern Illinois, till then practically devoid of population except in the neighborhood of Galena on account of the lead mines, began to fill up with people from the northeastern states and with immigrants from Europe. These made a great contrast to the people of

"Egypt," as the older southern half of the state was called because it was the conservative section. As in Ohio and Indiana, educational progress waited on the Yankee settlements.

Contrasting sharply with the social history of the three southern states of the group are the two northern states, Michigan and Wisconsin. Geographically, the first three may be said to have been determined by the Ohio river; the last two by the Grand canal. The river brought Virginians, Marylanders, New Jerseyites, Kentuckians, North Carolinians, and Tennesseans to Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Even the comparatively few New Englanders and New Yorkers who settled there in the early days made the long trek across country to the Ohio river and usually floated down in flat boats.

On the other hand, the settlement of the northern counties of those three states—which came late—and the occupation of Michigan and Wisconsin was by people who came directly from western New York, from Vermont, New Hampshire, and other portions of New England by way of the Erie canal and the lakes. The canal took them to Buffalo. There they could obtain transportation to Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Racine, Kenosha.

Naturally, Michigan was occupied first. Her beautiful oak openings were a wonderful lure to immigrants and in the late 1820's and early 1830's they came by the thousands. By October 1834 the Michigan peninsula had a population of about 85,000 while 60,000 was the statehood norm under the ordinance of 1787. Accordingly, in 1835 Michigan held a convention, adopted a constitution, and hoped to be admitted to the union as a state but encountered an obstacle.

The obstacle was congress acting not under the ordinance of 1787 but under the option given it by section 3 of article iv of the constitution to admit or refuse to admit, to admit without conditions or with conditions. The state of Ohio claimed the Toledo strip, an average of seven miles in width which, under the geographical subdivision of the Northwest proposed by the ordinance, seemed to have belonged to Michigan. However, an error had been made by the geographer followed by the



MRS. GEORGE BAXTER AVERILL, VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL, WISCONSIN.  
MEMBER FEDERAL COMMISSION, NORTHWEST TERRITORY CELEBRATION  
COMMISSION: 1787-88—1937-38

makers of the ordinance, and assuming that the later congress had the right to correct that error, Ohio had the rights of the case. At all events, congress having the power to do so, decided in Ohio's favor, kept Michigan out of the union till she agreed to accept a modified boundary—in a word, imposed its will upon the new state.

Meantime, Wisconsin territory was set off from Michigan April 20, 1836. The population being sufficient, a legislative assembly

and a congressional delegate were elected at once; that is, Wisconsin began with the second stage of political organization. Moreover, Wisconsin was the only northwestern territory whose governor was appointed from among her own citizens. Ohio territory received as governor Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania; Indiana, William Henry Harrison of Ohio; Illinois, Ninian Edwards of Kentucky; Michigan, Lewis Cass of Ohio. Henry Dodge, who was selected by Jackson to be governor

of Wisconsin, had been a citizen of the territory for nearly a decade.

The immigration which was responsible for the territorial beginnings of Wisconsin is typified by Henry Dodge who, born at Old Vincennes in Indiana, came up the Mississippi river from Missouri in response to the lure of the lead mining interest. Others came from southern Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. A few came from Virginia and North Carolina. But, after 1836 a powerful movement set in from the northeast of farmer folk bent on securing portions of the excellent wheat lands of southeastern Wisconsin. Also, at the same time, the promising lake ports including Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha, and others were settled, and speculation and development became the order of the day.

In the course of fourteen years Wisconsin grew into a lusty young state of 305,000 population. When it entered the union, in May 1848, the number was of course something less, but it amounted to more than three times the ordinance requirement of 60,000. Of the total in 1850 more than one-third, to be exact 106,000, were born outside the United States and nearly or quite one-half of these were non-English speaking, mostly Germans and Norwegians. This forecast a difference between the social development of Wisconsin and that of Michigan and the other northwestern states who were to concentrate foreigners mainly in the cities while Wisconsin had them spread over the land.

As in the case of Michigan, an effort was made to break into the union on the ground that the ordinance conditions had been fulfilled and more than fulfilled. The chief reason for doing so was to be able to appeal to the supreme court on the boundary question, just as Michigan had wished to do. Congress, in establishing the boundary of Illinois, in 1818, had fixed the line between that state and the future Wisconsin nearly sixty miles north of the southernmost point of Lake Michigan, through which the ordinance of 1787 directed that the boundary between the southern and northern states of the group should pass. The argument was that the new state ought to be in position to develop a lake commerce with the East as well as a Mississippi river trade with the South—a very statesmanlike idea, as later events proved.

But James Duane Doty, who had been a member of the Michigan legislature when that body was contending with congress and with Ohio over the Toledo strip, insisted that Wisconsin should test her rights under the ordinance. She should get into the union in any practicable way, and then submit the question of her right to the southern boundary as fixed by the ordinance to the supreme court. Congress was too wary, however, passed an enabling act, and required the constitutional convention of Wisconsin to accept the boundaries laid down for the new state in that act. These were the boundaries that the state has today.

It is worthy of note that Wisconsin, as the last of the states carved out of the "territory northwest of the river Ohio," actually suffered territorial losses on three fronts. The first was in the south as we have seen where Illinois encroached upon territory that would have been hers had the ordinance line been observed. The second was in the northeast. Michigan was given the so-called "upper peninsula" to compensate her for the loss to Ohio of the Toledo strip. That area, with its copper mines, iron, and timber, would otherwise have been a part of Wisconsin. Finally, since it was thought the state would extend too far to the northwest if it should include all the balance of the territory to the upper Mississippi and the international boundary, as had been intended, Wisconsin was cut off westward by the line of Lake Superior, St. Louis river, and the St. Croix. In other words, the extraordinary rich iron mines of the extreme northwestern part of the territory, which would have belonged to Wisconsin, fell to the state of Minnesota.

Recent historians of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois maintain an eloquent silence respecting the boundary disputes among the northwestern states, showing as it seems that they are fearful of being charged with high-handedness by representatives of Michigan and Wisconsin respecting their states' relation to boundary questions. The present writer, although a native "Badger" and thoroughly loyal to his state, cannot agree with older Wisconsin and Michigan writers in their condemnation of congress for its settlement of the boundaries otherwise than as the ordinance of 1787 would have had them.



WISCONSIN STATE CAPITOL

## The Wisconsin State Capitol

L. MARGARET FULLER

*Ex-State Magazine Chairman*

IN a little frame building, which is still standing at Belmont, Wisconsin held its first Legislature, on October 25, 1836. Madison, then a mere village, was chosen as the best site for the State Capitol, and on July 4, 1837 the corner-stone of the capitol was laid. This building, with many changes and additions, served its purpose until a costly fire occurred in 1904 which made a new building imperative.

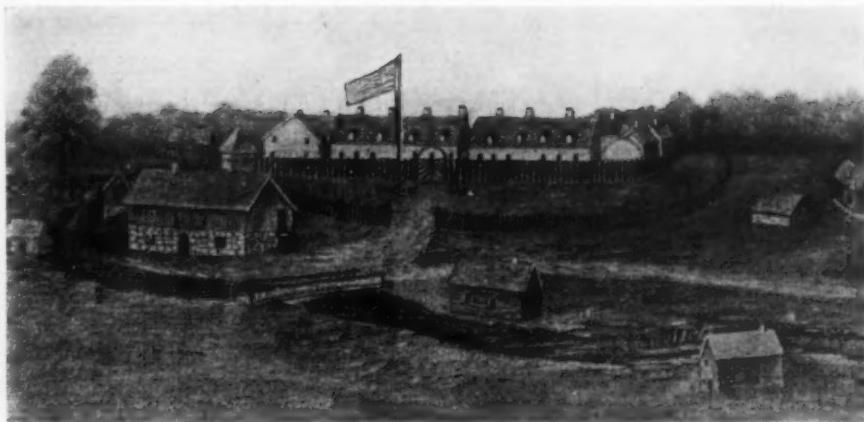
The new capitol occupies the site of the old structure in the center of a lovely park, which covers fourteen acres. The park is in itself a beautiful setting for this stately building of white Bethel Vermont granite. At each of the four corners are large flower-beds, statues, and fountains. Native trees are marked and two flower-beds, always create interest; one a star of yellow tulips, and later of yellow foliage, honoring the Gold Star Mothers of Wisconsin, and the other of poppies, seeds of which were sent from Flanders Fields.

There is a formal terrace, surrounded by a ballustrade, on which pedestals are provided for lights and statuary. The four wings face the four

diagonal streets, the ends of which are entrances for pedestrians. The formal approaches and entrances are from the ends of the four avenues. There are driveways terminating in porte-cochères under the staircases and leading to the vestibules entering into the Rotunda.

The stately capitol dome can be seen for many miles. This is the only granite dome in the United States and the second highest in America, that of the National Capitol being higher. On the great dome stands the gilded, bronze statue of "Forward," our state motto. On the crest of the helmet is the Badger, emblem of our state. The right hand points forward, while the left holds a globe in the clutches of an American Eagle. It is the work of Daniel Chester French.

The John Bell Chapter of the N. S. D. A. R. of Madison has been granted the rare privilege of planting a Washington Elm in the capitol park. We feel that with the statue of "Forward" shining in the dome and our very own Washington Elm at its base, Wisconsin chapters of the N. S. D. A. R. will continue their splendid work.



HISTORIC OLD FORT WINNEBAGO, PORTAGE, WIS.

## OLD FORT WINNEBAGO

*The editor is very proud to welcome to the pages of this magazine a contribution from one of the most distinguished women of letters in the United States. Speaking as a Wisconsin woman, Miss Gale describes an important Wisconsin project*

THE Wisconsin State Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution are taking advantage of the romantic discovery of the last remaining building of old Fort Winnebago, at Portage, Wisconsin, and are to purchase and restore the house. It was the old Surgeon's Headquarters, in use more than one hundred years ago—since the order to erect the post was given in August, 1828, and the Fort completed within the next few years.

This was a real discovery, made by Portage people a few years ago. The old building has been covered with clapboards and painted yellow. It stood on one of the farm properties located on the site of the Fort, and was indistinguishable from the other buildings. Intending to tear it down, the owner began removing the clapboards and found the walls made of strong old tamarack logs. Investigation identified the ancient landmark, long forgotten.

The house is about forty by twenty-five feet, having five rooms and a wide central hall extending from front to back. The original floor boards are in place, very wide and pegged, and some of the original door frames are still standing. The house is square, with two rear extensions, and is of good design. It stands on the bank of the Fox River, very narrow at that point, near where the government canal cuts through to the Wisconsin River, across the old Portage. Nearby is the monument erected by the local chapter to mark the point at which the voyageurs took to the land to carry their canoes west, one mile to the Wisconsin River. At the west end of the trail the local chapter has also erected a monument, at the point where Louis Joliet and Father Marquette entered the Wisconsin, in June 1673. As all the explorers who came down from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien and the Mississippi were obliged to cross the Portage, there is a rich lore of that time and locality, and of those visitors.

One of the lieutenants who assisted in the building of the Fort was young Jefferson Davis, who has recorded that he went up the Yellow River, fifty miles distant, for the pine logs to be used in the construction of the Fort, and sent down by rafts. And in 1836 Colonel Zachary Taylor arrived at the Fort with a detachment of men, because of an Indian alarm. (Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve recorded that there was no alarm from Indians, but they very much enjoyed the society of the young officers.)

The Surgeon's Headquarters stood near the bake-house, and south of the stockade. The commissary building, which was thought to be the only one remaining of the Fort's buildings, had fallen to decay many years ago. Here the old military road, marked by the local chapter at intervals, extends east and north; and here also lies the small Fort cemetery, with the grave of one Revolutionary soldier.

The building will be restored, so far as possible, and gradually furnished in its period. The Wisconsin Society of Physicians and Surgeons is to contribute a fairly complete set of surgical instruments, in use one hundred years ago. The spot is on a main highway and should prove of interest to motorists, as has the nearby Indian Agency House, visited by two or three thousand people every summer. The Indian Agency House, occupied in that period for a time by the Kinzies, was recently purchased, restored and charmingly furnished, in its period, by the Colonial Dames of Wisconsin.

# Red Bird's Surrender

GRACE HETTINGER WASHBURN

*Washburn Chapter, Portage, Wis.*

THOUGH Portage is rich in history and legend, the most colorful incident of all is that of the surrender of Red Bird.

About 1800, the tribe of Winnebagoes was the most powerful one in the territory. Their lands extended as far north as the Chippewa boundary, and as far south as Illinois, stretching along the rich river valleys of the Fox, the Wisconsin, and the Rock. As a gesture to this tribe, the United States Government built three forts, Fort Howard at Green Bay, Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, and Fort Winnebago at Portage. This act was greatly resented by the Winnebagoes and they showed their animosity by raiding, burning and murdering; and when two Winnebagoes, who had been under guard at Fort Howard were taken to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, the fires of fierce revenge flared up, resulting in the massacre of a Prairie du Chien family who had gone into the woods to gather maple sirup.

Shortly, a rumor, unfounded but nonetheless infuriating came to the Winnebagoes that their two brothers who had been taken to Fort Snelling, had been turned over to their traditional enemies, the Chippewas, who had beaten them to death.

These two incidents brought things to a head, and the Winnebagoes chose as their avenger, Red Bird. Red Bird had earlier promised the soldiers at Prairie du Chien that he would not break peace; but now he was deceived by wily Winnebagoes into thinking that the white men had first betrayed him, and he, true to his Indian

precepts, felt no wrong in exacting his full measure of blood. Together with We-Kau and Chic-Hon-Sic, he fell upon the family of Gagnier, a Frenchman living near Prairie du Chien, and killed the father and the hired man. The mother and a small babe

escaped to the white settlement with their horrible story. White men everywhere were in a panic. Fresh troops were moved in from Galena and Jefferson Barracks and took up their position at the portage. Major Whistler at Fort Howard recruited Oneida and Stockbridge Indians to strengthen his troops and also moved toward Fort Winnebago.

Thus were the Winnebagoes at the portage surrounded. They saw their desperate plight —they had been warned by the Great White Father that they must give up the murderer of Gagnier in order to have protection from

the government, and they knew that they were far outnumbered by the white soldiers. Their best course was to surrender Red Bird. And he was aware of his personal responsibility in the matter.

Major Whistler was encamped on high ground across a wide marsh to the east. About noon of the bright autumn day, he saw moving down the hill toward the marsh a body of Indians bearing two American flags and one white flag of peace. As they marched, they sang a haunting song, the death song of Red Bird. The soldiers stood at attention. A messenger had brought word that Red Bird would come as a chief, and they would receive him as such.



AN IDEALIZED PORTRAIT OF RED BIRD DONE  
BY A PORTAGE ARTIST, E. J. JACKSON

He advanced—a lordly figure, tall and straight like a pine tree in the wind. His face held nobility and charm. He believed he was carrying out his tribal law and faced death without flinching. He was dressed as a Winnebago chief for his funeral, in white from head to foot. His garments were of dressed elk skin, fringed; his ornaments were of blue wampum; his moccasins were also of pure white elk skin. Across his breast hung his war pipe. On each shoulder perched a stuffed red bird.

As he neared, the band played Pleyel's Hymn. As the last sound died away, Red Bird majestically lighted his pipe of peace and smoked it. Then he spoke: "I have come. I fulfill the law of the Winnebagoes when I sacrifice my life to the white

men. It may be in vain. It may be that you will not spare my people. I have given my life away—it is gone." He stooped, and taking a pinch of dust between his thumb and finger, blew it into the air—"like that." With a gesture of complete surrender, he turned to Major Whistler, who knew he stood in the presence of a brave warrior and a great soul. Red Bird entreated him to let him be free of manacles, and the major answered, sadly, "As a man, I would let you be unshackled. As a soldier, I must obey the law of Wisconsin. You must submit to the chains."

Red Bird raised his arms to the Great Spirit, then dropped them to receive the irons, his heart broken, his soul crushed.



## A DESERT SONG

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Have you seen the desert smiling  
At the coming of the day  
Deserts sands alive and gleaming  
Bright with colors glad and gay  
So my life is when I see you  
All the sorrows I have known  
Vanish like the stars at sunrise  
Every grief and care has flown.

Have you heard the desert singing  
At the sunset's passing hour  
Singing songs of rest and comfort  
Songs of peace and love and power  
So my heart is when I hear you  
Singing songs I love so well  
And I listen wrapped in longing  
With a love I dare not tell.

Have you known the desert's silence  
When the moon is all aglow  
And the rocks and earth were vivid  
'neath the mountains capped with snow  
So my soul is in the glory  
Of the moonlight on the Hill  
Smiles and songs and then the silence  
With these thoughts my heart you fill.



## A RAINY DAY

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

### DEAR RAIN:

Your gentle touch upon the flowers  
Reaches my heart,  
And makes me grateful for the showers.  
But when the wind makes havoc of the  
rain  
It fills my soul with terror and with pain.

And so the benediction of a tear  
Brings down upon my heart  
A sympathizing thought that keeps God  
near.  
And sorrows, that hurl tempests thick  
and fast  
Are, after all, like rain and will not last.



TANK COTTAGE, 1776. GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN. THIS BEAUTIFULLY KEPT LITTLE HOUSE IS NOW A MUSEUM

## Brief History of Green Bay

HAROLD T. I. SHANNON

ON a bright Summer day in the year 1634, just fourteen years after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth Rock, Jean Nicolet, commissioned by the Governor of New France to negotiate for peace with Indian tribes, particularly a ferocious "Asiatic" race known as "Men of the Sea," sailed into Green Bay, and at Red Banks (now a summer resort) set the first white foot upon the soil of Wisconsin and the Great Northwest.

Anticipating a Chinese people, for the Sea of China was believed to be west of here, Nicolet came gaudily attired in mandarin's costume of damask with dragons and flowers embroidered upon it, and fired a salute to his hosts from two shining pistols.

That evening according to history, more than 5,000 men of the heretofore unfriendly tribes of Winnebagoes, and the Hurons, were "convened" and each chief tried to outdo the other in "setting things up" for the famous white man, and for Wisconsin's first convention. History records that at one of the banquets served before adjournment "one hundred and twenty beavers" were consumed.

The early history of the Great Northwest is the History of Green Bay. The early story of Wisconsin is the Story of Green Bay.

Green Bay is a city of "firsts" and the visitors to Green Bay conventions are always rewarded liberally for their pilgrimages to the shrines of Wisconsin progress—the first milestones in the procession which has steadily advanced the state to its proud rank as leader in so numerous industries, pursuits and achievements.

Here was established the first permanent settlement of white families the De Langlades and others (1765 and earlier).

Here was established the business of John Jacob Astor, the Astor Fur Trading Company and the genesis of a great American family and fortune.

Here were the great tribal councils of the none too amorous Indian tribes. Winnebagoes, Ottawas, Miamis, Pottowatomies, Hurons, Menominees, Outgamas, Masoutins, Fox and Chippewas all had villages here or very near by.

Here the great Sac massacre occurred (1746) and here a defense was formed against the Blackhawk invasion.

Here stood the important old stockade which occupied a commanding location at the head of the bay and housed the soldiers of three nations, as the flags of France, Britain and the United States in succession



*From the painting by Deming. Courtesy of State Historical Society  
1634—"LANDFALL OF NICOLET"—1934*

named flew over Fort St. Francois (1701), Fort Edward Augustus (1761) and Fort Howard (1816).

Here was the first church following along after the first mission.

Here was the first bank in Wisconsin, and the first brick house, built of bricks which came by sailing vessel from the East.

And "Astor House" a munificent structure for its day was one of the first hotels. The Washington House (present Beaumont site) was Wisconsin's first hostelry (1829).

Here came the first judge and first prosecuting attorney (1824) to conduct the first court west of the lake and to establish a new judicial circuit which literally embraced everything west of Lake Michigan; there was no judicial establishment farther west.

Here was tried the great Chief Oshkosh. A mural of the trial adorns the Supreme Court Chambers at the State Capitol.

Here was established the earliest private school and the first parochial school.

Here was the first newspaper, the first printing, the first daily.

Here was built the first frame house, and here yet stands the oldest frame house in the Northwest.

Here came a "King of France" perhaps, for the famous figure Lazarre a missioner among the Indians was held by many to

have been the "Lost Dauphin" direct and legitimate heir to Louis' throne in France. The Republic of France demanding a legal and official affidavit of death and burial of Lazarre's grandson indicates some importance for this assumption.

Here too, came a Prince of France, M. de Joinville, perhaps to see the "Dauphin" but in any event to enable the gay frontier city of Green Bay with its pretentious hotel and fine hospitality to entertain royalty.

From here went the President of the Constitutional Convention and one convention having failed (1846) his deft performance guided the second convocation (1848) into peace and calm and Wisconsin into statehood.

Here at the Astor House was organized the Democratic Party in Wisconsin (1841).

Wisconsin literally started to live at this point. Every foot of ground is hallowed historically. Many visitors will enter Green Bay over the first "wagon road" built from Green Bay to the little unimportant village of Chicago. If history is attractive to them they will satisfy themselves with authenticities while here. They may enter the old buildings of Fort Howard, take tea in Tank Cottage (1776), the state's oldest building, visit the site of the first court house and see the first "water supply"—a municipal well.



BIRTHPLACE OF JEREMIAH CURTIN, SCHOLAR AND DIPLOMAT, NEAR HALES CORNERS, MILWAUKEE COUNTY

## A Wisconsin Shrine

### The Birthplace of Jeremiah Curtin

NUNA E. R. WHITCOMB

*Historian, Mary Warrell Knight Chapter of West Allis and Wisconsin State Chairman of the Genealogical Records Committee*

WISCONSIN has the honor of being the birthplace of Jeremiah Curtin, whose epitaph, written by his devoted friend, the late President Theodore Roosevelt, adequately describes him. It is inscribed on a memorial tablet placed upon his mausoleum by the Smithsonian Institute and reads:

"Historian, ethnologist, linguist, scholar of vast learning, humanitarian, Jeremiah Curtin traveled over the wide world calling all men his brothers and learning to speak to them in seventy languages."

The foundation of Mr. Curtin's extraordinary command of languages began with the Gaelic and English spoken in his home in babyhood; German, Polish and some Danish he acquired from schoolmates in the Milwaukee schools; French from Jesuit priests, whose sermons were given in French, and from the Indians encamped

near his home he learned to speak their language as fluently as he spoke English and Gaelic.

The home of his birth still stands. Mr. Alexander Guth, who is the Secretary of the Wisconsin Chapter of American Architects, and the District officer of the Historic American Buildings Survey, is the authority for the statement that it is the oldest house still standing in Milwaukee County. It is located near Hales Corners, in the Government's project of Greendale, and was in danger of being demolished when that project was started, but was saved by the alertness of Mrs. Harrington, Regent of the Mary Warrell Knight Chapter. Mrs. Harrington conferred with Mr. Guth and the R. S. A. officers, giving them the history of the house. Their interest was manifested at once and after an inspection they agreed to restore it to its original con-

dition and the Mary Warrell Knight Chapter promised to furnish it with furniture suitable to the house and period, 1838. Some of the furniture will be donated by Maud Curtin Leifert (Mrs. Walter), who is a daughter of Mr. Curtin's brother David. David was born in this house, too.

This year will see the plans completed, undoubtedly. The Chapter will hold dedicatory services during the year, and on, or near, the date of Jeremiah's birth, which is September 6th, the Milwaukee League of Polish Associations of America will hold a centennial celebration in honor of Mr. Curtin because he was a great friend and the translator of several books written by the renowned Polish author, Henry Sienkiewicz, "Quo Vadis," by that author, being the one which President Theodore Roosevelt said would have made the name of Jeremiah Curtin famous though he had accomplished nothing else.

#### *The House*

The house is a modest story and one-half structure built of large field stones gathered from the adjacent land and put together with mortar. When finished, it was whitewashed, as are the same type of houses in Ireland to this day.

A Virginia Creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*) sometimes called "American Joy," climbs over part of the building. Its green leaves in spring and summer and its red foliage in the fall make a pleasing contrast to the whitewashed exterior.

Speaking of Irish houses, it seems a significant fact that the Curtin home in Ireland was at "the Grange," and the Wisconsin Curtin home is on the "the Grange" road. To go back to the house; the southern exposure originally held a dairy room with a stream of cold spring water running constantly over the floor. In recent years one wall of this room was torn down and a blacksmithy installed. This will be removed and visitors will be able to see the old dairy room as it was nearly a century ago.

The living room has an old-fashioned fireplace, small windows and a quaint, narrow staircase with treads of heavy planking and a high rise that makes you wonder how a mother with a babe in her arms could go up and down in safety. The stairs wind slightly at the top and give

access to two rooms, that comprise the upper part of the house. The smaller room, which faces the west was Jeremiah's room. Here he slept and studied.

It is related by relatives and also by Mr. Curtin, that the last night he stayed in the old home was spent in this room studying until morning. His sister Julia remained with him and at two o'clock in the morning she brought him food and coffee.\* In his notes on his life Mr. Curtin says of this time of his life; "My father was always greatly interested in my school success and early planned a college education for me. As soon as possible after his death I entered Carroll College for a few weeks' preparation for Harvard. On the twenty-eighth of June Dr. Savage delivered the Valedictory. The following day I went home carrying four or five books, one of which was Livy, which was causing me special anxiety. That evening I reached the 'stone-house' and then began the supreme effort. July, August and September were months of strenuous mental labor. I slept only three or four hours out of the twenty-four. My last night in the 'stone-house' and also the last night of my home life, I sat up to read the concluding pages of Virgil. My sister Julia remained with me. My mother and my brother George went to Milwaukee with me. When I think of that morning I can see the tracks made by the wheels of the buggy as we drove onto the main road."

To continue Mr. Curtin's notes:

"The sixteenth of February, 1858, I did not know a word of Greek or Latin. I entered Harvard in October of that same year offering more of each language than was required.

"The class of '63 was wonderfully fortunate. Our teachers numbered James Russell Lowell; Longfellow; Sophocles, Professor of Greek, a native of Greece; Agassiz, the great geologist, gave us a course of lectures. Besides keeping up with all my classes I took up a half dozen extra studies such as Hebrew; Sanscrit; Icelandic, etc. During my vacation I worked out the Finnish Language.

"A few days after graduation I went to New York to begin the study of law. With

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\* This episode was related by Mrs. Walter Seifert.

my law work I took up Russian. I don't know what led me to this, possibly the thought had been in my mind from a day three years earlier when Longfellow called my attention to Kryloff, the Russian fabulist, and told me he had begun to study Russian because he wanted to come in touch with Russian literature and study Kryloff 'face to face' as there was an ocean of wisdom in his fables. I had studied Polish and Danish in college.

"In the Fall of '64 I was appointed Secretary of Legation to St. Petersburg. I crossed the ocean on a French steamer. I had a letter from James Russell Lowell to Carl Francis Adams, and also one to Dallas, Minister to France. From Berlin I went to St. Petersburg. I was glad when the journey was over."

A little further on in his notes he writes:

"At the New Year's ball in the Winter Palace I was presented to the Emperor Alexander II. A magnificent man! Tall and majestic, with penetrating eyes and an intellectual face. He said a word or two to the Secretary of the Turkish Embassy who stood at my side, then he addressed me in French. I answered in Russian, 'Your Majesty, I speak the Russian language.' He looked at me with astonishment and asked in his own language, 'Where did you learn Russian?' I told him. He was interested and talked for several minutes. It was the first time a foreigner had spoken Russian to the Emperor and it gave him genuine surprise. I met him several times that winter and he always addressed me in Russian."

While Secretary to the Legation Mr. Curtin was entrusted with many delicate negotiations for he had unusual diplomatic skill.

In October he returned to America. The Grand Duke Alexis was visiting the United States and at a banquet given in the Grand Duke's honor Mr. Curtin spoke in both Russian and in English. He also took Grand Duke Alexis to see the "stone-house" as he always called his birthplace.

In 1871 he returned to Wisconsin and made the acquaintance of Miss Alma Cardell, a teacher in a home for orphans of Civil War veterans. Miss Cardell was the daughter of James and Mary Cardell, who resided in Warren, Vermont, prior to their

death. The Cardell family have been well known in New England from early days.

After a courtship of four months they were married in June of 1872. In a letter from Mrs. Curtin written in June of 1936 to Miss Ella Curtin of Milwaukee, Mrs. Curtin says: "I remember your father distinctly and a call that we made at your home a few days after we were married. We were married in Vermont, but Jeremiah wanted me to meet his family before we started for Russia. I think we spent two days in Milwaukee."

Mrs. Curtin was a true helpmate to her husband. She acted as his secretary and kept his files. She took the dictation for his books, and copied at least three out of the thirty or more he wrote, in long hand not once but three times. She accompanied him on all his journeys, writing his dictated notes and taking photographs as he desired them, enduring the hardships and enjoying the luxuries of their trips, which were many. She writes: "We made so many journeys that it would be easier to tell you where we didn't go, than where we did. But, if you can credit it, Jeremiah never made a journey for pleasure. He always had an object in view. He wrote and translated some thirty books."

Mrs. Curtin is an author in her own right, and has the coveted honor of belonging to the Society of American Pen Women. She has been a member for a quarter of a century. She is in her ninety-second year and lives in Bristol, Vt., not far from the rugged rocks of the mausoleum which holds the remains of her husband, who died December 14, 1906.

There is much, much more to be told of this wonderful son of Wisconsin, but lack of space brings this article to a close with these lines written by President Theodore Roosevelt.

"The death of Jeremiah Curtin robbed America of one of her two or three foremost scholars. His extraordinary translations of the novels of the great Sienkiewicz would have been enough to establish a first class reputation for any man, but nothing that he did was more important than his studies of the mighty Mongo Empire and its decadence. A field in which no other American or English scholar has ever approached him."

## ◊ Bridal Adventure ◊

ELEANOR JANET MERRILL

WHEN the Schooner *Jackson* sailed up the Fox River on August 12, 1824, from Mackinac Island it had aboard a young couple, a bride of fourteen and groom of twenty-four. As the vessel entered the Fox River, Fort Howard, situated at the mouth of the river, seemed unlike a fortress to her, who had come from her home in Mackinac because it stood on low ground. She always remembered the fort at Mackinac on its high hill with deep and lasting affection.

As there were no hotels or private boarding houses travelers had to depend upon the hospitality of the citizens in the early days of Green Bay history. A houseless couple, the young bride and her husband ate their first meal with the Law family. Judge John Law had come to Green Bay in 1797, when sixteen years of age, as an assistant to his uncle, Jacob Franks, who was connected with the John Jacob Astor fur trading post. They spent their first night with Louis Grignon, a descendant of Charles de Langlade. In those days there were no streets or vehicles, a footpath led from the river front to the Grignon home.

Early the next morning the couple walked through the forest along the river bank about two or three miles to the home that had been rented, and awaited their coming, a log cabin, all that was left of Camp Smith.

The bride's nearest neighbors were Gov. and Mrs. James Duane Doty. It was they who walked a half mile, carrying their son, Charles, to make the first call upon her. Mrs. Doty afterward told she could not realize at the time that the poor little bride spoke no English, but thought she was bashful and reserved. Such was the true state of affairs, she spoke little English and her young husband spoke no French, a difficulty they found trying at times, no doubt.

Besides her household cares in the wilds of early Wisconsin, the bride had to receive the people who came to see them on business. The jury of the first court, held in October, 1824, seated upstairs in her house while the two Indian murderers sat in her kitchen, was one of the incidents that colored her life the first year of her marriage. She was not afraid of these Indians, who were large men with their faces painted black, in spite of the fact that their guard kept leaving them, to go in and out of the room.

Because she was so young she was noted for the dancing parties she gave at her home. The Officers from the fort were often invited and attended. One night the officers and their wives returned their indebtedness; a storm prevented the guests from returning home, quite all right for the babies who had been taken along, but not so comfortable for those left at home.

In the spring she and her husband started back to Mackinac for a visit. They took passage on one of the fleet of six boats laden with furs belonging to the American Fur Company. In each of the boats were seven men, six to row and the steersman, all Frenchmen. As they rowed along the boats would sometimes come near enough to allow an interchange of conversation, jest and play. At night the men would pitch a tent upon the shore with great rapidity in front of the quickly kindled fire, and then immediately prepare the meal that was greatly enjoyed. One evening they covered her with a canvas and had a battle with eggs. The site of this mock-battle is to this day called Egg Harbor, on the shores of Green Bay. The trip was made in six days. Her boat landed opposite her Grandfather's residence, and her happiness at being back could not be described, though it was soon saddened by the news of the serious illness of her Grandfather. She had had but two letters in six months.

In the fall she made the return trip back to Green Bay, and with her she brought a little daughter. Perhaps it is time now to tell who this bride and her husband were. She was Elizabeth Therese Fisher, whose father, Henry Munro Fisher, was an early American pioneer. Her grandmother on her mother's side was Migisan, a daughter of Kewinaquot (Returning Cloud), an Ottawa chieftain. Her husband was Henry S. Baird, the first practicing lawyer of the Michigan Territory long before Wisconsin became a state.

In spite of hardships and inconveniences, our forefathers surely made the most of life and how much more they put into it. Theirs was an enviable position, to have been the builders rather than the seemingly unappreciated reapers of their labors.

NOTE: Miss Eleanor Janet Merrill is the great granddaughter of the Henry S. Baird's.



MRS. HELEN K. STUART, STATE REGENT OF WISCONSIN, WITH CHIEF WHIRLING THUNDER

## The River-That-Never-Freezes

A Modern Indian Story

HELEN K. STUART  
*State Regent of Wisconsin*

**C**HIEF Whirling Thunder and Mrs. Whirling Thunder had accepted my invitation for lunch at Marshall Field's tea room, where we could talk over a plan to bring a group of Winnebago Indians to help us to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the white men to Wisconsin. We had arranged to meet

in the small room in the silver department at Field's and it was with keen interest that I awaited the Whirling Thunders.

Naturally, I pictured the chief and his wife as typical of their race, and I was greatly surprised to have a very attractive white girl about twenty years of age, dressed in the latest style and carrying herself with

poise and dignity, address me and say that she was Mrs. Whirling Thunder. She said the chief had gone to park his car and would join us in a few minutes.

When the chief arrived I found that he was true to type, dark skin and eyes, straight black hair and the features of a true redskin. It was a strange combination, but a very happy marriage as I found out after knowing them better.

Chief Whirling Thunder was in direct line of descent from the chiefs of the Winnebagoes and his mother was "Glory of the Morning."

We had a very enjoyable time at lunch, and talked of the project of having a group of Winnebagoes for two weeks with their own encampment to show the people their type of life—cooking over an open fire, weaving, canoe-making, games and ceremonial dances, and in this way to bring a better understanding between the whites and the red men.

As I was describing the location of the camp near Lake Winnebago the chief turned to me suddenly. "Do you know a spot in the lake that does not freeze, no matter if the thermometer goes to forty below?"

"How strange to have you ask me about the spot, for you say you have never been to Lake Winnebago. How do you know about this strange place?"

"There is an old legend in our tribe about it," replied Whirling Thunder. "At one time an old, old Indian chief, so old that no one knew his real age, but it was much over a hundred, was the head of the medicine men, an organization made up of the finest men of the tribe. One day he called the whole organization together on the banks of Lake Winnebago, and after giving them a talk on the philosophy of life, and the ideas and ideals of a fine Indian, he said 'This is the last time that I shall be with you in person. I am very old; I soon shall die. You will see me no more. But I shall be with you in spirit, as you gather here for your meetings. To show you that I shall be with you, this spot where the Fox River comes out of the lake will never freeze.'

"Is this true?" asked Whirling Thunder. "Doesn't it freeze? I am anxious to know. I have heard this story so long but doubted it, although my people say it is true. I am anxious to know the truth."

"Yes," I replied, "it is true, and I speak with authority for this spot is at the foot of my garden. How very strange that I should be the one to bring you back to this spot in the river near the lake, this spot-that-never-freezes.

"So often I have wondered why when Lake Winnebago was frozen over with ice from three to five feet thick, that this spot remained open water even at forty below zero. We call it our barometer, because one can judge the temperature by the white mist that rises from the water as if the water were boiling. This mist might well be wraiths of departed spirits rising from the river."

"At the foot of your garden," replied Whirling Thunder, absent mindedly, looking at me as if I were some different kind of a person from the one he had just been talking to.

"Yes" he said, "we will come for the encampment." The story of the spot that never freezes had settled it. "I can see it," he said. "My people can see it. The old ones will be happy to come back after many years."

And so they came. There were times when problems arose which made matters difficult. For instance, some of the citizens living near the encampment were up in arms and ready to appeal to the city council for the removal of the Indians, because they said they would need extra police protection from these "dirty Indians." While on the other hand the Indians demanded extra police protection from the whites. They also demanded perfect sanitary conditions.

They were to have their encampment on the hockey field, but there were no trees and they demanded shade. So I summoned a landscape gardener, and sent into the north woods and brought down truck loads of evergreens. With these we transformed the field into a veritable woods making a picturesque background for their tepees and long house.

At a ceremonial dance the old ruler of the tribe made a speech in his own language and presented me with this Indian name and a piece of Indian bead work, and said "The spirit of the old medicine man which comes where-the-river-never-freezes will protect you and guide you always, 'Da-Ha-Chee-Wee-Ga,' 'She That Dwells Beside The Water'."



# The Beauty of Belvoir

GERTRUDE TUCKER AND PAULINE HOPKINS

*(Continued from April issue)*

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

AT AN Assembly Ball held in Williamsburg in 1748, Sally Cary of Ceelys, Virginia, met both George Washington and George William Fairfax, who became rival suitors for her hand. At a houseparty, several weeks later, at Ceelys, Washington almost proposes to her, being prevented only by the fact that he has not had an opportunity to ask the consent of her father. She knows that Washington loves her but she does not know that his suit is scorned by her father because the young man is dependent upon his brother, Lawrence, and has no prospects. Washington leaves Ceelys in anger, without speaking again to Sally and is overtaken on the homeward ride by Fair-

fax who realizes that the way is now clear for him to seek the vivacious Sally in marriage. Washington rides to Belle Haven where, at the home of Major John Carlyle, he meets Lord Fairfax who offers him the position of surveyor of his western lands. He leaves, in the company of George William Fairfax but without seeing Sally to talk over the difficulty that lies between them.

The following summer Sally is invited to visit at Belvoir, the home of the Fairfax family and Lord Fairfax tells her that he has sent for his nephew and George Washington to come home for a vacation. Her anticipations are high at the prospect of meeting Washington again and overcoming his apparent shyness.

## IX

**O**N Friday she would see him! And this was Monday. Three days. Three interminable days! Lying awake that night, she made her decision. Before dawn flooded her room, Sally knew that when George came on Friday, she would take the first opportunity to tell him that she loved him . . . to clear up the misunderstanding if there were one, and to find out why he had not spoken to her of his love that spring night at Ceelys. She would live through the three days to the best of her gay ability and before the week was over, she would know definitely. This horrible year of suspense would be ended.

She arose early, for the morning was warm and portended a stifling day, and she wanted the freshness of the garden before the sun absorbed the dew. She found Lord Fairfax on the veranda, taking his morning julep, and he greeted her with astonishment.

"So very early! Like the other blossoms," he said.

"I'm afraid, Sir, that you are a flatterer."

"No. Just sincere with a pretty woman! Sam," he called to a servant, "bring breakfast for two. Then, perhaps, my dear, you will ride with me a way down the land; you can get back before the others are up; they are hopelessly lazy in this household."

She changed into her riding clothes, ate the cold fowl, hot biscuits and coffee, and presently, in the company of the old nobleman, cantered down the driveway. Lord Fairfax was bound for an outlying field where, under the long sheds, negroes were stripping the early tobacco. In the drying barns, the last of the crop of the previous year was being packed into kegs.

"Start rolling tomorrow," Lord Fairfax told the overseer. "The boat will be in Thursday afternoon and you'll have to load all that night, for she has to be in the Roads by Monday."

Sally was quite ready for another breakfast when they got back at nine-thirty and then for a cooling swim in the river after which she went to nap until dinner at two o'clock. She came down, refreshed, in time to join in the mint juleps and to greet Major and Mrs. Carlyle who had driven over from Alexandria. Every time that the Major

went to Hampton, Sarah Carlyle stayed at Ceelys, so the girls were already good friends. Before the afternoon had passed away, many neighbors had dropped in and at six o'clock the whole party went over to Mount Vernon.

Betty Washington had come up from Fredericksburg to drive home with her mother. Sally, who was meeting Betty for the first time, was struck by her resemblance to her brother. Madame Washington greeted Sally affectionately.

"You grow to look more and more like your dear mother," she said. "I knew her very well when we lived at Wakefield. How is your father?"

"Quite well, except for his gout and when I feed him right, he doesn't have much of that," Sally replied.

"If he takes what you feed him, you are doing well."

"He does it with a bad grace but, Madame, I am an expert bull-dozer."

Madame Washington laughed.

"You must do it in a charming way," she said.

The house, while not as elegant as Belvoir, was furnished with taste and dignity. Lawrence had indulged his fancy, too, in the mahogany of old England, having been able to pick up a few pieces from Sulgrave Manor, his ancestral home, and depending upon his agent for the others. Ann, anxious to exhibit her possessions, took her guests over the house, even up the narrow staircase to the small bedrooms above.

"This is where George lives when he is at home," she said and opened the door. The bed nearly filled it. Over by the chintz curtained window stood his desk with a row of books above it; the writing tablets were neatly stacked, and a rush-bottom chair stood ready. On the other side, beneath a branched candelabra was the deep cushioned chair where he read. A couple of English hunting prints hung on the walls.

"It does not look like this when he is occupying it," said his sister-in-law, gaily. "I think he will appreciate a good bed when he comes home on Friday. He writes that they sleep on boughs in preference to the beds out in the wilderness for a variety of reasons . . ."

"Which polite society will not let you mention?" asked her husband.

"His letters do not hesitate to be explicit," she answered.

In the low-ceilinged drawing room, Sally found a harp. She dearly loved a harp and her father was always promising that he would have repaired the one her mother had played upon but the work had not been done. Presently she was drawing thin, sweet harmonies from the strings and the boys were singing. Madame Washington, sitting on the veranda near the window, thought she made a lovely picture with the candle light falling softly around her, gleaming on the folds of her pale blue satin gown, bringing into light all the glints in her hair, and touching the golden strings of the instrument. She wished that George might have seen her. For the moment, Lord Fairfax regretted his age.

After a supper of fish, fresh fruit from the garden, salad made of dainties imported from India, and cold meats, the party broke up into little groups, the older people to play cards and the young ones to dance. It was late when they went back to Belvoir and Sally did not ride with Lord Fairfax in the morning. She counted off a day. Two more and then Friday.

"We will have a picnic supper tonight up by the old spring," announced Hannah Fairfax in the morning. "Nancy Gist should be here by noon and she loves picnics more than anything else in the world."

Nancy Gist had been visiting in Philadelphia and they were all delighted when the coach brought her. She had been staying with the Haywards with whom she had been friends ever since their visit to Virginia the year before. Nancy was a frequent visitor at all the plantations. A girl with no responsibilities, wealthy in her own right, land free so to speak—for her income was derived from plantations under the management of a competent steward—she could live much as she pleased and her choice was the life of an itinerant traveler. She was full of the news of the Haywards' new home and their new baby, a boy whom they had called "Richard" after his maternal grandfather.

Hugh Mercer came up from Fredericksburg to spend the next couple of days.



Sally had never met him before and the Scotch burr in his speech fascinated her; he entertained the crowd with his droll stories and devoted his time to Germaine. Colonel and Mrs. Peter Daniel of Crow's Nest rode over to start on the picnic and the Seldens of Salvington came also. Altogether it was quite a Washington and a Ball gathering.

At the deep spring from which babbled the brook that divided Mount Vernon from Belvoir, they built a great fire, cooked steaks and made coffee while the new moon looked down between feathery branches of the fir trees and far away the whip-poor-will called mournfully. Sally crossed another day from the calendar.

Thursday brought Germaine a letter from her father. He was in New York, would ride south and join her at Belvoir on Sunday. He would expect her to be ready to accompany him at once to Hampton that they might leave on the next passenger ship for home. His work was over; of its success or failure he did not write. This news put a damper on the spirit of the party, for the girls had grown to love Germaine and they hated to see her go.

"I will come back some day," she said. "I must of course marry again and I shall try to choose an American." She knew that the practical thing to do was to marry again. She had already been too long a widow.

Sally was sitting with her in the garden when the square rigged ship dropped anchor just beyond the wharf of Belvoir to pick up the hogsheads of tobacco that the stevedores had been stacking there for the past two days. The creak of the falling sails, the shouts of the men, and the swashing of poles in the hands of the crew as they brought the vessel into the wharf came clearly to the girls across the quiet water.

"I wonder if we shall ever see one another again?" Sally said slowly.

"Crossing the Atlantic is getting easier every year . . . you will come over some time."

"I cannot leave Father and the girls."

Germaine was astonished.

"But, *ma chere*, you will marry and the girls will marry, and your father will die . . . or, if he lives, he can spend the time with one of them."

"Betty will not marry for a number of years. She is only a little girl," Sally protested.

"Leave her with these friends. You have so many friends here in America."

"I could not leave Betty! I must make a good marriage for her; the other girls are to be well married. I shall not know what to do when my responsibility toward them is over."

"Sally, you will get younger with the coming years. The heaviest part of your life is behind you. Marry a man of means and the rest of your life will be care-free."

"I wish that we could be near together. You with Diane and I with Betty. Sometimes I wish that I did not have to marry."

"But, dearest, what about your Mr. Washington . . . ?"

"I will know tomorrow. He comes tomorrow. Germaine, it has seemed this week as though I could not wait until tomorrow."

"I know. I have felt like that, too. I hope that you will never have to wait for him to come home from battle. Not to know that he will come and then, some day, to know he will never come. . . ."

That evening they gathered on the shore for a clambake. Negroes built the fires and covering them with grated irons, laid the large clams on top until the heat should force them to open their shells. There was just a faint breeze; everyone sat in the

shadows as far back as possible from the flame. Sally, leaning against a pile of lumber, watched the glow from the fire sparkle here and there against a window pane in Mount Vernon; watched the gleaming, dark-skinned men who by the light of flaring torches were rolling tobacco filled kegs on board the schooner, the dark masts of which cleaved into the cobalt blue of the sky. For a second, upon one mast, hung the crescent of the moon. Led by a high tenor, the negroes worked in rhythm to the spiritual they were singing. It was exotic, like a scene of some African rite of which she had heard weird tales.

"The New York girls are singing this . . ." Nancy Gist hummed the bars of a recent song. "As you walk down Maiden Lane you hear it on all sides. This trip I met some of the most elegant men . . ." she broke her song to tell them, "a Mr. Arnold—Benedict Arnold, he is quite the cock of any walk; and Mr. Aaron Burr was at Marguarite de Peyster's one night. Somehow they have a manner in New York that we do not get here . . . and in Philadelphia, la, I went to Meeting with Marcia Hayward and it is just the opposite to the services in our churches; nobody says a word until the spirit moves him, and then he speaks."

"How long are you going to wander the world, Nancy Gist?" asked Hugh Mercer, his long figure stretched on the shore before her.

"Until you stop me," she laughed and touched him with her foot.

"You need a man with a peddler's cart, so he can take you round the country. A plain man like me in a little place like Fredericksburg could never fit in with you."

"Perhaps you're right, Hugh. I'm a wanderer. I sometimes think I ought to be the wife of an emissary; then I'd go from India into the unexplored tracts; or, perchance, of a trader, like Christopher. Do you know a trader who would put me into his caravan?"

"I'll try to find you one; they come and go these days as if the Wilderness Trail were just a summer's journey."

Sally heard Hugh's words. The Wilderness Trail! How far along the road had George Washington come by now? Was

he nearing Alexandria? How many days back had he crossed the Cumberland Pass? Did his heart beat in rhythm to her own? He knew she was at Belvoir. Lord Fairfax had taken care to tell her that. Another day nearer, and he was riding the home road.

Friday she could hardly live through. The boys could not get there until night, Lord Fairfax told her . . . no, not possibly. They were trying to persuade her with pressing invitations to stay longer than Sunday, to let Germaine go on with her father, if that had to be. She broached the subject to Germaine.

"The Fairfaxes would like to have your father stay with us," she explained.

"No," replied Madame Beauvais, "he would not stay at the house of an Englishman . . . and certainly he would not meet your Mr. Lawrence Washington, who is the president of the Ohio Company."

"Suppose he has made an arrangement for peace," suggested Sally.

"That is not probable," Germaine responded.

Along toward candlelight, Sally's nervousness was so apparent that Lord Fairfax took pity on her and suggested a ride.

"The heat of the day is gone," he said, "and the evening will be fair. We can ride along the road to Alexandria or the other way, if you prefer. . . ."

She preferred the road to Alexandria. At first they let the horses canter, then slowed them into a walk. About them chirped the quaint calls of the night insects. He talked about the long evenings in England, the lush springs, the beauty of each changing season. He spoke of a party he was getting up to go back with the boys.

"We will stay at Greenway Court, my hunting lodge in the mountains. We'll be gone two months, so that the boys can have some hunting. I want you to go with us."

"I cannot, Sir. I must not leave my father and the girls for such a long time and with winter coming on so much has to be done. Anne is to be married in October. I thank you, but I could not go."

"We shall see," said the old man.

They fell into silence. Surely he could hear the pounding of her heart. Perhaps ten minutes, perhaps five, and she would

hear the galloping of that horse which had come over the Wilderness Trail. Then she and George would know. She had made up her mind, during the last three nights, that he loved her, that some personal reason, some code of honor, perhaps, had kept him from telling her so. When they met, the first exchange of glances would tell her.

Both the old man and the girl instinctively reined in their horses when they heard him coming. Far off, the gallop of a horse . . . one . . . two . . . one. It came closer. The moon, no longer the perfect crescent, came from behind a cloud and threw its light upon the shining road. They listened intently.

"It is one horse," said Lord Fairfax in a low voice.

Sally could not speak. The pounding of her heart seemed to stifle her. Now the rider came into the ribbon of moonlight. He saw the waiting riders and reined his horse until it balanced on its haunches.

"It was splendid of you to come to meet me." Fairfax saluted Sally, greeted his uncle. "Washington wouldn't come. Said he'd stick to the job until the job was done. Be back about the first of February."

## X

They waited until the Compte de Leger came on Sunday. On Saturday, George William asked her to marry him.

"I have spoken to your father," he said, "and he is willing. I am in a position to make a very substantial settlement. These are the business facts. You have long known my personal feeling. For me, you are the one woman in the world."

He was not an ardent lover; he did not unfold the dream to which she had looked forward through her childhood of the coming of love into her life. Other men had made a different approach. But she felt, underneath, his deep sincerity. Cynical he might be but here was also a loyalty which she had not often struck before.

"Let us be honest," she said, "you know that I cannot give you love."

"Love is something that develops with the years," he answered. "I am very sure I can induce it."

"Will you give me some time to think it over?"

"All the time you need. I am not going back to the Wilderness."

"I will let you know within a month," she answered.

And he was satisfied.

Not until the white ship bearing Germaine and little Diane was lost from her view beyond the horizon did Sally let herself think about this complex situation. That night she lay in her bed and let her thought drift toward the man in the Wilderness.

Her heart ached until it seemed to her as though the pain reached through her body into the very deepness of her soul. She put out her arms across the coverlet in an effort to bring him to her, to cradle him against her shoulder and the void of his absence made her shudder. Tears would not come to her relief.

Neither her lighted candle nor her beloved books brought her solace. The indifference of George was beyond her solution. That he had loved her she never doubted. She knew he had been interested at times in other girls, but so had she in other men; that stood for nothing. But to go as far as he had gone and then withdraw was not according to what she had supposed his character to be. The night brought no solution.

She kept herself busy in the days that followed but the nights wore upon her strength. George William wrote her pleasant, friendly letters; he had promised not to press her. He sent her little gifts, a carved fan of sandalwood, a pendant pearl hanging from a delicate silver chain that, he wrote, had been his mother's, a book of verse just off the press in London. Gentle reminders that she was in his thoughts. Her month of respite was nearly over.

Through the fog that hung one morning over the Roads, they heard the sound of the gun that announced the arrival of a vessel but the mist was too heavy to penetrate even with the spy-glass.

"*L'Esprit de la Mer* is due again," Colonel Cary told Sally. "I hope she will not bring us someone like Leger."

When she was summoned to the office where her father transacted official busi-

ness, the ashen pallor of his face frightened her. Beside the Colonel stood a man whom she had never seen before but whose dark eyes and fair skin bore a resemblance to someone whom she knew, but in the anxiety of the moment, she could not place him.

"Are you ill, Father?"

"I have had a shock. My dear, this gentleman is Mr. Philip Lee; Mr. Lee, my daughter."

Yes, she thought, he was like Richard Henry. He bowed and she gave a sketchy curtsey.

"Let me tell your daughter, Colonel Cary; it is too sad a message for you to repeat to her. I regret, Miss Cary, that I should bring such distress to any family in the Tidewater." The Colonel waved assent. Sally was gazing at him wide-eyed.

"Miss Cary, your brother, Ellis, is in serious trouble in London. He sent for me, knowing our close affiliation with your father. Ellis has recently married; a very good family—it is not that. But, in his youth and inexperience, he has allowed himself to become involved in gambling, and he has been confined to the debtors' prison in London."

Mr. Lee placed a chair for her. Sally sat down suddenly. Her lips were dry but she asked:

"What is the amount?"

"Five thousand pounds."

Her throat ached with pain. She could not speak. She could only look at her father.

"Had I the money, I would release him," Mr. Lee continued. "Ellis is not wild, Miss Cary, he is foolish and he became involved before he realized the serious consequences of it. There are unscrupulous men who are able to get into the best clubs in London through their influence. They make a practice of gambling with the young men of the Colonies, if those young men have the reputation for wealth."

"He has ruined me," said Ellis's father brokenly. "If I can raise only part of it, he has ruined me."

"The whole amount must be raised, Colonel Cary; that is the English law."

"Let me get you a drink, Father." Sally poured a glass of brandy for her father and one for Mr. Lee. The stimulant re-

vived the older man to a certain extent. "We must think this out," she added. Lee looked at her with admiration.

"I am completely at your service," he said. "*L'Esprit de la Mer* returns in a few days, as soon as her cargo is changed, for we were overdue. If you wish me to return, I will do so." Sally was able to smile her appreciation.

"I do not think we shall impose upon you like that," she said, "when this is your first visit home for so many years. We are doubly grateful to you though. Captain Montcalm has been a friend of Father's for many years. He is to be trusted."

"Absolutely," replied Mr. Lee. "Of course, it is necessary that nothing of this should be known in Virginia, for Ellis will come home immediately and his reputation here must be protected for his future. I give you my word of honor that no mention of it will ever be made by me."

"We know that," answered Sally.

"Captain Montcalm can arrange his release and buy the silence of the councillor who does it; then Ellis and his wife can return on the first English ship."

"But the money, Sally, we cannot get the money." Her father's voice was a faint whisper.

"I will get the money," she replied.

"How?"

"This is also never to pass the lips of Mr. Lee?" He bowed. "I will marry George William Fairfax—under one condition."

"What condition?" asked the Colonel.

"That he is never, so long as he lives, to know the reason. He has asked me to marry him, Mr. Lee, and I have told him, honestly, that I do not love him. But he wants me, whether or no. Now I will marry him, but I will never be so dastardly as to let him know for one minute that it was for any other reason than my change of heart."

Philip Lee thought he had never had cause to admire a woman before for sheer greatness. The old Colonel reached out his hand to his daughter.

"I hope Ellis proves worthy of this but I doubt that he will. Young blackguard . . ." and his mood changed to one of recrimination.



"Hush, Father. It is not necessary to say things that you should hold for Ellis's ears. We must work quickly. I will write to George William and tell him that I accept him. My note will catch the Bedford Galley. The business end of it, you and he must arrange with Mr. Wythe in Williamsburgh. I want the settlement to be a large one and put in my name; then I can do as I like with the money. We will send a draft on the Bank of England by Captain Montcalm and he can do the rest. Father, you are pledged, you know, to say nothing."

And the old man promised with his tears.

She went to the steps of the veranda with Philip Lee. The fog was lifting. Flecks of golden sunlight penetrated the greyness. The river was turning blue and the faint outline of *L'Esprit de la Mer* was silhouetted against the bank of mist.

"The day will be fair for the rest of your journey, Mr. Lee," she said. "Please remember me to your mother."

He paused on the top step.

"I hope, Miss Cary," he said, "that the rising of the fog portends that whatever mists may surround your married life will be quickly dissipated by the sunshine of its happiness," and he was gone through the garden and out upon the walk to the steps which wound to the river.

Ellis and his wife were home in time for Anne Cary's wedding. By that time, she had brought her father into a state of mind where he welcomed his son as the heir to a fortune and the fact that the Colonel liked his daughter-in-law helped immensely. George William, radiant with her promise, was frequently at Ceelys. The days, filled with entertaining, passed on the top of the world, and the nights wherein Sally expended her agonies were her own memories.

The date of her wedding was set for the seventeenth of December; it would take place at Ceelys. She hardened herself; her emotions, which must be directed toward George William, came more and more under her control.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fairfax came with Hannah; the Carlyles and Mrs. Lawrence Washington came to the "infare"—as the round of festivities the week before the wedding was called. It was a joyous reunion of the families of the Tidewater, with dinners and dances and card parties that finally closed with the stately ceremony in the old house. George William Fairfax in his suit of fine cloth imported from London, with rare lace at the wrists and throat, his white satin vest and silk hose caught with diamond buckles, was a handsome figure of a man as he waited at the foot of the staircase.

Sally descended slowly, her glance flickering over the brilliantly gowned men and women. Her hooped and quilted petticoat swept the railing. The over-robe of heavy white silk with its pattern outlines in threads of silver and looped back by brocaded ribbons, was cut low and square at the neck where the lace that filled it was caught by a large jeweled butterfly. The sleeves fitted close to the elbow and ended in cascades of lace. In her powdered and highly cushioned hair strings of pearls were interwoven and the candle light caught, in little flickering points, the diamonds of the buckles on her satin slippers.

For a moment her glance rested upon her brother; his eyes, dark and intense, looked into hers; for them both, the incident was closed. She took the arm of Mr. Fairfax and walked slowly to the soft music of the fiddlers to where the rector of Bruton Church was standing, surrounded by the masses of garden flowers.

Hours later, when George William put her into the coach that was to take them as far as Yorktown where they would be met by the private galley from Belvoir, the moon cast a golden path across the Roads. It was, she knew, flowing with the tide upon the reaches of the upper Potomac; it was turning the great fir trees of the Wilderness into fronds of gold.

## XI

George Washington received the news when he stopped at Greenway Lodge to get his mail as he came out of the Wilderness.

His mother wrote in part:

. . . I do not like to send you the news of Sally Cary's marriage to George William Fairfax for I know it will distress you, but I suppose, my dear boy, since you had never spoken definitely to her, she was not sure of your feelings; women are that way. Anne describes the wedding as a gorgeous affair. I was invited but I did not go as I felt that one of us should stay with Lawrence who is less well than usual. Lord Fairfax tells me that he has had you appointed Public Surveyor which is, of course, a compliment to you. You are well aware of how I feel about your holding any public office but as this seems to be one of peace, I shall not interfere. Sally and George William will be at Belvoir late in January . . .

The letter fell from his hand.

The fire on the hearthstone had burned to embers and he laid his mother's letter there, thinking, perhaps, with the words shriveled into nothing, the picture would likewise be blotted from his mind.

She had married another man before he—George—had been able to make good his threat to her father. No longer could he work for the incentive of winning her . . . In personal ambition, he was strangely lacking; as he thought of the men friends who were his and their expressed ideals, he could find no comparison between their desires and his own. He craved neither wealth nor position. If he lived, he wanted to live decently, with comfort.

But at this moment, he cared little whether he lived or died.

He built up the fire and sat beside it for the greater part of the night, trying to discover wherein he had erred. He had followed tradition and it had broken him. He had let pride hold him back when he could have shown his great love and received Sally's in return. His pride that was, after all, nothing but a tradition! Perhaps if you would hold the race secure there was a deeper meaning to tradition than the feeling that you must do as your father and your great-grandfather had done. Well, perhaps some day he would find that deeper meaning.

He had wanted to go to sea, but his filial tradition had held him back when his mother had protested; and, up to that moment, nothing had been greater than his duty to her. He had wanted to marry Sarah Cary, but his duty to her father had held him back. Since duty seemed to be part of his structural and spiritual being, perhaps he could shape his life so that duty would carry him forward. At the moment he wanted, more than anything else, never to live next door to her, much as he loved Mount Vernon, never to live so that he would see her at any and all times through social intercourse, for now she had become his kinswoman by law—the wife of the brother of his sister-in-law. He would like to go away, to spend years in the Wilderness. But he owed a duty to Lord Fairfax, and Lord Fairfax had placed him, without his advice or consent, in a position where now he owed a duty to the Commonwealth. To be sure, it was a small duty but still it bound him.

In the morning, when the clouds hung cold and grey and the wind heavy with snow howled across the Pass, he mounted his horse and rode into the lowlands of Virginia.

George avoided social life that winter and as the spring and summer passed he was more and more away from home, for settlers were coming in rapidly and the land was being taken up which meant constant surveying work all over the Commonwealth. But when he was at Mount Vernon, he could not avoid the simple hospitalities between the two families. He



must be at home occasionally when Sally and George William came to dinner, although if he were warned beforehand, he went to Gunston Hall to dine with the Masons. He must of necessity go to Belvoir since he could not offend Lord Fairfax and he did not want to lose the friendship of Mr. William Fairfax. During the second autumn that he was back home, Hannah Fairfax married his cousin, Warner Washington, and late that winter Mrs. William Fairfax died, so within eighteen months of her marriage, Sally was mistress of Belvoir with more slaves and greater responsibility than she had ever had at Ceelys.

Betty Cary was growing into a delightful young woman; she spent much of her time at Belvoir. Mary married Edward Ambler and went to their new home in Yorktown. Ellis Cary had come back from England a subdued and chastened young man with a quiet, English wife; they were living at Ceelys and caring for the Colonel. The story of the boyish escapade in London had never become known.

George began to think that every time he returned to Mount Vernon he heard of another death or a marriage. He was often at the Lees in Stratford, and when Lucy Grymes finally married Henry Lee of Lee Hall near Dumfries, he visited there. When business took him into the Northern

Neck, he crossed the river and spent a night with Charles Carroll in Annapolis. Hugh Mercer was a comfort when he wanted the peace of a deep friendship, and when a royal good time was the only entertainment to alleviate his restlessness, he rode into Fredericksburg to spend the night with the Fitzhughs, where at one time or another he could find the whole of the Tidewater.

He was there one night when his mother hurriedly sent for him to come to Kenmore where his father's younger sister, Catherine Lewis, was dying. Four years before she had come up from Marmion as the bride of Fielding Lewis and now she was leaving him and their three children. He had a firm affection for Fielding Lewis and an intense liking for his aunt, who was not many years his senior. She was the first of the younger set to die.

He went from her funeral down into the southern section of the Commonwealth to adjust a bit of the borderland between the sister colonies and several months later when he returned to Fredericksburg, he was shocked to find himself in the position of giving his own sister, Betty, in marriage to Fielding Lewis. His mother explained.

"Fielding cannot bring up the children alone, George, and Betty is devoted to him and to them. I do not approve of people being alone. You would be happier if you married."

He looked at Betty. She was seventeen. Too young to raise three children! Then he recalled that Sally had assumed as heavy a burden at fifteen.

Occasionally at a house-party he met Nancy Gist.

"Still single, Nancy?" he would ask.

"Still single, George?" she would retort.

"Ah, yes, I am hopeless. But you are waiting for your adventurer."

"I'll tell you, George," she said, meeting him in the spring at Fauntleroy's. "I think I have found him. Don't tell on me yet. When I remember what Jane Randolph went through, I hesitate . . ."

"You are free to marry where you choose," he told her. "Jane Randolph had a certain tradition . . ." and then he checked himself, remembering.

"I am choosing," she said, deliberately, "a man of courage; a man who, with the background of my money, will buy a raft and supplies and a wagon and take me with him to the very mouth of the Mississippi and perhaps beyond, out to the Spanish settlements along the Pacific coast. We will cross the Gulf of Mexico, and then go overland."

George smiled.

"It will be a brave and futile gesture," he said. "In a hundred years men and women will cross in groups and caravans and settle that unknown territory, but for one man and one woman to go unguarded beyond the Mississippi is a fatal thing."

"I have not definitely decided," she answered, "but when I care for a man, George, I could walk across the untrammeled wilderness for him."

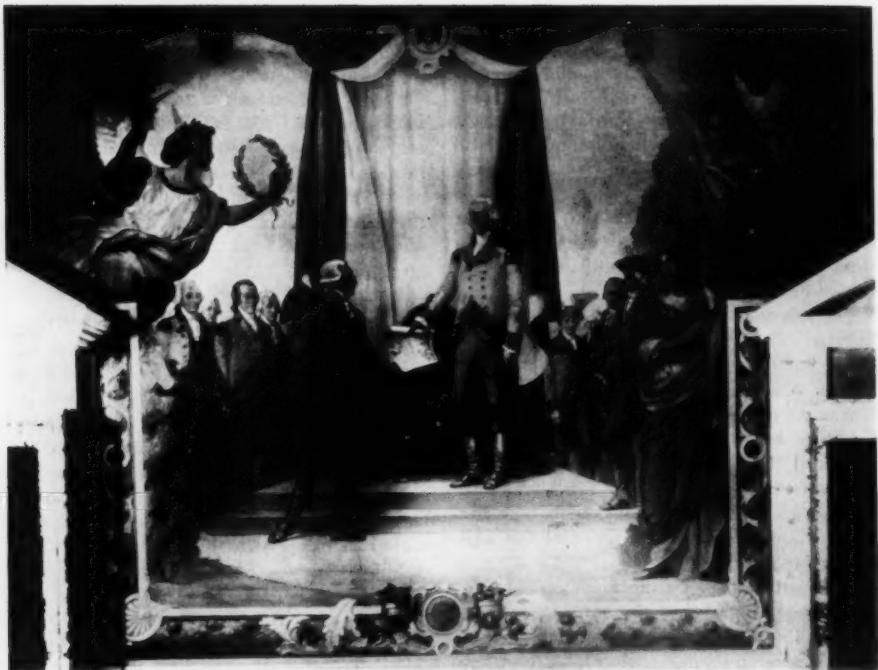
"I believe you could," he answered.

Gradually his friends married and scattered here and there and he felt more and more lonely as one year passed and then the next one. Slowly the French influence spread southward from Canada; slowly the French roused the Indians to commit more and bolder outrages upon the English settlers on the frontier. In the spring of 1751, the House of Burgesses asked him to resign as Public Surveyor and to take the post of Military Inspector of the Virginia frontier, with the rank of Major. Filial duty came again to the front; his mother did not approve. This attitude of hers exasperated him and yet he understood it.

"Look at what the wars did to Lawrence," she said, "he will not live out his natural life. Do you want to be cut down in your prime?"

He thought the matter over carefully. This post offered him a duty, wider in scope than his duty to his mother; it was an obligation toward his fellowmen. He accepted it. And when he told Madame Washington, she expressed her views with increasing heat and he answered her angrily. They quarreled and a sword seemed to lie unsheathed between them.

*(To be continued)*



MOWBRAY'S INTERPRETATION OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CINCINNATI: WASHINGTON PRESENTING A MEMBERSHIP DIPLOMA TO LAFAYETTE

## Your Capital City—and Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

NOT long ago you and I had a little visit together at the Corcoran Art Gallery where we viewed the portraits of the Founding Fathers—part of the Bicentennial Celebration. Recently I have had another of those soul-satisfying experiences which I do want to share with you.

Across from the famous Richard Townsend home on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington is another magnificent mansion, built for the ages by Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson. It has recently become an object of special interest to all good patriots. And thereby hangs this tale!

As I approached the main entrance to keep my appointment with Mrs. Anderson "Welcome to Our Guests" greeted me in the inscription above the door. A sandal-footed Oriental in native garb opened the door. Noiselessly he guided me down the wide

hall past the enormous Buddha—to the cheery library with its bright chintz-covered furniture and rows and rows of priceless books. Here we visited over the tea-cups and talked of her past and future plans—a conversation I shall never forget. So modest, so sweet, so unassuming is this brilliant woman whose life has been so full.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were lifetime connoisseurs of art, students of history, world travelers and patriotic citizens. So into this mansion went the best that they could find the world over. Both the builders were literally "steeped" in historical background. Mr. Anderson's colonial ancestor, Lieut. Colonel Richard Clough Anderson of the Third Virginia Regiment, Continental Army, saw continuous service for over ten years. He ministered to the last needs of General Pulaski, who pre-



THE MOTTO OF THE CINCINNATI: IN THE KEY ROOM ABOVE THE DOORWAY

sented him with his sword after he was mortally wounded at the Siege of Savannah. Colonel Anderson had six sons who lived to maturity, one being Larz Anderson, grandfather of the builder of this mansion. He married Catherine Longworth of Cincinnati, daughter of Nicholas Longworth—the first millionaire of the West, and their son Nicholas was the father of the late Larz Anderson. His boyhood was spent in Cincinnati and Washington where his parents moved in 1880. He had been just one year at the Harvard Law School when President Harrison appointed him Second Secretary of the American Legation at the Court of St. James in London under Robert Lincoln and Ambassador Bayard. President Cleveland promoted him to be Secretary of the American Embassy in Rome where he later became *Chargé d'Affaire*. While Secretary he married Isabel Weld Perkins of Boston. At the outbreak of the War with Spain in 1898, he entered military service and became Assistant Adjutant General of the Second Division, Second Army Corps. Later his diplomatic

career was resumed and President Taft appointed him Minister of Belgium. In 1912 he was made Ambassador to Japan. When the United States entered the World War, Captain Anderson at once undertook extensive work with the American Red Cross.

Mrs. Anderson, the daughter of Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U.S.N., of Boston, has an equally patriotic background. One of her colonial ancestors, Colonel Eleazer Weld, was Paymaster of the Continental Army in 1777 and 1778—another, Benjamin Emory, was a Captain in the New Hampshire troops. These are only two of her distinguished patriotic forebears who have made possible eight D.A.R. bars. She also did valiant work during the World War, receiving several Red Cross Merit Medals, the French Croix de Guerre, and the Belgium Queen Elizabeth Medal for her hospital work at the front. In later years, Japan bestowed on her both the Imperial Order of the Crown and the Order of Merit. She was the first woman to be honored with the Degree of



THE ENGLISH DRAWING ROOM, SO CALLED FROM THE PAINTINGS IN THE ROOM

Doctor of Letters by Georgetown University, and Boston University conferred upon her the Degree of Doctor of Law. She is the author of many books of travel and plays, one of which, "The Bridge of Rama," was recently presented by the District of Columbia Branch of the League of American Pen Women, of which she is a member.

Along with all of these activities Mrs. Anderson has been a very active member of the D. A. R., belonging to the local District of Columbia Susan Riviere Hetzel Chapter. From 1923 to 1926 she was Librarian General of the National Society and also served on the Constitutional Hall Committee. She still retains the title of Honorary National Vice-President of the C.A.R.

Larz Anderson now lies buried in the Chapel of St. Mary of the Washington Cathedral—a chapel which he had caused to be erected. In a simple memorandum

attached to his will, he suggested that his wife present their home to the Order of the Cincinnati—a wish upon which she acted immediately, stating it was to be a memorial to her husband and stipulating that the gift must be accepted within two years.

It was at this point that the story came to my attention. Complications had arisen due principally to the fact that the Order of the Cincinnati has never been large or wealthy. It was necessary to have the property exempted from taxation by Congress before the gift could be accepted. (This is true of all patriotic property in the District of Columbia.) All of this procedure takes time because both the House and Senate had to pass on the Bill. Representative Virginia Jenckes of Indiana was asked by the Society to present the Bill in the House, and Senator Francis Green of Rhode Island, in the Senate. Mrs. Jenckes made a splendid presentation,

urged on by her own direct connection with the Order, for her great-grandfather, Captain Henry Vanderburg, was a member of the Order—(she has his framed certificate of membership in her office). Senator Green is a direct descendant of one of the original members of the Order and the fifth of his family to represent the State of Rhode Island in Congress. The Bill was finally passed unanimously in both Houses during the month of March.

Now, having learned all this, if you will go with me on a tour of the home, I shall try to give you a meager picture from a layman's point of view. The fact that impressed me most was the evidence of the future intent of the builder. For in many places are to be found the emblems of the Cincinnati carved on stone, designed in the ceiling, or portrayed in the murals. Though a famous muralist, H. Siddons Mowbray, did the decorating, yet it was Mr. Anderson himself who furnished most of the themes.

Over the portico of the main doorway is a pediment showing the Arms of the Cincinnati, the insignia designed by L'Enfant and worn by all of its members; the same theme is repeated in the hallway over the fireplace. (I noticed this insignia was worn by several members of the Constitutional Convention whose portraits we "viewed" in January.) On formal occasions General Washington wore an in-

signia set with diamonds given him by France at the close of the Revolution. This has since been worn by the twelve Presidents General who have succeeded him.

Among the many striking murals, Mowbray designed a group symbolic of Revolutionary days, *The Pioneers*, *The Call to Arms for the Revolution*, *The French Alliance* and *The Triumph*. In the Key Room, the paintings are carried all the way around the walls giving a softened tapestry effect. One of the murals depicts the distribution of the diplomas of the Order of the Cincinnati by Washington. (See illustration.) We find also in this room this inscription above the door, "To perpetuate, therefore, as well the remembrance of this vast event, as the mutual friendships which have been formed under the pressure of common danger, and in

many instances, cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American Army do hereby, in the most solemn associate, constitute and combine themselves into one society of friends."

Many of the figures in this mural are real portraits—among them, Lafayette, Generals Greene and Wayne, Baron von Steuben, and Colonel Richard Clough Anderson, the paternal great-grandfather of this house. Behind General Wayne stands a figure of War reluctantly yielding her sword to Winged Peace. On the opposite



THE GALLERY WHERE THE COINS, UNIFORMS, ETC., ARE DISPLAYED. NOTE THE TAPESTRIES

side of the room is symbolized the War of the Rebellion. In the distance lies Charleston Harbor and Fort Sumter which at the beginning of the Civil War was commanded by a great uncle of Larz Anderson, Major Robert Anderson. Another inscription on one of these murals is so gripping and quaint in its wording that I must quote it, "An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a national being is a curse instead of a blessing."

The connection of the city of Cincinnati is recognized in these paintings by a view of the Ohio Valley and the city painted on an upright panel. Another section is devoted to the Cuban War with which, as we have previously stated, the owner of the house was personally associated. In this room another priceless possession is the diploma of Colonel Richard Clough Anderson in the Society of the Cincinnati signed by General Washington; to this a lock of Washington's hair is attached.

Besides the large drawing rooms and gallery on the second floor, there is a magnificent marble-floored dining room hung with Flemish tapestries, and over the table is suspended a massive Roman oil lamp of silver. A striking portrait of Mr. Anderson by Villegas is outstanding in this room. The main marble staircase is decorated by the famous painting of, "The Crowning of the Dogeressa of Venice", also by Villegas. In one of the drawing rooms at the top of the staircase hang other rare old silk tapestries. The house contains cases and cases of rare souvenirs, coins, Russian icons, the medals and decorations of Mr. Anderson, Washington relics, hats and canes from all over the world. A collection of old English paintings is particularly valuable.

Among many who have been entertained in this home have been Their Majesties, Albert, King of Belgium, (Member of Society), and Queen Elizabeth; Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Siam; His Royal Highness, the Duke D'Abruzzi; Their Imperial Highnesses, the Prince and Princess Fushima of Japan; the Belgian War Mission: General Foch, Marshal Joffre, Marshal Petain; General Gouraud

and President Taft. The last four were members of the Society.

The Cincinnati, the oldest patriotic society in America, was organized at a Cantonment on the Hudson in 1783 by the officers of the Revolutionary Army after the Treaty of Peace had been signed with Great Britain. The name was taken from that of the Roman General, Lucius Quinctus Cincinnatus, who gave up everything to serve his Republic, and when victorious refused all honors to return to his plow. The avowed purposes were to be both patriotic and charitable. Each member contributed a month's pay to form a fund to be used for the relief of needy members, their widows and orphans. This little pension fund became the means of helping many a needy Revolutionary soldier and his dependents at a time when the country provided nothing. One of the points most strongly emphasized from the very beginning was that the organization should be free from all politics. Membership was to be passed on from father to eldest son. Only officers (French as well as American) of three years' service in the American Army and those who had resigned with honor were eligible—not all officers joined). Each original member was to have but one representative, these to be elected by each State Society. The State Societies could elect honorary members for life only.

General Washington was elected the first President at a meeting held at the City Tavern in Philadelphia in 1784 by a group composed of these officers among others:

Hamilton, Lafayette, Knox, Greene, Steuben, Pinckney, John Paul Jones, McDougall, Putnam, Schuyler, Gates, President Monroe, Marion, Moultrie, Kosciuszko, Anthony Wayne, Lighorse Harry Lee, Lieut. Colonel Richard Clough Anderson, Sullivan, Muhlenberg, and St. Clair.

Major L'Enfant, a member, traveled to Paris to create the emblem of the Order which centers about a bald eagle. Fourteen state societies were organized, one for each of the thirteen and one for France. Each of these societies has ever since remained a distinct unit, representing a point of view of the men who organized the Government of the United States under the Articles of the Confederation. The name of the Society was later given to the

city of Cincinnati, Ohio, by one of its members, Major General Arthur St. Clair, then Governor of the Northwest Territory.

Alexander Hamilton succeeded Washington as President—he, in turn, by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of "Millions for Defense but not one Cent for Tribute" fame. Some of the earlier honorary members were Benjamin Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, Winfield Scott, Stephen Decatur, Zachary Taylor, Daniel Webster; among later ones have been Cleveland, Dewey, Jusserand, McKinley, Taft, Wilson, King Albert, Foch, Pershing, Leonard Wood, and both Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt.

In a later day hereditary members have numbered Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, General Peyton March, Admiral Hilary Jones, Charles Warren, and in our own Congress at present besides Senator Green, of Rhode Island, Senator John H. Overton of Louisiana, and Representative Hamilton Fish of New York whose grandfather was President of the Society for many years. Senator Overton has the certificate of his great-great-grandfather, "Hair Trigger."

Instead of dying out, the Order is constantly finding new eligibles so that the membership is over two thousand in the United States and three hundred and fifty in France.

Throughout the years the Society has given many aids to education—the Virginia one, following the example of George

Washington, in turning over all gifts that had been voted by the Legislature, to Washington and Lee University. Besides scholarships, financial aid to students, and special awards, the Society has cooperated with the Government in the building of the Washington Monument, in the Yorktown and Bicentennial celebrations and in many other similar patriotic occasions.

But for one hundred and fifty years the Society has lived in a trunk! That theoretical box has grown too small to contain the many priceless documents, portraits and museum specimens that have been left to the organization—so these have had to be stored in vaults as well as in the Library of Congress. The necessity of a central bureau has become more and more pressing but a lack of funds has made this impossible. The organization has long since felt that a more perfect Union could

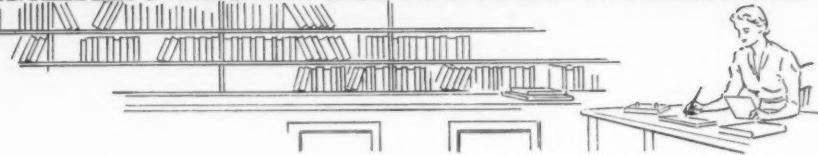
best be obtained by having central headquarters such as other patriotic organizations like the Daughters of the American Revolution. France some time ago exempted the Society from taxation and housed it in historic quarters—the building used by the Foreign Office at the time of the recognition of Independence—(France, you will recall, was the first to recognize us).

In taking over the Larz Anderson home, it is proposed that it serve not only as headquarters for the Society but that it will be a museum open to the public.



MRS. LARZ ANDERSON IN HER RED CROSS UNIFORM

# GENEALOGICAL EXTENSION SERVICE



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

*Reference Consultant*

THE popularity of this service exceeds all expectations. The orders now number over 650, about half of which have been reported.

Since the scope and price of the work done in this department has been explained in each issue of the Magazine, we are devoting our space this month to a helpful suggestion for research.



## War Pensions

TOWNSEND, JOHN. Widow, Elizabeth. W. 9861, Certificate No. 19848; issued December 22, 1827, Act of March 18, 1818, May 1, 1820, at \$8.00 per month, from October 6th, 1827. Agency, Kentucky. Service—Virginia. Rank, Private. Application for Pension September 14, 1826. Age, 65 years. Residence at date of application, Adair Co., Ky.

He enlisted July 9, 1780 for during the war in Berkley Co., Va. served in a Co. of Cavalry commanded by Capt. Watts, Col. White's Regt. Va. line, Continental establishment until April 1780 when he received a furlough by general proclamation and was never again called into service.

He was in the battle of Guilford and in an engagement at Widow Gibbons in Georgia, and in a skirmish in S. C. In 1826 he states that he has a wife (no name or age given).

John Townsend died Aug. 4, 1834.

TOWNSEND, JOHN. Widow, Elizabeth. W. 9861, Certificate No. 9782; issued December 22, 1845, Act of July 7, 1838, at \$80.00 per annum, from March 4, 1836. Agency, Indiana. Service—Virginia. Rank, Private. Application for Pension March 20, 1839. Age, about 81 years. Residence at date of application, Shelby Co., Ind.

Elizabeth Townsend declares that she is the widow of John Townsend, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner under the acts of Mar. 18, 1818 and May 1, 1820. She was married to John Townsend 1783 or 1784 in Frederick Co., Va. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Bachelor.

April 20, 1840 Samuel B. Bigley aged 75 years and his wife Sally aged 73 years declare that they attended the wedding of John Townsend and Elizabeth Bachelor in the summer of 1784. Deponents lived with the said Elizabeth Bachelor's father. Aug. 19, 1845 Isaac Wilson resident of Shelby Co., Ind. states that he married Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend's youngest daughter. Aug. 19, 1845 Mrs. Ann Wilson of Shelby Co., Ind. youngest daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend and deponent has her mother living with her at present. Deponent names her sisters and brothers in 1845 as follows:

1st, the oldest Henry now deceased, would be about 62 years. 2nd, Rebecca about 57 or 58 years old. 3rd, William aged about 55 years. 4th, John aged about 53 years. 5th, Joel now deceased. 6th, Thomas aged 47 years now of Bartholomew Co., Ind. 7th, Ann aged 44, deponent.

May 6, 1839 William Townsend of Adair Co., Ky. aged 47 years, son of John Town-

send, deceased and his widow Elizabeth Townsend, etc.

No further family data on file.

**RICHMOND, NATHANIEL.** Widow, SUSANNAH. (W. 9627. Certificate No. 9034; issued March 7, 18—, Act of March 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per month, from September 5, 1818. Agency, Indiana. Service—Massachusetts. Rank, Private. Application for Pension, June 15, 1818. Age, b. March 26, 1763, at Middleborough, Mass. Residence at date of application, Dearborn County, Ind. In 1821, Fayette County.)

He enlisted June 1779 in Mass. and served as a private for 4 years in Hayward's Co. and Captain Bradford's Co., Colonel Bailey's 2nd Mass. Regt., also Col. Ebenezer Sprout; was discharged June 10, 1783, at Newburgh, N. Y. He was in the battles of White Plains, and Valentine Hill.

In 1821 he refers to his wife, aged 58 years (no name given), his daughter Francis, aged 18 years; Ansel, aged 16, and his daughter, Lorana, aged 12 years.

His discharge was signed by Gen. George Washington. He was honored with the badge of merit.

Nathaniel Richmond died Sept. 1, 1829.

**RICHMOND, NATHANIEL.** Widow, SUSANNAH. (W. 9627. Certificate No. 4056; issued December 27, 1843, Act of March 3, 1843, at \$80.00 per annum, from March 4, 1843. Agency, Indiana. Service—Massachusetts. Rank, Private. Application for Pension, May 7, 1839. Age, born July 9, 1763. Residence at date of application, Pendleton, Madison County, Ind.)

Susannah Richmond declares that she is the widow of Nathaniel Richmond, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818.

She was married to Nathaniel Richmond at Raynham, Bristol Co., Mass., Sept. 9, 1784, by Rev. Forbes. Her name before said marriage was Susanna Lombard, she was born at Taunton July 9, 1763.

Children:

John, born in Chesterfield April 5, 1785; Alanson, born in Chesterfield Jan. 4, 1787;

Susanna, born in Westfield, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1788;

Milly, born in Westfield, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1790;

Lydia, born in Harkemer June or July 22, 1794.

**SMITH, GRIFFITH.** Widow, MARY. (File No. W. 3467. B. L. Wt. 31.721-160-55. Certificate No. 6920; issued March 9, 1833, Act of June 7, 1832, at \$25  $\frac{6}{100}$  per annum, from March 4, 1831. Agency, Pennsylvania. Service—Pennsylvania. Rank, Private. Application for Pension, January 26, 1833. Age 69 years. Residence at date of application, Lower Merion Twp., Montgomery County, Pa.)

Residence at date of enlistment

Griffith Smith was born in Montgomery Co. Pa., formerly in the limits of Philadelphia County, Pa.—was there when he entered the service and still resides there.

He was an apprentice to Captain Young to the trade of a weaver, and was about 13 years old when he enlisted July 1776, served as a drummer in Capt. John Young's Co., Colonel Paschall's Regt., for 2 months.

May 1777 he enlisted and served in Captain Young's Co., Col. Bush's Regt. as a drummer for 2 months.

Aug. 1779 he was drafted and served in the same company of militia under Colonel McVaugh for 3 or 4 months.

He served in all at least 7 months, being then under military age—he went at the request of the Captain, who was his master and he presumes therefore though attached to a drafted militia company he was a volunteer.

William Young was a private in his father's company and served with this declarant:

We, George Rees, John L. Young and William Parker, all of the city and county of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . testify in the case. The name of Samuel Young also appears.

Jan. 26, 1833, George Rees of Philadelphia declares that he was acquainted with Griffith Smith. He knew him in 1776 as a musician in Captain Young's Co., Pa. militia, deponent was also a musician in the same regiment, etc. Deponent was lately High Sheriff of Philadelphia County, etc., having served his time out as such Oct. last.

**MARY SMITH.** Widow of **GRIFFITH SMITH.** (File No. W. 3467. B. L. Wt. 31.721-160-55. Certificate No. 7958; issued December 5, 1843, Act of July 7, 1838, at

\$25 6% per annum, from March 4, 1836. Agency, Pennsylvania. Service, Pennsylvania. Rank, Private. Application for Pension, November 28, 1843. Age, —. Residence at date of application, Lower Merion Twp., Montgomery County, Pa.)

Mary Smith declares that she is the widow of Griffith Smith who was a drummer during the Revolutionary War and a U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832.

She was married to Griffith Smith April 16, 1788, by John Frederick Weinland, Protestant Minister of Germantown, Pa., and in said minister's house.

Griffith Smith died January 3, 1843.

Nov. 29, 1843, Reuben Smith of Montgomery Co. Pa., aged about 41 years, a son of said Griffith Smith, deceased, and his widow Mary Smith.

April 16, 1788, Griffith Schmidt and Mary Brand were joined together in Holy Matrimony.

As witnesseth my hand,

Sgd.

John Frederick Weinland,

Protestant Minister of Germantown.

June 29, 1855, Mary Smith, aged 96 years, a resident of Lower Merion Twp., Montgomery County, Pa., widow of Griffith Smith, who served in Capt. John Young's Company, Cols. Heister of Paschall Regt. during the Rev. War applies for and receives 160 acres of bounty land under the Act of 1855.

There are no further family data on file.

**WOODWORTH, JOSEPH.** Widow, Wayty. (W. 6584. Certificate No. 766; issued Apr. 7, act of July 29, 1848, at \$96.00 per annum, from March 4, 1848. New York Agency. Cont. Connecticut Service. Private.)

Application for pension February 13, 1851. Age, seventy-nine years. Residence at date of application, Orapoli, Cattaraugus County, New York. Residence at date of enlistment, —.

Wayty Woodworth declares that she is the widow of Joseph Woodworth, who was a Revolutionary soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818.

She was married to Joseph Woodworth, February 8, 1799, in Dutchess County, New York, by Elder Corner Bullock.

February 13, 1851, Joseph Woodworth, Jr., and Hilon Woodworth declares that they are the sons of Joseph and Wayty Woodworth, her name before said marriage was Wayty Couse or Cause.

She died July 5, 1852.

There is no further family data on file.

**BRATTON or BRATTAN, BARTHOLOMEW.** S. 40036. Certificate No. 12,201; issued July 4, 1819, Act of March 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per month, from May 25, 1819. Agency, Pennsylvania. Service—Pennsylvania-New York. Rank, Private. Application for Pension, May 25, 1819. Age, 73 years. Residence at date of application, Pittsburgh, Pa.

He enlisted in 1776 in York Co., Pa., served in Capt. James Moore's Co., Col. Anthony Wayne's 4th Regt., Pa. line, for 1 yr.

At the expiration of this time he re-enlisted in Capt. James Copp's Co., Col. Von Schieck's Regt., 1st N. Y. Regt., and served until the end of the war. Was discharged in Orange Co., N. Y., June 8, 1783, by Gen. Washington.

He was in the battle of Hill Water at the capture of Burgoyne, Monmouth, and the capture of Cornwallis.

May 25, 1819, John Lorain, late an ensign in the U. S. Army in the Rev. War, declares that in 1776 he became acquainted with Barhlow Bratton at Valley Forge. He was then serving as a private and he has seen his discharge, etc.

June 5, 1820, Bartholomew Bratton, aged 74 years, resident of Pittsburgh, Pa., declares that he enlisted in 1776 at Albany, N. Y., and served in Capt. Copp's Co., Col. Van Scheck's 1st Regt. of N. Y. Enlisted for during the war. Was discharged at Snake's Hill, N. Y., in 1783. At that time he was in Capt. Passaw's Co., same Regt., but commanded by Col. James Clinton.

He states that his wife's name is Hannah, aged about 65 years. He has no children living with them.

April 28, 1855, Mary Donaldson, widow of Robert Donaldson, of Allegheny Co., Pa., and only child of Bartholomew Bratton, a Rev. soldier, who was a W. S. pensioner on the Pittsburgh Pension Rolls, and she appoints Hon. Charles Naylor of Pittsburgh, Pa., as her Attorney to examine the

Rolls for arrears of pension due her deceased father, or in right of his late widow, her mother, Hannah Bratton, who is now deceased.

There are no further family data on file.



## Family Associations

De Witt Family Association, Mrs. Eugene Keeler, Secretary, Stevensville, Pennsylvania.

Gallup Family Association, Herbert W. Gallup, Secretary, Norwich, Connecticut.

Gamage Family Association, Mrs. Eugene Keeler, Secretary, Stevensville, Pennsylvania.

Governor Thomas Dudley Family Association, Mrs. Albert G. Mitchell, Secretary, 18 Pleasant Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Grove Family Association, Mr. Claire Grove, 315 E. King Street, York, Pennsylvania.

Glatfelter Family Association, Dr. Edward A. Glatfelter, 247 Kurtz Avenue, York, Pennsylvania.

Harris Family Association of Maryland and Virginia, M. B. Little, Secretary, 1510 Varnum Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Helmer Family Association, Mrs. Olin L. Osborne, Secretary, Frankfort, New York.

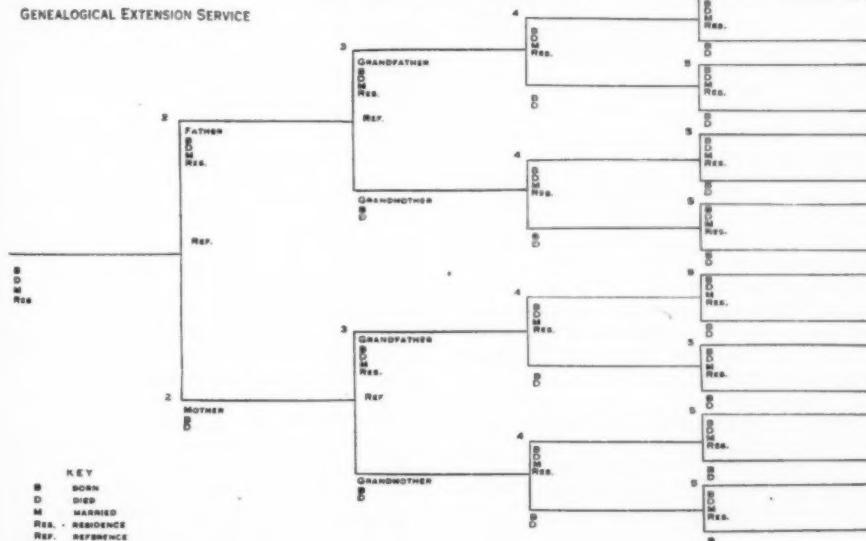
Hathaway Family Association, Miss Stella Mason, Secretary, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Raines and Morrill Clan and allied families, Mrs. Annie Raines Morrill, 401 South D Street, Fairfield, Iowa.

Rose-Waterman Family Association, Elsie W. Prince, Secretary, Turner, Maine.

D. A. R. ANCESTRAL CHART

GENEALOGICAL EXTENSION SERVICE



### NOTES AND REFERENCES

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# PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



*"Bid thy master well advise himself."*

—Shakespeare.

WITHIN the past few weeks, numerous requests have come to me for copies of the National Constitution and By-laws, or for information as to where copies might be obtained. A number of these requests have come from Regents of chapters, who frankly state that they do not possess a copy of their National Rulings. Now, I am free to make this statement: That no one should attempt the leadership of any organization, or a part of an organization, unless she is reasonably well informed as to the fundamental principles and policies of that organization.

I find that the by-laws of many of the chapters are wholly inadequate to the needs of such a group. Not only are they inadequate, but they carry many provisions which conflict with the National By-laws.

When a member is elected Regent, the first thing she should do is to obtain a copy of the National By-laws. She may obtain this and a number of other publications containing valuable information and instructions, from the office of the Corresponding Secretary General, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

The National Organization legislates for the chapters very definitely, and a new Regent should read very carefully Article IX. of the National By-laws. There she will find almost six pages of provisions made for the chapter to follow, and the Regent should have this Article read in regular chapter meeting. I suggest that this be done at least once a year.

Article V., on fees and dues, legislates for the chapter member as well as the member at large. Every chapter Regent should not only understand and be acquainted with these National Rulings, but she should see to it that her chapter officers and members are properly informed.

If chapters wish to amend their by-laws and want to use any of the articles incorporated in the National By-laws, they must use them exactly as they are given, word for word. It is not the privilege of *any* chapter to "add to" or "take from" any part of a National Ruling. If chapters

use Article II., "Objects," or Article III., "Eligibility," as printed in the National By-laws, they must not change these articles nor "amend" them, for that is not their prerogative.

I recommend that every chapter Regent, and every chapter officer in fact, obtain a copy of the "D. A. R. Handbook," in which they will find a vast amount of very valuable information and detailed instructions.

May I ask your indulgence for repeating again the National Ruling for the admittance of applicants for membership? There are very few sets of chapter by-laws sent to me, which do not have conflicting points as to the provision made for the acceptance of applicants for membership.

Chapters seem to forget that they are only the avenues through which applicants may join the National Organization, and chapters do not appreciate the fact that they cannot make it any more difficult (nor any less difficult) for an applicant to join the National Society, D. A. R. than the National Organization makes it.

Referring to Article I., Section 1, page 8 of the National By-laws: "An applicant must have the endorsement of two members in good standing, to whom the applicant is personally known." Those two members do not have to belong to any specific chapter, nor is there a stipulation as to how long they should have known the applicant.

Now, if the application is made through a chapter, it must be approved by the chapter or its Board. The chapter may decide which group shall vote upon the name—either the Board or the chapter, not both—and a majority vote shall elect.

I am sorry to repeat this, but I hope that chapters who did not see this in the January MAGAZINE, will see it in this number! Please read your chapter by-law for the admittance of "new members," and see if the ruling you have conforms to this National By-law, as stated above.

Within the past few weeks, a number of requests have come to me, regarding the selection of alternates to fill the vacancies in delegations elected for Congress. This question was not brought up in time for me to speak of it before Congress, but I want to refer you to the last paragraph of Article IX., Section 8 (C), and there you will

note the following: "A chapter Regent is authorized to fill vacancies in its delegation to the Continental Congress or special meeting of the National Society, from duly elected alternates." This is interpreted to mean that a chapter Regent may *select* the alternates from the accredited list of elected alternates, to fill vacancies in its delegation. She does not necessarily have to select them in the order in which their names are on the credential blank.

During the past six weeks, I have been compelled to return several copies of by-laws which were sent to me for correction. Three copies were written in longhand in very close, small handwriting; several copies which were typewritten were a third or fourth carbon copy—very dim and very illegible. It is impossible for me to take the time to go over by-laws so very poorly written, either by hand or typed. I ask your consideration, and for your cooperation in this matter. To have to stop and figure out chirographics, as well as the "intent and purport" of the by-law as written, is work for the proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer," and I must impress upon everyone that each piece of mail receives my own personal attention; I have no assistants.

I find it necessary to make the request of State Regents that they send me copies of their State By-laws. I should have a copy of the by-laws of every State Society in my files. Chapter members should also send me their chapter by-laws when asking my opinion on certain matters, for it is very hard to reach a conclusion or decide a point of procedure, when one knows nothing about the chapter by-laws.

The following questions have come to me recently, and I will answer them in this article, for the benefit of all concerned:

Ques. 1. Is it not necessary to have the roll call to make a meeting legal?

Ans. No, it is not. (See Robert's "Par. Law," page 506: "The Secretary may make the record without a roll call. It is unnecessary and an inexcusable waste of time.")

Ques. 2. A member of ours resigned and she now wishes to have the resignation reconsidered. Can we do this?

Ans. No. This is considered by Robert as one of the "affirmative votes which cannot be reconsidered." (Page 173, Robert's "Par. Prac.").)

Ques. 3. If a vote is taken by secret ballot, is it possible to rescind such a vote?

Ans. Yes, it is, but the vote of rescinding must be taken by ballot and there are exceptions: "Votes cannot be rescinded after something has been done as a result of that vote that the assembly cannot undo; or where it is in the nature

of a contract and the other party is informed of the fact; or where a resignation has been acted upon, or one has been elected to, or expelled from, membership or office and was present or has been officially notified." (See page 169-170, "R. R. O. R.")

Ques. 4. Can a State Society have a by-law providing that chapters failing to pay state dues, shall not be represented at Continental Congress?

Ans. No. A National By-law carrying such a provision was amended a number of years ago. Therefore, a State Conference cannot put such a provision into its by-laws, as that would be beyond the authority of a State Conference, for a State Organization cannot rule for the National Society. A State Society, on the other hand, may adopt a by-law preventing a chapter being represented at State Conference for failing to pay the dues specified in the State Conference By-laws. The National Rules make mandatory a State Organization and allows it to adopt by-laws which are not in conflict with the National Ruling. (See Article X, Section 1, "Nat'l By-laws.") I might add right here, that the authority of a State Organization is very limited and has mostly to do with its own organization, and the chapters are legislated for directly by the National Organization and the State Society cannot legislate for chapters except where it affects the organization of the State Society.

Ques. 5. In reconsidering a motion, Robert tells us that "motion to reconsider can be made only on the day the vote to be reconsidered was taken, or on the next succeeding day." Does "the next succeeding day" mean the *next meeting*, if the organization is meeting weekly or twice a month?

Ans. No. A motion to reconsider may be made on the day the vote was taken, or on the *next succeeding calendar day*. Neither a recess nor a legal holiday is counted as a day. At the next meeting, no matter how much time has elapsed, the previous action may be rescinded (by a two-thirds vote, if no notice of the action to rescind has been given.)

Before this article appears in the May MAGAZINE, we will have attended National Congress, during which time I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting many of you again.

During the early morning sessions, there will be a question box on my table. I hope that the members attending these meetings will place their questions in this box, to be answered through the articles appearing in the subsequent issues of the MAGAZINE.

Always faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,  
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss.)

# BOOK REVIEWS



**Alluring Wisconsin.** Fred Lionel Holmes. E. M. Hale & Company, Milwaukee. \$2.00. 1937.

Here is a book that lives up to its title and justifies the labor of its production. It is written by the author of several worthwhile books, among them, "Abraham Lincoln Travelled This Way" and "George Washington Travelled This Way." Mr. Holmes was born, reared and educated in Wisconsin and has toured and explored his state from border to border, not just once, but many times, in all seasons and by every mode of travel. He is thoroughly familiar with its cities, towns and villages, its public highways and the remote byways and trails through the vast silent wilderness of forests. From little boyhood he absorbed the legends, facts and history of his beloved state and acquired a rich background for authorship through the diversity of his own experiences, in earning a living and putting himself through school and finally the University. Every step in his advancement, in his pursuit of an education, was made under the whip of his own ambition. He rose from farm boy, country store clerk, janitor, waiter, rural school teacher, to newspaper reporter. In 1905 he won the Vilas Prize for his essay on "The Simple Life" and then became a lawyer and publicist, a leading citizen, statesman and politician.

Embracing the outstanding features of every county, the author has enriched his book with a wealth of illustration—over two hundred from original photographs besides diagrams of routes of travel and reproductions of maps. Drawing deeply into the records of the centuries of the past, the trail of the glacial age, as traced by the geologists, adds glamour to many of the state's scenic wonders. Still more glamour comes through the history of the

Indian occupation and its discovery by the first white men to set foot upon its soil. Indian legends center around the state's beauty spots and to follow the trail of the early missionaries and martyrs is to thrill over the dangers they encountered in primitive wildernesses, at the mercy of the wild beasts and the elements as well as the savages. Through the records left by these intrepid pathfinders we learn of the Algonquins, Potowatomies, Chippewas, Hurons, Menomonies, Winnebagoes and their related tribes.

Equally fascinating is the story of the wandering footsteps of the early explorers, Marquette, Hennepin, Joliet, La Salle, Nicolet and their contemporaries and followers. Still more thrills come to the readers in the strange appellations given by the Indians and these early settlers to the crags, cliffs, deep lakes, valleys and mounds, whose weird formations and eerie features inspired such names as Mother Earth's Cradle, Millstones of the Gods, Isles of Enchantment, Sign Posts of Eternity, Wells of the Mastodons, Shotgun Eddy, Nature's Pots and Pans and Kettles, Cleopatra's Needles, and many others equally fantastic.

"Alluring Wisconsin" carries a foreword by Governor Phillip LaFollette, who pays high tribute of appreciation for the work of the author. He writes in part: "Legend and story, fact and history, and the subdued tints of clear waters, rich sunshine and the deep immensity of still summer nights were on his palette when he painted this portrait of his native state. Wisconsin is fortunate to have Mr. Holmes, a curator of the Wisconsin Historical Society, a veteran Wisconsin newspaper man, a painstaking student of Wisconsin and its history, record this biography of the beauties of the Commonwealth."

EDNA M. COLMAN.

**The Checkered Years.** Mary Boynton Cowdrey. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. \$3.

At the age of 56, Mary Dodge Woodward went with three of her children to the Dakota Territory, where a son was to manage a wheat farm. That was in 1882, and bonanza farming was at its height.

The diary she kept from 1884 to 1889, when she returned to Wisconsin, is in five leather-bound volumes filled with old-fashioned handwriting.

Choice excerpts from the volumes have been selected by her granddaughter, Mary Boynton Cowdrey and are presented in "The Checkered Years"—a slender book which is a human document of priceless worth.

For its simple beauty and its presentation of the courageous pioneer philosophy, "The Checkered Years" will live, remaining on library shelves as long as there are Americans interested in the development of their country and in the men and women who made the development possible.

"The Checkered Years" is as real as truth itself and to read it is to come face to face with life unveiled. You grow to love Mary Woodward as if she were your own grandmother and to respect her as you had forgotten anyone deserved to be respected. If any part of her feet were clay, her day-by-day diary does not reveal the fact.

Her understanding, her ability to maintain a real home in a Dakota climate under frontier conditions, her inner preparation against the day when no one would need her—as Mary Woodward tells them, these things strike deep, calling forth sympathy and admiration.

Twenty-five years before she began the cold journey to Dakota, Mary Woodward had moved from Vermont to Wisconsin. Her family was of American stock that dated back to Stephen Hopkins of the Mayflower. One feels that the qualities she possessed were living ones that she had inherited and that descendants of Mary Woodward are fortunate in the heritage she left them.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

**Trees of Note in Connecticut.** Compiled by Katharine Matthies, 1934, for the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution.

This little booklet is a guide book of Trees of Importance in the Nutmeg State. It includes trees that are notable because of great age, beauty, size or of association with historic events, incidents of importance or with native sons or persons of distinction whose achievements have been worthy of commemoration.

Katharine Matthies, as State Chairman of Conservation and Thrift of the Daughters of the American Revolution, searched the tree records county by county, so that no tree worthy of mention should be omitted from her completed story. In thirty-four pages of text she has liberally sprinkled one hundred and twelve illustrations to notable trees in addition to her maps. The charming frontispiece shows the Oliver Ellsworth house at Windsor, with the two remaining of the thirteen elms which he planted just after the American Revolution, in commemoration of the Thirteen Colonies.

In this tabulation are a number of old patriarchs of trees of one, two and three centuries old, some even older, still standing staunchly and proudly where they originally grew and where they saw the first white men to visit and settle what later became the State of Connecticut. Among these is the Whipping Post Elm of Litchfield, in use for official whippings as late as 1812, the Sign Post Elm, Litchfield, which began its service as Sign Post of the town from the time of its settlement in 1720; The Connecticut Sycamore, Litchfield, last of the thirteen sycamores planted by Oliver Wolcott in honor of the Thirteen Colonies, is holding its own in front of the Catholic Church. The Cogswell Maple at New Preston, said to be the largest maple in the state, is on the property of a descendant of Major William Cogswell. Near it, the house was once an Inn where Gen. Washington was entertained on one of his trips to Connecticut.

Miss Matthies has produced a unique publication of great value to the history of the state and worthy of emulation by other states.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

**Hatching the American Eagle.** John Finch Barnhill. 399 pp. Margaret Press, New York. \$2.50.

The novelty of reading a "first hand" account of the Revolution makes the reader of "Hatching the American Eagle," by Dr. John Finch Barnhill, hurry along to the end. Although one has a pretty good idea that Washington and his men are going to come out victorious, the narrative has numerous romantic and adventurous angles that serve to keep the suspense plentiful.

Written in the first person, the book's principal character is a "fictitious" young man by the name of Philip Fenton. He lives in Philadelphia, next door to "Uncle Ben" Franklin, and so has a ringside seat for Revolutionary War happenings.

Except for the thread of romance running through it, the book is truth, declares its author—who is prominently connected with numerous medical and surgical societies and who has made personal visits to all places mentioned in the story.

The plight of Tories, and the feelings which tore families who were divided in their sentiments, are well presented. One learns that "Uncle Ben" Franklin's son remained a Royalist and that the mob spirit ran so high in Philadelphia that a tarring and feathering might happen at any time and on the slightest suspicion.

Dr. Barnhill gives five reasons for presenting his story of the Revolution in this narrative form. They are:

1. Belief that history so presented "will be alluring to the reader."
2. "The wish to correct the persistent general belief that the great majority of American colonials were eager for separation from Great Britain and would fight for independence."
3. To present the opinion of the author that Washington has had no peer as an American statesman and also as a self-sacrificing patriot and able military leader.
4. "To depict more adequately the sufferings of Tories and Quakers whose greatest crime in many instances was their love for England."
5. To provide historically correct accessory reading for students, especially boys and girls of high-school age.

Dr. Barnhill's book is dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America, and to the American Legion. These groups, he said, "have sworn to defend the Liberty won for them by George Washington and the Colonists and guaranteed to them by the Constitution."

CHRISTINE SADLER.

**His Excellency George Clinton, Critic of the Constitution.** E. Wilder Spaulding. 304 pp. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.50.

One of the foremost agitators of the American Revolution, leading opponent of the Constitution of 1787, important in virtually every New York gubernatorial contest and every national election from their beginning until his death in 1812—George Clinton has nevertheless remained without a biography until just now.

There are a number of reasons why George Clinton has been so long neglected biographically. One of the chief is that his undramatic steadfastness has been considered dull by historians who were unwilling to dig as deeply or to paint on such a large canvas as did Mr. Spaulding.

Clinton was the enemy of Hamilton, as well as of Burr. He had no actual love for Jefferson and even less for Madison. Washington was his good friend and he supported the patriot in every way possible, doing more for "the cause" than any other Revolutionary governor. Washington relied on him implicitly and in later years wrote him often. There is little indication that Clinton returned his friendship with anything which remotely resembled warmth. Clinton was not a warm friend to anyone; but he was a steady leader of men. With New York with more Tories than any other state, he held his band of men together, was governor and fighter at the same time, and rendered a rarely-equalled devotion to the principles of liberty.

For 21 years Clinton was governor of New York. With more warmth—or possibly with more willingness to compromise—he might have been President. Certainly he would have been Vice-President earlier than he was—and had more friends when he reached the Capitol. When he died in

Washington during his second term as Vice-President, he was buried in Congressional Cemetery—but there was little demonstration, and it was many years later that New York bothered to take the dust of her illustrious son back home.

In addition to giving a picture of Clinton himself, Spaulding's story presents the important Clinton family—and many other New Yorkers of the period. The governor's uncle was one of New York's royal governors. His brother James was an important Revolutionary general. One of his daughters married "Citizen Genet," and it was his nephew, DeWitt Clinton, who became much better known than he.

If for no other reason than to become acquainted with the opposing schools of thought which went into the molding of America, this biography should be read. But as a character study of a dullish individual it will be most interesting to many. So customary is it to brush up the brilliance of a person who is the subject of a book and so prone are we to insist on having heroes measure up to storybook standards, the life of George Clinton appears here as that of a plodding character in a modern novel.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

**Last Flight.** Amelia Earhart. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.

American history has already been a long time in the making. Its creation will continue. But one chapter which was a bright and beautiful one, was brought to a premature and tragic close. This was the chapter written by Amelia Earhart.

With the one exception of Charles Lindbergh, her story is interwoven with that of progressive aviation and high adventure more closely than the story of any other individual during the last decade. But it is not only as an aviator that Amelia Earhart's place in history looms large. She was an educator, an explorer of the human mind no less than of the great unknown expanses of the sea and land over which she soared. She was a free spirit, unbound by intolerance, unhampered by cramping convention. Because there was no self-consciousness, no unwholesome egotism about her, she did not say all this herself. But she revealed it constantly.

She never did so with greater clarity and conviction than in the book which was to prove her last, especially in the latter part of it: the first part, at times, becomes slightly confused with detail, and there is inevitably some betrayal of the extent to which the delays and disappointments that would have tried anyone else to the breaking point, wore upon her. But as the book approaches its end, it marches forward in a paean of triumph. The sonnet by Nathalia Crane, reprinted from *This Week*, with which the book opens, finishes with this admonition:

*"Count her among the beautiful and brave.  
Her turquoise mausoleum in each way."*

Her own poem entitled "Courage" with which the book closes, offers a still greater challenge to shrinking souls. F. P. K.

**The Exquisite Siren. The Romance of Peggy Shippen and Major John André.** E. Ervin Haines. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia \$2.50.

This carefully documented novel is based upon material which has already been published, in the form of articles written by the same author, appearing in the *Brooklyn Daily Times* and the *New York Times*. It presents the American Revolution as a "cruel, bloody, civil war, where, as Washington said, 'A brother's sword was buried in a brother's breast.'" Most of us have never thought of it in that light, and many will be reluctant to do so now; nevertheless, "The Exquisite Siren" offers a viewpoint on American history so provocative that we cannot afford to overlook it.

The characterization of André is very appealing; he is imbued with far more vitality and magnetism than the heroine, who, as another reviewer has remarked, is more like a lace-paper figure than an irresistible flesh-and-blood charmer. There are one or two scenes in the book from which one does not have to be squeamish to shrink—notably that of the game with garters for its stake. But it does us no harm to face the fact that Philadelphia, during Revolutionary times, was not primarily a holy city. The book has climbed into the "Best Seller" lists and has stayed there. Its originality and persuasiveness entitle it to such a proud position though some of its other attributes do not. F. P. K.

# MOTION PICTURE DEPARTMENT



HENRIETTA S. MCINTIRE

*Chairman*

The following pictures are listed as suitable for the type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

## *ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD* (First National)

Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone.

Much labor and money has been expended on this lavish production. The story dates back to the middle ages and centers around the Saxon hero of Sherwood Forest who defeated the Normans when they attempted to seize England's throne from King Richard. Excellent for schools and libraries. A. Y. Older children.

## *GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST* (M-G-M)

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

Adapted from the stage play produced by David Belasco, the action takes place in the gold mine areas of beautiful California around 1850. It is the love story of a desperado and a girl who, although the owner of a saloon, is a favorite with everybody. There are such musical numbers as Liebestraum, Ave Maria and others, sung by Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy. A. Y.

## *THE JOY OF LIVING* (RKO)

Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

A comedy romance with music and dancing intermingled. The story deals with a famous actress, weighed down with the doings of the craziest family ever, and an irresponsible young vagabond from an aristocratic family. A. Y.

## *FOOLS FOR SCANDAL* (Warner Bros.)

Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet.

The locales are London and Paris and the principals are an impoverished Baron and an American actress, traveling incognito. The Baron becomes infatuated with the actress and takes a job as her cook. The episodes which follow cause a scandal and upset the romance with her fiance, but the star learns that her cook is a Baron and decides to marry him. A. Y.

## *HEART OF ARIZONA* (Paramount)

William Boyd, Natalie Moorhead.

In this picture Hopalong Cassidy comes to the rescue of an innocent woman convict. There is plenty of action, adventure and romance and will be popular with those who like the Westerns. A. Y.

## *JEZEBEL* (Warner Bros.)

Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent.

The story is not a pleasant one but audiences will like it for its strength. Miss Davis plays the part of "Julie," a New Orleans' belle, and when Dillard, her fiance, breaks their engagement and marries a Yankee, Julie determines to break up the marriage. Dillard is stricken with yellow fever and isolated to Leper Island. Julie persuades the wife to allow her to go away with Dillard. The story ends in a tragic way. A. Y.

## *DOCTOR RHYTHM* (Paramount)

Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie.

Semi-slapstick, music and love interest are included in this comedy, starring Bing Crosby. The time is the present and the locales New York's Central Park, on ship board and around an amusement pier. The star is supported by Mary Carlisle and Beatrice Lillie, world famous comedienne. A. Y.

## *GO CHASE YOURSELF* (RKO)

Joe Penner, Lucille Ball.

This picture gives Joe Penner and Lucille Ball their first chance at leading roles. It's a hilarious comedy dealing with the adventures of a crazy bank teller who is kidnapped by bank robbers. A. Y.

## *THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO*

(Woodward Bros.)

A very touching story of the beautiful friendship between a boy and the wild animals of the forest. The picture is produced in the remote regions of Northern Mexico and a ten year old boy from a small village in those regions was chosen to play the leading role. There are many interesting shots of Mexican wild life. It is highly recommended for schools on account of its educational value. A. Y. C. Excellent family picture.



THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (WARNERS)—OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND AND ERROL FLYNN

### JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN (M-G-M)

Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney.

In the third chapter of Judge Hardy's Family series, the Judge is thrown into Washington politics. There is plenty of comedy and romance in the picture. A. Y.

### Shorts

#### SKY FISHING (Educational)

Fishermen with the springtime fever, fishing at dawn on a lake at an altitude of 5,000 feet amid the majestic beauty of Jasper National Park. Excellent family and Junior Matinee.

#### PIPE DREAM (M-G-M)

The three monkeys who hear, speak and see no evil get into trouble when they smoke a pipe. A fantastic dream. Family, Junior Matinee.

#### SONG BIRDS OF THE NORTH WOODS

(Educational)

Beautifully photographed, showing the birds of the Adirondack Mountains in their native habitat. Excellent family, Junior Matinee.

#### VITAPHONE PICTORIAL REVUE NO. 626 (Educational)

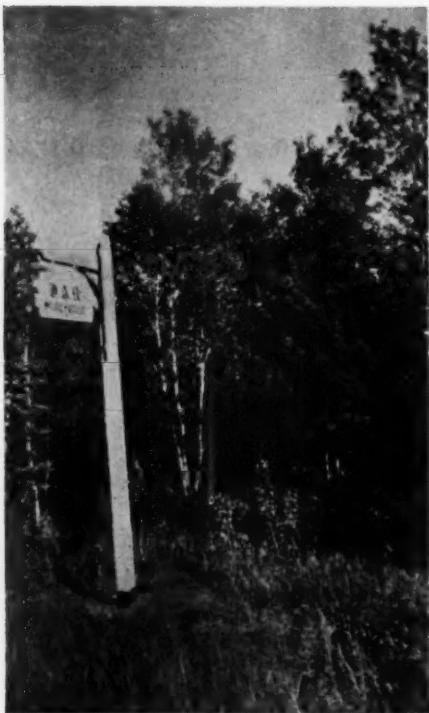
This subject includes: the beauty of Arabian horses in action, a pony chariot race, an exciting hockey game, and the method of designing and manufacturing shoes. Excellent family, Junior Matinee.

#### GOLD (Paramount)

A very interesting travelogue showing the gold mines in South Africa, how gold is mined and processed. Excellent family, Junior Matinee.

# NEWS ITEMS

## Feature of the Month—Trees



D. A. R. STATE FOREST, BRULE, WIS.  
SIGN ON FEDERAL HIGHWAY NO. 2

### *Wisconsin State Forest of the Daughters of the American Revolution*

If you were travelling in northern Wisconsin on highway No. 2, you would find you were on the route that leads to the region where President and Mrs. Coolidge spent the summer of 1928, and near the new Coolidge Memorial Highway, which marks the road over which the President and his family went to church each Sunday.

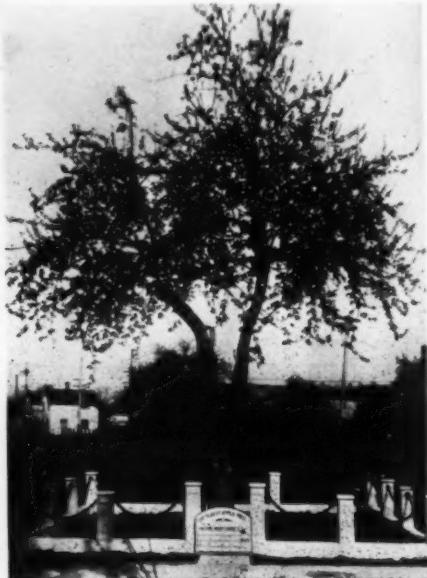
Here, amid stately trees, wild flowers, and clear trout streams, is the three hundred and twenty acre State Forest of the Wisconsin Daughters of the American Revolution which was dedicated in 1930. Many trials and disappointments as well as joys have attended the paths of those who have

worked to make it a success, but today, with the aid of the Civilian Conservation Corps, under the direction of the Forestry Service, this large tract has been cleared of underbrush and many trees added to the pines, birches, balsams, maples, and lindens already there.

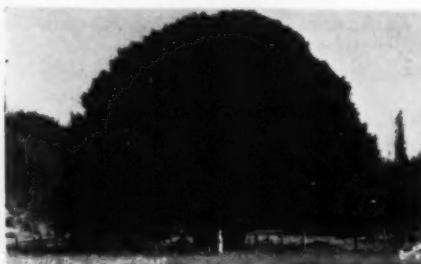
A flag waves on sunny days and two signs tell the passerby that this has been done by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Much credit should be given to the members of the **Claude Jean Allouez Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Superior, who were responsible for this project and to Mrs. H. A. Juneau, State Chairman of Conservation.

In 1935, a School Forest of twenty acres was established within the borders of the larger tract, and here groups of children under trained leaders are permitted to plant trees, shrubs, and flowers, and to learn conservation at first hand.

The **John Marshall Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Louisville, Kentucky, has



THE OLDEST APPLE TREE IN THE NORTHWEST.  
PLANTED AT VANCOUVER BARRACKS IN 1826, IT IS  
THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE LITTLE GROUP WHICH  
GAVE APPLES TO THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN THE  
DISTRICT



ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST OF THE MYRTLE TREES GROWING IN THE COAST VALLEYS OF OREGON. ITS WOOD IS ONE OF THE RAREST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL KNOWN

planted, marked, and dedicated a tree to commemorate the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial on the lawn of the Public Library in Louisville.

Four trees have been planted by the **Eliza Hart Spalding Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., Pullman, Washington, as living memorials to departed members. They have been set out on Memorial Days with appropriate services conducted by the chapter.

At the close of an election of a new regent for a two-year term, **Mt. Ashland Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Ashland, Oregon, plants and dedicates a tree in her honor. Several regents already have been thus honored.

"The Girling Tree" planted in Glencoe, Illinois, honors the Organizing and Honorary Regent, Mrs. Winthrop Girling, of the **Glencoe Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R.

#### *Reforestation in Colorado*

A reforestation program has proven one of the major projects of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution—in Colorado—for the fiscal year of 1937-'38.

In commemoration of the sesquicentennial celebration of the adoption of the federal constitution, the Daughters in Colorado have established two memorial forests of twenty acres each, located in national forest reservations;—one on the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains and one on the Eastern slope.

Mrs. Harry H. Schaefer, state chairman of the conservation committee, of this society, has had charge of the arrangements,

which have been made in cooperation with the United States Forestry Service.

In the Colorado National Forest, now called the Roosevelt National Forest, hundreds of acres of timber were logged during the boom mining days of Ward. Timber consumption has always been necessary to mining activities.

Forty years have passed since this devastation—and in the passing of time, nature, with infinite wisdom, has filled the barren spaces with a growth of aspen—"quaking asp." Beauty to scenery and reclaiming soil over which fire has passed, are the natural missions of this tree; the mysticism and romanticism of which has filled the imagination of many poets with creative understanding. In this region, twenty acres have been reclaimed by the Daughters, with the planting of 14,000 seedlings of Engelmann spruce.

On the Western slope of the Rockies, located in the Holy Cross National Forest region, which is adjacent to Independence Pass, is an old burned territory, devastated by fire during the mining days at Aspen, fourteen miles distant from this mining camp. In this region another unit has been formed in this special D.A.R. program; twenty acres reclaimed by the planting of 14,000 Engelmann spruce.

The national forests in Colorado contain one percent of the nation's timber. The problem in this state is the husbanding and managing of existing timber resources and the reclaiming of devastated areas.

The Engelmann spruce forms the finest timber stands in Colorado. Its growth makes extensive forests on all slopes of the mountains, up to timber line. Here and there, in the wind-swept "no man's land," can be found veterans of this particular type of evergreen;—and even here, growing higher than its fellows, seems to be its aim. Close under the high peaks it can be found, its natural lines gnarled and twisted and stunted—and its branches pointing to the south, away from the storms that beat against it from the northwest. It is truly called the frontiersman of the Rocky Mountains, a jealous guardsman, as it is of the timberline march. Service seems to be the keynote of its existence, which fills one with reverence for its part in nature's plans. Its forests on steep slopes protect the soil

against erosion—and in the spring of the year these forests prevent too rapid melting of the heavy snows.

Colorado is a natural nursery for the developing of strong and lasting trees. It takes five years of particular attention and care—by nature and by man—to form sturdy roots and a firm foundation for the Engelmann spruce, one year of which is claimed by the forester for nursery care. The surface growth then becomes more apparent and rapid. It is faster in development, naturally, than any other evergreen. Noted for longevity in existence, it is not uncommon for this tree to reach 500 years in age.

With a natural tendency for the trunks to be tall and straight and large, often three to five feet in diameter, it is a valuable timber for the production of lumber and other products. It has been said the stands of pine in the north end of the Colorado National Forest, yielded the very foundation of the first railroad construction in this part of the West.

Conservation was made a special objective in the very beginning of activities of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Colorado. In 1902, the **Denver Chapter** introduced a program of planting trees and shrubbery, followed by personal care, in a barren cemetery, belonging to a fort of the Government, Fort Logan. The original shrubbery still flourishes and flowers, adding beauty to a large grove of fully developed trees as they appear today.

In 1930 the **Colorado Chapter** in Denver, purchased a tract of 74 acres of privately owned land located in the Arapahoe Forest near Idaho Springs and presented it to the Government. A portion of this tract, which was not forested, was planted with trees and these may now be seen along U. S. highway #40 at the outskirts of Idaho Springs.

CHARLOTTE RAMUS RUSH,  
Chairman, Press Relations Committee,  
National Society, Daughters of the  
American Revolution, Colorado.

### *Anniversary Celebrations*

Great was the rejoicing of members of the **Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Indianapolis, Indiana, as

they watched the burning of the \$20,000 mortgage on their chapter house at the annual George Washington birthday luncheon.

Observance of the forty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the chapter gave a three-fold significance to the celebration.

**Douglas Oliver Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Kirkwood, Missouri, celebrated its twenty-seventh anniversary with a tea at the home of Mrs. Shirley Weber. The guests included the regents from the five St. Louis and Webster Groves chapters and Mrs. John Trigg Moss, National Parliamentarian. The chapter was organized in 1911 by Mrs. Belle Kimball, for whose ancestor the chapter was named. In recent years the chapter's chief interests have been the School of the Ozarks, Arrow Rock Tavern, Ellis Island, and five young people have been sponsored for the Student Loan Fund.

The officers and members recently made a pilgrimage across the Mississippi to a small cemetery, where, with the assistance of the Belleville Chapter, markers were placed on the graves of John and Anne Messenger, son and daughter of Revolutionary soldiers, and ancestors of one of the members of Douglas Oliver Chapter.

### *Dedication of Markers*

Mulberry Grove Plantation at Monteith, home of General Nathanael Greene, Revolutionary War hero, and place at which Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, was marked by the **Savannah Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Savannah, Georgia, with a bronze marker. The marker was unveiled recently with appropriate exercises.

A Real Daughters bronze marker was placed on the tombstone in Ottawa Avenue Cemetery marking the grave of Mrs. Esther Dyer Trumbo, daughter of James Dyer, a Revolutionary soldier. The marker was donated by Mrs. Florence M. Strawn, a great-granddaughter, and was erected by the **Illini Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Ottawa, Illinois.

The **General James Jackson Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., Valdosta, Georgia, dedicated a marker at old Franklinville, the first town in Lowndes County. The exercises fulfilled a long cherished dream on the part of the local chapter, and the committee in charge of marking sites. The plain, beautiful

stone, standing by the side of the road where those who pass may see, bears the following inscription:

FRANKLINVILLE,  
THE FIRST SITE  
OF LOWNES  
COUNTY, 1828  
ERECTED BY  
THE GENERAL JAMES  
JACKSON CHAPTER  
D.A.R., 1938.

### Radio Broadcasts



MRS. ALBERT JENNER, JR., ILLINOIS STATE RADIO CHAIRMAN, REPORTING . . .

Station DAR is now on the air to announce that Illinois has, for the first time, received first place in radio, nationally. By April 15th, twenty-three Illinois stations presented nearly three hundred broadcasts.

Having been asked the "secret of our success" we will divulge our plan in order that other states may know how our radio work was organized.

A committee chairman has been assigned to every town with a radio station, whether

we have ever had programs there or not. Each chapter in the state now appoints a radio chairman. In case there is a radio station in the town, for greater efficiency and to insure against confusion of authority at the station, the state committee chairman and the chapter chairman should be the same person.

An original idea started in Illinois this year is offered to sister states as a fine means of D. A. R. publicity. The state prepared six especially written short dramalogues illustrating various phases of our work. Copies of the dramalogues were distributed freely among colleges, high schools, church societies, etc., for performances and a good many persons in the state were reached who would not have been had only the limited audience of one station heard the dramalogues.

Another original feature introduced this year was a series of short thumbnail sketches or "briefs." These present the work of committees, historical resumes and legends. Station WCRW, Chicago, presents these "spot announcements" twice each day, seven days a week.

Our state vice-chairman of radio, Margaret Vance Simpson, has full charge of all secretarial matters. Over one thousand postcards announcing programs have been sent out by this industrious young lady.

The State Regent for Maine, Mrs. Fred C. Morgan, will speak on April 29th at 3:15 p. m. over Station WHEB, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, taking for her subject, "My Plans and Hopes for the D. A. R."

### Verse

Ellen M. Bronson, Regent of the **Fort Dearborn Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Evanston, Illinois, breaks out in verse:

*Fort Dearborn Chapter, Evanston, has placed the accent on youth  
Activity and enthusiasm we have in truth,  
A large Junior American Citizens Club as you know  
And lots of garments for mountain schools we sew.*

*A Scholarship Fund for Carr Creek every year  
Three lively groups of C.A.R. we hold dear,  
A Junior group so large we must cut it in two  
Now is not that fine, I ask you?*

*History, Our Flag, Americanism—all get good measure,  
For above all, the ideals of D.A.R. we treasure.*

### **Book Publication**

**Mercy Warren Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Springfield, Massachusetts, announces that one of its members, Barbara B. Stevens, has written another very interesting book entitled, "The Strongest Son," which is soon coming off the press. Her first book was called "Walk Humbly."

### **The Northwest Territory Celebration**

The Northwest Territory Celebration, authorized by Congress to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ordinance of 1787 and establishment of Northwest Territory, is now in full swing and is presenting some new concepts as to the educational purpose and value of such historic commemorations.

The Federal Commission, of which ex-Governor George White of Ohio is Chairman, and Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury, Minnesota; Mrs. George Baxter Averill, Wisconsin; Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, Illinois;

Miss Bonnie Farwell, Indiana; Mrs. John S. Heaume, Ohio; and Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Michigan, ex-State Regents of the National Society from the states of the Old Northwest Territory are members, conceived the purpose of such a celebration to be educational and inspirational to all classes, all ages of Americans—to effectively teach all citizens the most vital history of our nation in as effective a manner as possible.

The recreation of the trek of the first Northwest Territory pioneers from Ipswich, Massachusetts, to Marietta, Ohio, is perhaps the most spectacular and different program feature. It has already completed its historic march as far as West Newton, Pennsylvania, where the five boats of the pioneers are now being reproduced. Down the Ohio to Marietta, the caravan of pioneers with ox team, Conestoga wagon—all accoutred in the style of one hundred and fifty years ago—will traverse the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—some 3,000 miles.



READY FOR THE START. THE OLD MANASSEH CUTLER CHURCH IS IN THE BACKGROUND

# STATE CONFERENCES

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



DEDICATION OF GREAT STONE TABLET TO THE "GLORY OF GOD AND IN HONOR OF THE SIGNERS OF THE CONSTITUTION"

**E**DUCATION for Youth! With a Boy Scout trumpeter sounding assembly call, the great Star-Spangled Banner was unfurled from the ceiling of Memorial Continental Hall on the morning of February 28, and the Thirty-seventh Annual State Conference of the District of Columbia Daughters of the American Revolution was in session.

Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, state regent, sounded the keynote of the program in her opening address, "Training Youth for Leadership." The success of the District's youth program was revealed in the announcement of ten Junior Groups organized during the year; forty Girl Home Makers and sixty-five Junior American Citizens sent to camp; organization of eight new Junior American Citizens' Clubs in the schools; an increased number of "adopted" mountain children sent to Approved Schools

through chapter scholarships; 206 Tama-see Club members; Americanization of foreign youth through cooperation with the Americanization School and the Metropolitan Police Boys Clubs; and the presentation of twenty-five American flags (regulation size) to Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops.

The important historical event of the conference was the dedication of the great stone tablet to the "Glory of God and in honor of the Signers of the Constitution," which was presented to the National Cathedral by the State Historical Research Committee of the District with the cooperation of the sixty Washington chapters, in an impressive ceremony on March 1. The tablet, which bears the names of the Signers of the Constitution, is incised into the wall of the "statesmen's transept," and occupies a place of prominence beneath the stained glass window devoted to the story of Moses, the Law-giver.

The conference closed with a dinner at the Wardman Park Hotel which was attended by more than 700 D. A. R.s. Mrs William A. Becker, President General, and the other guests of honor entered the dining hall in a processional led by Mrs. William D. Leetch, as color bearer, followed by the pages, state officers and past state regents, to strains of martial airs played by the United States Navy Band Orchestra.

The principal address was given by Mrs. Becker.

"The youth of the Nation must be trained to be modern pioneers," Mrs. Becker said. "Sterling qualities of character, capacity for hard work, thrift and ingenuity are in demand if our civilization is to endure."

Other guests at the conference and the dinner were: Mrs. Henry M. Roberts, Jr., treasurer general; Mrs. Lue Reynolds Spencer, registrar general; Mrs. Howard L. Hodgkins, honorary vice president general; Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, state regent of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Henry C. Chiles, state regent of Missouri; Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham, state regent of Virginia; Mrs. Walter S. Williams, state regent of Delaware; Miss Ada Howard Johnson, state regent of France; Mrs. Volney A.

Brundage, state vice regent of England; Mrs. R. B. Moseley, organizing regent of England; Mrs. C. A. Swann Sinclair, honorary national president of the Children of the American Revolution; Dr. Clifton P. Clark, president of the Sons of the American Revolution, and Mr. C. C. Long, president of the Sons of the Revolution.

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## VIRGINIA

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Buckingham

ALEXANDRIA MASONIC TEMPLE

*The Forty-second Annual State Conference  
of the Virginia D. A. R.*

**S**CENIC patriotism featured the opening of the Forty-second Annual State Conference of the Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution in the spacious auditorium of the George Washington Memorial Masonic Temple, in Alexandria, on Wednesday evening, March 2nd.

The Processional March, in response to the Bugle Call, to the martial music of the United States Marine Band Orchestra, under the leadership of Lieutenant Charles Butler, was led by a bevy of handsome pages supporting the National Colors, the Virginia State Flag and the D. A. R. Flag. In the handsome, and in a number of cases "be-ribboned", gowns, came the regents of the nine hostess chapters, state officers, eight

visiting state regents, followed by the national officers, Mrs. William A. Becker, President General; Mrs. William H. Pouch, National President of the C. A. R., and Organizing Secretary General; Mrs. Charles B. Keesee, Corresponding Secretary General; Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Treasurer General; Mrs. Hodgkins, Honorary Vice President General; Mrs. William H. Belk, Vice President General from North Carolina, and the Virginia State Regent. The stage setting was a most charming one with the dignified presence of Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham, Virginia's State Regent, who presided, supported by the many officers and guests.

After the opening ceremonies, the State Regent offered a Tribute to George Washington, culminating in a brief silence as the whole assembly stood. The addresses of welcome, given by two hostess chapter regents and by the Mayor of Alexandria, were responded to by Mrs. William Morton of Albemarle Chapter. The program, interspersed with musical selections, had its high light with the address of the evening when the President General, Mrs. Becker, in her customary brilliant manner spoke of "Youth." After the Recessional to the strains of the orchestra when the colors were retired, the parlors of the Masonic Temple became resplendent with the presence of guests and Daughters at a reception given in honor of the President General.

The next day began the regular business session with its multiple activities of courtesies and routine; the reports of the state officers featured the last Annual Report of the State Regent, who is concluding her three year term in office. Mrs. Rowbotham's report showed three new chapters added, with another ready for confirmation, and an addition to the membership of 812, bringing the total of Virginia Daughters to well over four thousand. The emphasis had been placed upon the "Youth Movement", in accord with the general Program of the National Administration. Financial increase in the support of "Approved Schools"; a splendid headway in Junior Membership Groups; activities in Junior Citizenship Clubs that had spread beyond centers of population to penetrate rural and mountain sections,—

one chapter sponsoring no less than two in the Blue Ridge, and one organized by a member of the sponsoring chapter in far away Alaska; furtherance of the Good Citizens Pilgrimage,—one chapter alone being sponsor for the work in the ten high schools in its county; work for, and with, the immigrants, preparing them for citizenship, attending naturalization courts, teaching them English and generally relating them through personal contacts with their new life, these, and similar objectives, were mentioned as accomplishments under the banner of "Youth". A tribute was paid to the chapter regents who, cooperating with the administration program, gave occasion for the various chairmen to present their causes, which opportunity was a measure of the results already indicated. The State Regent referred to these and similar things done for Youth as the "spiritual life of the Daughters". Prominently presented was the completion of "The Virginia Roster", a copy being presented to the President General. This Roster contains the names, ancestry, service with ancestor's residence of every Virginia Daughter past and present, and its compilation, covering three years of painstaking check against every item submitted, is due to the voluntary service of Miss Ida J. Lee of Richmond and her able advisory assistants.

During the year no less than forty volumes of dilapidated court records have been restored at a cost of six thousand dollars. These are open to seekers of Virginia forebears, and their use, at the Archives Department in Richmond, is a free gift from the Virginia Daughters to the whole world. Reference was made to a tablet placed in the Yorktown Custom House and unveiled in honor of Mrs. George Durbin Chenoweth, whose solicitation of necessary funds for the purchase of what soon would have become an unrecognizable ruin was justly given recognition during her lifetime. Matters touching upon historic research, marking graves, historic tours for high school pupils, were among the several items included in the report.

Mention was made of arrangements for a permanent "D.A.R. Day" at the Institute of Public Affairs at the University. The State Regent announced that this year, at

the request of the Director who had to prepare his publicity, that she had secured as speakers for "D.A.R. Day," the President General, Mrs. Becker, and the Hon. Clifton A. Woodrum, one of the state's members of congress. Upon the conclusion of the report, which was ended with expressions of regard for the cooperation of her official family, Mrs. Rowbotham was accorded a most hearty and unanimous rising vote of thanks for her admirable leadership.

The Chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage announced the winner for this year to be Miss Huntly Johnson of Smithfield, Va.

The afternoon session opened in historic Christ Church where the Annual Memorial Service was held, conducted by Mrs. C. A. Swann Sinclair, the State Chaplain. Among the flowers placed in the wreath was one in memory of a communicant in this venerable old church for forty-five years, Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard, Past Vice-President General for Life, and Honorary State Regent of Virginia, the "last baby born at Mount Vernon". The Memorial Wreath was placed on the grave of the Unknown Revolutionary Soldier in the old Presbyterian cemetery.

Later in the afternoon, the Daughters braved the sleet storm to gather at Gadsby's Tavern, thrice used as military headquarters by General Washington, where tributes were paid to Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard when a replica of the original door was unveiled in her honor. The original door and frame are now in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. Many Daughters accepted the invitation to visit the Masonic Lodge to view the historic relics associated with Washington, who was the first Master of Alexandria Lodge.

Regents evening occupied the crowded session from 7:30. The Processional, with its customary pages with Flags, was composed of the 81 Chapter Regents who were able to be present. Each Regent, in carefully prepared two minute speech, gave the outstanding accomplishments of her Chapter's work for the year; a truly interesting and informing series of verbal reports which elicited well merited praise.

On Friday morning the election of officers for the ensuing three years was entered upon, with the following results:

<i>State Regent</i>	MRS. C. A. SWANN SINCLAIR
<i>Vice Regent</i>	MRS. GEORGE CARTER STONE
<i>Chaplain</i>	MRS. J. B. PRESTON
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MRS. EMMETT J. ATKINSON
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MRS. BRUCE B. REYNOLDS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. MAYO M. FITZHUGH
<i>Historian</i>	MRS. KENT FORD
<i>Registrar</i>	MRS. WILLIAM V. TYNES
<i>Librarian</i>	MRS. J. W. CAMMACK

By unanimous vote, half the Daughters present, rising to second the motion, Mrs. Rowbotham, the retiring State Regent, was elected to be Honorary State Regent upon the confirmation of the new State Regent.

When the need for care of Northampton County Deed Book, whose files contain the most continuous collection of records, was made known, a subscription was raised to restore this volume in honor of our visiting President General, Mrs. Becker, the restored volume to bear such dedication. Donations were also given from the floor for the restoration of a Westmoreland Deed Book, and for the Endowment Fund of the church made famous by Patrick, Old St. John's in Richmond.

The Conference had great pleasure in hearing from many of its guests; the humorous and sterling address of Mrs. Keyes, our new Editor, the kindly words of Mrs. Pouch of the C.A.R., messages brought by Mrs. Geoffrey Creyke, Chairman of the National Program Committee, the excellent address by Miss Katharine Matthies on Approved Schools, followed by the Reverend Dr. Mayo of Blue Ridge Industrial School, and that of Miss Elizabeth Barnes, the National Vice Chairman of Junior American Citizens Clubs all added to the inspiration and enjoyment of the Conference.

The State Officers Club, under the presidency of Mrs. William R. Duke of Charlottesville, observed its Annual Breakfast Thursday, when many of our distinguished visitors were present to see the State Regent present an antique lamp from an old Virginia home, the gift of the Virginia State Officers, to the President General, Mrs. Becker.

Too much cannot be said for the generous hospitality of the hostess Chapters and their willing friends, whose homes were so bountifully at their guests' disposal, whose luncheons provided by the George Mason's chef were an epicurean delight, and for the careful planning for the smooth working of every session, and the entertainment awaiting on every hand; nor can enough admiration be bestowed on the good-looking pages who anticipated every desire, and whose only regret seemed to be that they could not do enough.

On the last afternoon, Friday the 4th, a motorcade took the visiting Daughters to historic Gunston Hall, home of George Mason, author of The Bill of Rights, then to Woodlawn, home of Nellie Lewis Custis, who was married to Lawrence Lewis at "candlelight" at Mount Vernon, where General Washington attended the nuptials, ending at Pohic Church where Washington served as a vestryman, to be entertained by the Fairfax County Chapter at a Tea.

In the evening, the only session not held in the Temple, the Conference met in the Virginia Room of the George Mason Hotel, the closing business enlivened by a playlet given by the C.A.R. Farewells were said as the final reading of the minutes was approved, and a beloved and greatly admired State Regent, Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham, with a final tap of the gavel adjourned one of the most representative and brilliant conventions ever held on Virginia's soil.

CAROLINE SHEA,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

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## NORTH CAROLINA

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THE thirty-eighth annual state conference of the North Carolina D. A. R. was held in Raleigh at the Sir Walter Hotel March 7, 8, 9 with the ten chapters of the Sixth District as hostesses. The opening session of the conference was preceded by the dedication in the House of Memory in Oakwood Cemetery, Raleigh, of a tablet to the soldiers of the Revolutionary War in North Carolina, and by a beautifully appointed luncheon given by the Co-

lonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution, and Daughters of the Confederacy to the State Executive Board and visiting D. A. R. officials at the home of Mrs. Robert Wyatt. Mrs. Eugene Davis, state regent, presided over all the sessions of the conference and despatched the business with ease and skill. The first session opened with a procession composed of state officers and distinguished guests escorted by the pages and flag bearers. Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey, the State's First Lady, joined in extending a cordial welcome to the Daughters.

In the afternoon the Raleigh Woman's Club, of which Mrs. J. S. Mitchener is president, entertained at their club house at tea to which all delegates and visitors were invited.

Preceding the evening session was a banquet presided over by the state regent, Mrs. Davis. A record number of more than 200 attended.

The Monday evening session was an interesting and colorful event with its procession and attendance by state and national officers and 365 delegates. Honorary state regents, vice-regents, past Vice-Presidents General, and state presidents of other organizations were presented. Mrs. William Henry Belk, Vice-President General, graciously introduced our President-General, Mrs. Becker, who held her audience enthralled with her address. The Honorable Clyde R. Hoey, Governor of North Carolina, was another fervent and brilliant orator. Mrs. Charles Haig, state regent of the District of Columbia, and Mrs. Geoffrey Creyke, General Chairman of the Program for Continental Congress, brought greetings to the North Carolina Daughters.

The highlights of the session of Tuesday morning were the report of the state regent and the address of Mrs. W. H. Pouch, National President C. A. R. and Organizing-Secretary General. Other state officers and chairmen, and district directors reported upon their year's activities. The winner of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage contest was announced. Much interest was shown in the method of award which consisted of a presentation of the picture, endorsements, and qualifications compiled in scrap-book form of each contestant. A statewide committee selected the winner by secret ballot without discussion or consultation.

The Memorial session at noon on Tuesday was presided over by the state chaplain, Mrs. E. E. Gillespie.

At the afternoon session reports of chairmen and directors were continued. Mrs. J. S. Welborn, chairman of Genealogical Records, was warmly applauded for her extraordinary work in compiling old wills, deeds, marriage bonds, genealogies, etc. Mrs. Hubert Patterson, state president, was congratulated for her work in the C. A. R. and for her organization of the first North Carolina C. A. R. conference which took place at 3 o'clock and of which Mrs. Pouch was guest speaker. The work of Miss Deane Van Landingham in organizing the junior Daughters throughout the state received a most enthusiastic comment from Mrs. Pouch. It was stated that with their other work the Junior Daughters of the state will issue a monthly bulletin, "Junior Echoes."

Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey was a gracious hostess to the delegates and visiting Daughters at tea at the Governor's Mansion at the close of the afternoon session. Prior to the evening session the State Officers' Club entertained at dinner at which the master of ceremonies was Mrs. Sydney Perry Cooper, president.

The address of Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Treasurer-General, and candidate for President-General, featured the evening session. Her theme was a masterly résumé of the aims and objectives of our society.

The Wednesday morning session concluded the business of the conference, which was held to be outstanding in its program, organization, and despatch of business.

(Miss) VIRGINIA HORNE,  
*State Recording Secretary.*

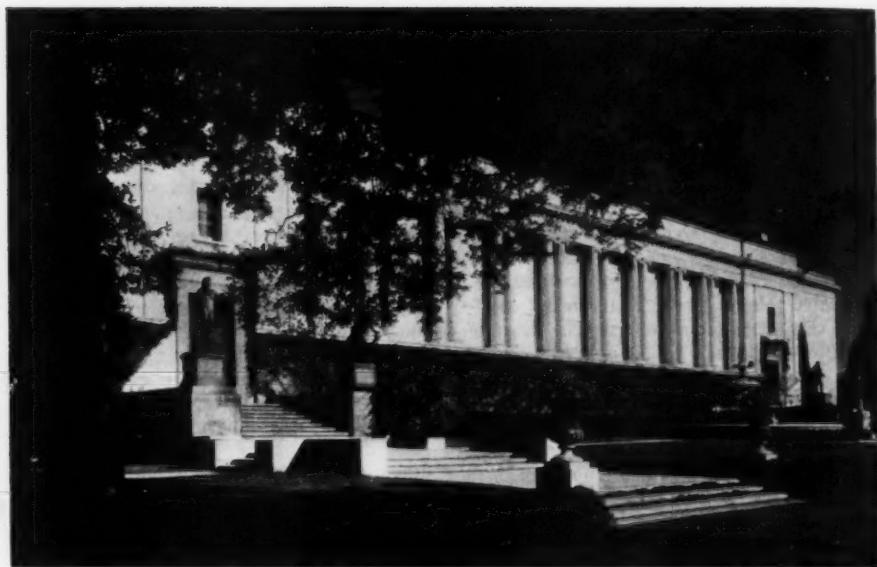
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## CALIFORNIA

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*California Conference Members See Rare Early American Manuscripts at Huntington Library*

A PEN-AND-INK sketch by Thomas Jefferson, made about 1773, of a floor plan for an extension to the original building of the College of William and Mary was among the rare documents of early



THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, WHICH WAS ESTABLISHED BY THE LATE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON AT SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA. THE BRONZE STATUES AT THE ENTRANCES WERE CAST IN ITALY FOR FRANCIS I, OF FRANCE, EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

American history seen by the delegates to the California state conference during a pre-convention tour to the Huntington Library at San Marino, on March 8. A photostat of this manuscript supplied by the Library, was used in the recent restoration of the College of William and Mary.

This was the first time the Jefferson manuscript had been publicly shown. It was exhibited at the request of convention officials, together with a small selection of manuscripts relating to George Washington's influence and participation in the Federal Convention, at which the Constitution was framed. These precious originals supplemented over eighty items in the special exhibition commemorating the sesquicentennial of the Constitution of the United States. This display, it was learned, is the finest group of original documents on early American Constitutional history ever shown to the public in the West.

These materials were seen in addition to the permanent exhibition in the Library, which includes many rare Americana, such as a manuscript book of privileges granted

by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain to Christopher Columbus, with marginal notes in the explorer's hand; one of the first sailing charts (about 1502) to show a portion of the American continent; the only known copy of the first printed collection of the laws of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, printed at Cambridge in 1648; Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography in his own handwriting; George Washington's genealogy of his family, entirely in his own handwriting; and a letter written by George III, in 1782, disclaiming all responsibility for granting independence to the American colonies.

The group also visited the Art Gallery, Mr. Huntington's home until his death in 1927, where they saw the world-famous collection of paintings of the British eighteenth-century school, including the popular "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough, "Pinkie," by Lawrence, and "Mrs. Siddons as 'The Tragic Muse,'" by Reynolds, and outstanding collections of objects of art made in England and France in the eighteenth century.

The thirtieth annual state conference of the California Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles, on March 9, 10, and 11, 1938. The twelve Los Angeles chapters served as hostesses and the State Regent, Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young, presided at all sessions.

Among honored guests at the conference were: Vice President General, Mrs. Elmer H. Whittaker, California; Past Vice Presidents General, Mrs. Bessie Carroll Higgins, Iowa; Mrs. James F. Trottman, Wisconsin; and Mrs. Howard Bailey, Missouri; Past Vice President General from California, Mrs. Charles Boothe; Past Reporter General, Mrs. E. H. Wilson; National Chairman, Junior American Citizens, Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner, Michigan; and Filing and Lending, Mrs. Frederick G. Johnson, California.

On Tuesday afternoon preceding the conference, delegates and guests motored to the Huntington Library and Galleries where a special exhibit, pertaining to the Constitution, had been arranged.

The State Officers Club held their annual banquet and election of officers on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Raymond S. Perkins was elected president, succeeding Mrs. Frank B. Duncan.

The reception on Tuesday evening honored the state regent, national officers, honorary state regents, state officers, past national officers, and presidents of kindred patriotic societies. The Durren String Trio furnished several delightful musical numbers, and the Dionysians, a verse speaking choir, presented "The Makers of the Flag."

The conference was formally opened on Wednesday morning by the State Regent, Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young. Greetings from the Southern Daughters were extended by Mrs. Cameron L. Evans, general chairman of the conference, and responded to by Mrs. William G. Stone on behalf of the Northern Daughters.

Mrs. Gertrude Gill, with Mrs. Edna West accompanying her, sang Mrs. W. G. Langdon's composition, "Loyalty," which she dedicated to the conference.

The State Regent, Mrs. Young, in rendering her annual report, reviewed the many accomplishments of the state organization and the numerous activities of her office.

State officers and chairmen reported much of interest in the work, outstanding being

the publishing of the first state history of the California State Society.

The luncheons during the conference were of great interest. Wednesday's luncheon honored the vice president general from California, Mrs. Whittaker, when Dr. Owen Coy spoke on "California in the time of Washington."

Thursday was devoted to round table groups and featured Mrs. W. W. Stillson, honorary state regent, who told of early presidents general she had known personally. The annual luncheon in honor of the Children of the American Revolution was held on Friday, when the officers and senior presidents brought interesting reports of their work and two of the children gave brief addresses.

Wednesday evening was devoted to the youth program of the society with Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner, National Chairman Junior American Citizens, making the principal address. The chairmen of the Junior membership groups reported on their societies. State chairmen of Approved Schools, Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, Student Loan, and Girl Home Makers presented their reports. The Good Citizenship Pilgrim, Miss Charlotte Newell, was introduced and spoke feelingly of her gratitude for the opportunity of making the trip to Washington.

Thursday's session continued with reports of chapter regents and state chairmen of committees. Pledges to the amount of \$122.50 were received for the purchase of a set of andirons for the Surrender Room at Moore House, Yorktown, Virginia.

The conference voted to lend its assistance in enlarging the Mt. Olympus Monument and converting it into national park.

On Thursday afternoon an impressive memorial service for the 93 Daughters who have entered into the Life Eternal was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. Robert Lee Wood.

The banquet on Thursday night honored the state officers and the state officers elect. Dr. William Ballentine Henley, Director of Co-ordination at the University of Southern California, gave a brilliant address on "Democracy Decides."

Friday was devoted to the remainder of the reports of state chairmen and chapter regents, the voting on resolutions, and the installation of state officers elect. Those



DELAWARE PENNSYLVANIA NEW JERSEY GEORGIA CONNECTICUT MARYLAND MASSACHUSETTS

elected to take office in April were: State Regent, Mrs. John Whittier Howe Hodge; State Vice Regent, Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald; State Chaplain, Mrs. James S. Sweet; State Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank E. Lee; State Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Glen L. Shivel; State Organizing Secretary, Mrs. Howard B. Kelley; State Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Edgar H. Annear; State Treasurer, Miss Bernice A. Pearce; State Consulting Registrar, Mrs. Cameron Lee Evans; State Historian, Mrs. John H. Jackson; State Librarian, Mrs. Carl L. A. Schmidt; State Auditor, Mrs. George Crip- pen.

One of the highlights of the conference was the interesting arts and crafts exhibit prepared by the Children of the American Revolution as well as those of the various state chairmen.

The conference accepted the invitation of the city of San Francisco for the 1939 meeting.

Mrs. Young took a gracious farewell of the conference, the assemblage sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again", the colors were retired, and the 30th Annual State Conference was adjourned.

EDITH HOLTON,  
*State Historian.*

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## KENTUCKY

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THE Forty-second State Conference was held in Hopkinsville, on March 9, 10 and 11, with the ten Chapters of the First District acting as hostesses.

Preceding the Conference the State Board of Management met on Tuesday afternoon in the Latham Hotel for a business meeting. That evening the State Officers' Club, with the President, Mrs. Joseph B. Beard, Sr., presiding, held the annual dinner meeting followed by a delightful illustrated lecture given by Mrs. Gordon who is connected with the United States Forestry Service. The same evening a beautiful ball was given in honor of the Pages serving at Conference.

The first regular session of the Conference opened on Wednesday morning in the First Methodist Church with a procession of State Officers accompanied by Pages carrying flags. The Conference was called to order by the State Regent, Mrs. Keene Arnold, who presided at all sessions but the one on Regent's night. Welcome addresses, presentation of Hostess Regents



SOUTH CAROLINA NEW HAMPSHIRE VIRGINIA NEW YORK NORTH CAROLINA RHODE ISLAND

and greetings from city representatives and Patriotic Societies were followed by the reports of State Officers. One Officer only was absent due to serious illness in her family. These reports and those of the State Chairmen were evidence of the fine work done in Kentucky the past year.

Following the afternoon business session a delightful tea was given for all Daughters attending the Conference by the local Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy at Bethel College.

The Vice Regent, Mrs. G. Bright Hawes, presided at the Regents' dinner on Wednesday evening at the Latham Hotel. Interesting reports were read by the District Chairmen for the Chapters in their Districts, after which an entertaining lecture with colored slides was given by Mrs. H. H. Smith of the Kenmore Association.

An impressive Memorial Service was held on Thursday morning in the First Methodist Church for forty-seven members who have passed on since the last Conference.

Immediately after this service the second day's session was called to order. Resolutions were adopted and reading of reports

continued throughout the day. It was a privilege to have Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson attend our Conference and deliver her address on The Roads to Peace, with an informal round table discussion afterward. The Daughters were much interested in a certificate of membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, owned by a member of the hostess chapter, which was dated 1787 and signed by George Washington and H. Knox. Two essays from the seventy-one entered in the National Flag Essay contest were chosen and prizes awarded of \$10 and \$5 by the State Society. Rain prevented unveiling a marker to two Indian Chiefs who died in Hopkinsville while the Cherokee and Seminole Indians were being moved West. Nominations for state officers to serve the next three years closed the afternoon session.

Thursday evening, a fancy dress banquet was given in honor of Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Mr. Frederick Millspaugh, Past President, S.A.R., and the state officers, with the State Regent presiding. The tables were beautifully decorated with large bowls of red and white flowers and blue candles. The speakers were Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson,

Col. E. B. Bassett and Mr. Millspaugh. Out-going and incoming state officers were introduced after the chairman of tellers read her report. An entertaining feature of the banquet was the presentation in suitable costumes of Historical Charades, bearing in some way upon the Constitution of the United States, as a fitting observance of its sesquicentennial. Prizes of subscriptions to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE were given to the winning groups.

The session on Friday morning closed an enjoyable state conference and a harmonious and successful three years administration under the able leadership of Mrs. Keene Arnold, State Regent.

VESTA LACKEY PRICE,  
*State Recording Secretary.*

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#### ALABAMA

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THE Fortieth Annual State Conference of the Alabama Society, Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Jefferson Davis Hotel in Montgomery, Alabama, March 8, 9, 10, 1938. The Peter Forney, Francis Marion, and Ann Phillips Chapters of Montgomery were the hostesses.

Tuesday afternoon was given over to a meeting of the Executive Board, followed by one of the Officers Club. It was announced that the Officers Club had given an electric clock and bell system to the Kate Duncan Smith School, a gift that was much appreciated. A copy of the Stuart portrait of General Washington was presented to the Jefferson Davis Hotel by this organization. The banquet which followed the business meeting was a clever and beautiful affair.

The evening session in the hotel ballroom was presided over by the State Regent, Mrs. E. R. Barnes. It was opened by the procession of Pages, State Officers, and distinguished guests. Governor Bibb Graves welcomed the delegates on behalf of the state and other patriotic organizations extended greetings. Dr. W. L. Spencer of the State Department of Education spoke on the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage,

and the Good Citizenship Girl, Miss Claire Purcell of Gadsden, was presented by Mrs. J. C. Bonner, State Chairman.

The highlight of the evening was the address of Mrs. Dixie Bibb Graves, former United States Senator from Alabama, who emphasized the privileges as well as the responsibilities of living in this age. Mrs. Graves was introduced by Mrs. Zebulon Vance Judd, Vice-President General.

Following Mrs. Graves' delightful address the hostess chapters entertained at an informal reception.

Wednesday morning the Regents' Breakfast gave an opportunity for a discussion of chapter problems. The Pages' Breakfast at the same hour was a new departure. The Pages were the guests of the Society during the entire conference, and the gay presence of the future D.A.R.'s added a great deal to all of the sessions.

All State Officers and Chairmen gave their reports at the business session Wednesday morning. Every one of them showed a steady growth in the work of the Society. A new chapter, the Emassee, of Dothan, Alabama, was welcomed. Mrs. William H. Pouch's absence was a cause of regret. An address was made by Mr. James Watson, Sons of the American Revolution, comparing the work of the two organizations.

Mrs. W. A. Becker, our President General, arrived just in time for the luncheon at the Beauvoir Country Club, and was enthusiastically welcomed. Her informal talk on the needs of the young people of to-day made a deep impression on her audience.

Following the luncheon the delegates enjoyed a drive over Montgomery. The lovely gardens and the historic interest of the State Capitol and the White House of the Confederacy made the trip delightful. A Tea at the Governor's mansion with the Sophie Bibb, Cradle of the Confederacy and Dixie Chapters of the U.D.C. as hostesses ended a memorable afternoon.

The hostess chapters gave a beautiful and elaborate banquet for the delegates, distinguished visitors, and Pages on Wednesday evening. The amusing souvenirs were individual cans of real Alabama cane

syrup. Brief and clever toasts were given by a number of the guests.

The reports of the Chapter Regents given at the evening session showed that the Alabama Daughters are giving the "sacrifice and service" stressed by Mrs. Becker, to advance the work of the Society. Following these reports Mrs. Barnes introduced our President General, who made a splendid talk on "Present Conditions in Europe."

On Thursday an impressive service was held in memory of those members who had died during the year. This service was directed by Miss Martha Bruce, Acting State Chaplain.

Mrs. Zebulon Judd, our Vice-President General, who was attending her last State Conference in that capacity, was given a rising vote of thanks for her splendid services in behalf of the organization.

We were interested listeners to a radio broadcast over station WSFA, Montgomery, by Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Rutledge, telling of Mrs. Becker's presentation at Court.

The Conference voted to contribute to the "Surrender Room" at Yorktown. The prize for the best Alabama Day program was given to the Mobile Chapter. Resolutions were passed thanking the hostess chapters for the program they had arranged with especial mention of the music. They were also thanked for the many courtesies extended.

The Alabama Society D.A.R. was very happy to have as guests at this Conference, Mrs. William A. Becker, President General; Mrs. Zebulon Judd, Vice-President General; Mrs. Rutledge Smith, State Regent of Tennessee; Mrs. G. W. S. Musgrave, Mrs. T. H. Seay, Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Mrs. Godfrey Creyke, all of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. V. Allen, Mrs. J. H. Lane, and Mrs. Val Taylor, Honorary Life State Regents of the Alabama Society. Mrs. Taylor was warmly greeted after her long and serious illness.

The Conference adjourned to meet in Birmingham, Alabama, the second week in March, 1939.

EUGENIA OSBURN YEUELL,  
*State Historian, A. S. D. A. R.*

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## FLORIDA

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THE 36th Annual State Conference of the D.A.R. of Florida was held in the beautiful and historic city of Tallahassee, March 8th to 11th, 1938, with Caroline Brevard, Chefixico Chapters of Tallahassee, Edward Rutledge of Lake City, and Katherine Livingston of Jacksonville as hostesses. The State Regent, Mrs. E. M. Brevard, presided at all sessions.

A Board meeting was held at 2 p.m. in the Floridian Hotel, at which much important business was discussed and concluded. This was followed by a beautiful Memorial Service conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. Max Brown. As each of the 26 names of deceased members was called a white carnation was placed in a fern filled basket by her chapter Regent. A solo, expressively sung by Mrs. E. F. Montgomery, added much to the impressiveness of the service. Taps, a reminder of finality, ended the session.

The State Regent, Mrs. E. M. Brevard, late that afternoon, opened her lovely home for a Tea at which Mrs. Theodore Strawn, Vice-President General, was honored. This was well attended and much enjoyed.

At the Tallahassee Woman's Club on Tuesday at 8 p.m. a bugle call of Boy Scouts and entrance of color guards, pages, State and National Officers and honor guests opened the Conference.

Greetings were brought by many prominent officials and the principal address of the evening was given by Dr. Kathryn Abbey, head of the Florida State College History Department. Her subject was "Squaring the Future with the Past." The evening closed with a reception and refreshments served by the Woman's Club. Two songs by the F.S.C.W. Glee Club added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

Wednesday at 9 a.m. saw the opening of the business sessions of the Conference which were held in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol.

Reports of the State Officers and many Chairmen of special committees were received.

At 12:30 a delightful luncheon was served by the Tallahassee W.C. honoring all Chapter Regents. This was followed by an afternoon business session which was adjourned at 4:30 to allow delegates and guests to attend a Tea given by the Anna Jackson Chapter U.D.C. at the suburban home of Senator and Mrs. W. C. Hodges. All the rooms of the mansion were opened for inspection and the visitors to the city very much enjoyed the privilege of seeing the lovely home.

Of special interest on Tuesday night was the drawing of the girl to be Florida's representative on the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage to Washington. Mrs. Edmund Martin, Chairman, had prepared a basket of 103 jonquils, winding around each stem the name of a girl representing her high school. Selection of a flower by State Superintendent of Schools, Colin S. English, gave this honor to Miss Mary Wilcox of Clearwater. Miss Wilcox arrived in Tallahassee Thursday and enjoyed many social features of the Conference.

Wednesday night was Chapter Regents Night and reports from all 36 chapters showed both activity and variety of interests.

On both Wednesday and Thursday mornings Mrs. R. E. Stevens, State Parliamentarian, conducted discussions on Parliamentary Law, at special breakfasts.

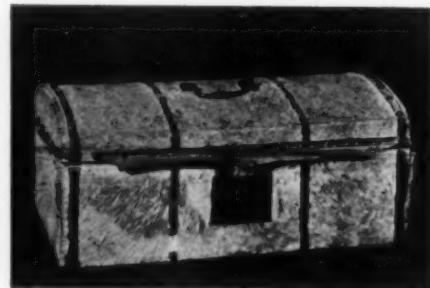
Thursday at 9 a.m. business was again the order of the day and final reports of State Chairmen were received. At 12 Dr. Venila Shores presided at one of the most enjoyed luncheons of the week at Wakulla Springs. Returning to Tallahassee in time for a 5 o'clock Tea the group was delightfully entertained by Dr. Edward Conradi in the parlors of Reynolds Hall at the State College for Women. That same evening the hostess chapter entertained the Conference in the main dining room of the college at a banquet. Two unusually fine addresses were heard. The Hon. Leroy Collins spoke on "Democracy, What Now." He was followed by Dean Olivia Dorman who also selected a timely subject. Dr. Anna Forbes Liddell was mistress of ceremonies and presided in a most gracious and pleasing manner.

At the final session Friday morning election of State Officers and the unanimous endorsement of the candidacy of

Mrs. Guy V. Williams, Honorary State Regent, for the office of Vice-President General, completed the business, and Mrs. Brevard officially proclaimed the 36th Annual Conference of the Florida Daughters of the American Revolution closed.

NINA F. RAUCK,  
*State Historian.*

## SOUTH CAROLINA



MARY MUSGROVE'S TRUNK. PRESENTED TO THE SOUTH CAROLINA STATE CONFERENCE BY MRS. W. S. ALLEN, TO BE PLACED IN THE D. A. R. MUSEUM, OLD EX-CHANGE, CHARLESTON

THE South Carolina Daughters of the American Revolution held their Forty-second Annual State Conference in Rock Hill, March 14-16, Catawba, Rock Hill; Kanawha, Fort Mill; and Kings Mountain, York, being the hostess chapters.

The annual pre-conference meeting of the State Board and State Chairmen was followed by a Dutch Treat luncheon at the Andrew Jackson hotel. Registration and presentation of credentials of delegates preceded the beautiful and impressive memorial service conducted by the state chaplain, Mrs. C. I. Green, in the Church of Our Savior at 3:30 o'clock, honoring the memory of twenty-one Daughters of South Carolina who had passed since March 1, 1937. The Rock Hill Music Club Chorus furnished the music for this service.

Following the banquet at the Andrew Jackson hotel at 6 o'clock honoring distinguished guests, the formal opening of the Conference was conducted by the state regent, Mrs. John Logan Marshall, with

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most impressive ceremonies at Johnson Hall, Winthrop College at 8 o'clock. The invocation was given by Dr. Francis W. Gregg, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Mrs. W. S. Allan, state vice-regent, led in the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag; while Mrs. Thomas Joab Mauldin, vice-president general, National Society, led in the American's Creed.

Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Erwin Carothers for the city of Rock Hill; Dr. Shelton Phelps for Winthrop College, and by Mrs. E. E. Cloud for the three hostess chapters. Mr. Carothers and Dr. Phelps praised the objectives of the D. A. R. and stated that the aims and purposes might well be repeated each day by members of the organization.

The response for the State Society was made by Mrs. Byron Wham, regent of the Joseph Koger Chapter, Blackville.

Mrs. Marshall read greetings from Mrs. William A. Becker, president general of the National Society D. A. R., as well as from other friends and representatives of various organizations. Miss Constance Wardle of the Winthrop faculty sang two soprano solos.

Dr. W. B. Roberts, director of music at Winthrop, led a chorus of students and the audience in the singing of "Carolina."

Distinguished guests introduced by Mrs. Marshall were Mrs. Thomas J. Mauldin; Mrs. William Henry Belk, Charlotte, N. C., both of whom are vice-president generals of the N. S. D. A. R.; Mrs. William B. Burney, honorary vice-president general N. S. D. A. R.; Mrs. Robert Moultre Bratton, honorary state regent S. C. D. A. R.; Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Washington, D. C., state regent of the District of Columbia; Mrs. D. M. Garrison, past state regent Maryland D. A. R.; Mrs. D. B. Heath of North Carolina, past vice-president general N. S. D. A. R.; Dr. and Mrs. Shelton Phelps, Mayor and Mrs. Erwin Carothers, and Dr. and Mrs. Francis W. Gregg.

Mrs. Marshall in a most charming speech presented the gifted speaker, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, noted writer, lecturer and editor. Mrs. Keyes in a fancied tour of the world, whisked her listeners' imagination from one country to another in a manner so delightful that the vivid pictures

she painted held her audience in rapt attention.

The Tamassee school choir sang two numbers after which Mrs. Marshall introduced the chairman and co-chairman of pages, Mrs. J. W. Anderson and Mrs. Fletcher Ruff, and all of the conference pages, who are the daughters of members of the South Carolina D. A. R. and are now students at Winthrop College.

After adjournment a delightful reception was held in the parlors of Johnson Hall.

The first business session was called to order Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock in the First Presbyterian Church by the state regent, Mrs. John Logan Marshall. After the reports of the various conference committees a roll call of officers and chapters was had, after which Mrs. Marshall gave an unusually interesting account of her work for the year past, which was accepted with a rising vote of thanks. Of particular interest in her report was the increase to Tamassee of contributions from South Carolina chapters; the installation and dedication of the new telephone line to Tamassee, the gift of Illinois Daughters; the dedication of the new "Manger" at Tamassee by our President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, on October 29th; and a new feature of organization initiated within the State, that of Group Conferences. These groups are headed by the three state vice-regents and the three appointed members of the Executive Board, and each group consists of ten chapters in geographical proximity. Much enthusiasm has been manifested in meetings held; in the round table discussion of chapter problems; membership has been stressed; adoption of a special project in the preservation of historic spots, and much information and inspiration given and received.

The Tamassee Choir delighted the audience with special music.

Mrs. J. A. Bailey of Clinton, presented to the South Carolina D. A. R. a trunk belonging to Mary Musgrove, a heroine of the Revolution. This was accepted by Mrs. W. S. Allan to be placed in the South Carolina D. A. R. museum in the Old Exchange in Charleston.

Mrs. Thomas Joab Mauldin, vice-president general N. S. D. A. R., and magazine chairman for S. C. D. A. R. very graciously

presented Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, Editor of the D. A. R. HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, who made an excellent talk on the magazine, giving facts and figures, and proving this to be an excellent field of endeavor. Mrs. Mauldin talked on the work of her committee within this State and told of the special South Carolina issue last April.

A new project for South Carolina was that of the establishing of the Traveling Genealogical Library under the charge and supervision of the State Librarian, Mrs. Robert Welch, who explained the plans, and gave a list of the books and records which have been compiled and obtained by her to be sent on a round of the chapters throughout the State.

After the retiring of the colors, the meeting recessed to attend a luncheon in York, where the members were the guests of Kings Mountain Chapter D. A. R. Entertaining in the McNeel Memorial, where covers were laid for over 200 guests, Kings Mountain Chapter dispensed true southern hospitality at a most brilliant luncheon. Early spring flowers were used in a lavish display throughout the dining room, affording a lovely background for the beautifully appointed tables, so arranged as to represent the insignia of the National Society D. A. R., the center of which was a large oval table, from which radiated long tables in circular position, at the end of which stood small round tables forming the star points. Used on this central table was an exquisite arrangement of flowering pear, forsythia, japonica, giant jonquils, spirea, crabapple blossoms, daffodils, flowering almond and hyacinths so grouped as to form the D. A. R. insignia in bloom. Seated at this table were Mrs. R. M. Bratton, honorary state regent, who acted as toastmistress; Mrs. John Logan Marshall, state regent; Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, guest speaker and editor of the National D. A. R. Magazine; Mrs. D. M. Garrison, past state regent of Maryland; Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, state regent of the District of Columbia; Mrs. W. B. Burney, honorary vice-president general N. S. D. A. R.; Mrs. Thomas J. Mauldin, vice-president general N. S. D. A. R.; Mrs. W. H. Belk, vice-president general N. S. D. A. R.; Mrs. G. W. Potts, regent of

Kanawha Chapter, Fort Mill; Mrs. C. W. Adickes, regent of Kings Mountain Chapter, York, and Mrs. E. E. Cloud, regent of Catawba Chapter, Rock Hill.

Lovely centerpieces of assorted flowers, a color note of gold predominating, were used on each of the auxiliary tables; favors at each place being photographs of Kings Mountain battleground and copies of a résumé of the history of the battlefield.

The invocation was given by Mrs. C. I. Green, state chaplain, and Mrs. C. W. Adickes gave the welcoming address. Mrs. R. M. Bratton in her usual gracious manner presented Mrs. Keyes with a handsome picture depicting the Kings Mountain battleground, and to which Mrs. Keyes responded with delightful bits of verse of original composition. These were greatly enjoyed.

Last year's good citizenship winner, Miss Enid Waggett of Lee County, described her experiences on her trip to Washington, D. C., her visit to Continental Congress, and explained the origin of the Pilgrims of the American Revolution. She is now a student at Queens-Chicora College in Charlotte, N. C.

A beautifully appointed four course luncheon was served, and the dessert proved particularly attractive. Ices moulded in a form depicting the head and shoulders of George Washington, bore natural facial coloring, with black coat and white collar; and others were of banners with the Stars and Stripes in red and white. Individual cakes represented miniature old-fashioned flower bouquets with quaint lace paper edges.

Serving the luncheon were a bevy of girls and members of the D. A. R. of York, under the able direction of Miss Rose Marie Lindsay. Mrs. R. M. Bratton was chairman of the program committee. The flowers came from the gardens of Mrs. Samuel G. McNeel. Kings Mountain Chapter was the seventh organized in South Carolina and its organizing regent, Miss Lessie Witherspoon was present and brought words of greeting.

All chapter regents of the South Carolina D. A. R. were honored with a candle-light dinner served by the Catawba Chapter in the Andrew Jackson hotel in Rock Hill at 7 o'clock Tuesday evening. Some

of the reports of the chapter regents were given immediately after dinner and others followed the interesting historical interlude directed by Mrs. E. C. Doyle, state historian. Historical moments in the lives of certain women of the Revolution for whom D. A. R. chapters in South Carolina are named, presented in a pageant with the aid of Clio, the Muse of History, added greatly to the pleasure of those present. Mrs. Doyle also presented a splendid report of her work as historian. Mrs. D. B. Moore, state chairman of conservation, made an excellent contribution to the evening's entertainment by an illustrated talk using the historic trees of South Carolina as the subject and showing them in color with the assistance of the state forester, Mr. H. A. Smith.

Announcement of awards followed; Nathanael Green Chapter winning \$5 offered for the greatest increase in membership; \$5 went to PeeDee Chapter for the largest number of reinstatements; and the conservation prize, a silver vase was won for the third time by Richard Winn Chapter for a lovely scrapbook; that chapter also won the \$5 offered by the State Historian for the best historical scrapbook. Rebecca Motte Chapter won the prize for the best Year Book, second place going to Catawba, and third to Joyce Scott Chapter.

Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock in the McNeel Memorial, York, the Approved Schools Hour was held, the State Regent, Mrs. John Logan Marshall, presiding. The devotion was led by Miss Belotte, of the Tamassee School, and was followed by the singing of "America the Beautiful" by the Tamassee Choir. Mrs. Tucker H. Fisher, State Chairman of Approved Schools, gave an interesting report. Mr. Ralph Cain, superintendent of Tamassee School, described the homes of the children living back up in the mountains and told of his trips there and what he saw. He also told how the children were selected to go to Tamassee. An excellent program was presented by a group of Tamassee students, who showed some of their handiwork as well as giving evidence of excellent training. The splendid report of the Chairman of Tamassee Board, Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun, was read in her absence, by Mrs. E. C. Doyle. Mrs. J. K. Stalvey, Chairman of

the Board of Visitors to Tamassee, gave the report of her committee. Mrs. R. M. Bratton, President of the Tamassee Club, urged all D. A. R. to stress membership in the Club, which has for its objective, that of financial aid to the School. The meeting adjourned that the members might return to Rock Hill.

Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, the second business session was given over to interesting reports of State Chairmen, Special Committees, Conference Committees and elections. Upon recommendation of the State Executive Board the Conference agreed to assume the responsibility for the upkeep of the historic Cayce House near Columbia. This house bears shellmarks of the Revolution. Miss Clara Harrigal, of Aiken, was elected to membership on the Tamassee Board for an unexpired term of one year; Mrs. James W. Thompson, Columbia, and Mrs. LeRoy Brockman of Greer, were elected for a regular term of three years, all for Group B. Mrs. J. R. Carson of Chester, acting State Genealogist since last May, was unanimously elected to that office.

Mrs. Robert King, Assistant Historian, reported sixty-four old deeds, mortgages, plats and other papers dating from 1771 to 1853, given by Mrs. William H. Washington, Eutaw Chapter, Orangeburg, to the South Carolina D. A. R. This is an exceedingly valuable collection. PeeDee Chapter sent in a complete file of Chapter Year Books; Rebecca Motte sent ten historical papers; Mrs. T. J. Mauldin filed the reports for 1934 during her state re-gency and Rebecca Motte did a splendid year's work over the radio.

Mrs. J. A. Zeigler of Florence, was named as a Member at Large of the Executive Board to succeed Miss Ella May Early, resigned.

The Conference unanimously endorsed Mrs. John Logan Marshall as a candidate for the office of Vice-President General of the National Society D. A. R., her name to be presented to the Continental Congress in 1939.

Kate Barry Chapter, Mrs. E. E. Gentry, Regent, and Cowpens Chapter, Mrs. C. B. Fretwell, Regent, extended a cordial invitation to Conference to meet with them in

Spartanburg in 1939, which was unanimously accepted.

Following adjournment the State Officers' Club held its annual Dutch Treat luncheon in the private dining room of the Andrew Jackson Hotel, the Vice-President, Mrs. R. M. Bratton, presiding.

MRS. ROBERT KING,  
*Chairman Press Relations  
S. C. D. A. R. Conference.*

## The Story of Mary Musgrove

NINA VANCE BAILEY

MARY—daughter of Edward Musgrove, a large land owner in Laurens County during the Revolution—was one of South Carolina's beloved heroines. To her credit stands many acts that prove her patriotism (as well as courage) was of the highest type. With personal charm and keen intelligence, she was well endowed to sway men and often through them serve her country's cause. Low were the spirits of the Americans in 1780. This was doubly so in the Palmetto state, due to the fact that a native—a beloved officer—had been captured. At this time a British officer was held by the patriots and he realized his fate rested entirely upon acts of his fellows. Most willing was he to get this fact into his own camp. But how was it to be done? To Mary was left the "doing."

With a basket of choice apples she joined a party of produce sellers. Entering the enemy camp she managed to reach the commanding officer. So captivated was he with Mary, he suggested she rest her basket upon his table. This was her chance to slip the British prisoner's letter, which she carried, where it would be found. Shortly after Mary's departure it was seen and read. His fellow officer had written "If harm comes to Major B—my life is at once to be taken." This "eye for an eye" placed things in a seeing light, and produced discussion that postponed Major B's execution. This gave Mary and her friends time to accomplish the Major's

escape. Sad to relate, Mary's sweetheart was killed in a skirmish that took place a few moments later. As true to lover as country, Mary never married. She died shortly after the Revolution, and sleeps not far from Musgrove Mill battle ground on land which she called home. Her grave was shown me by an old man who said as a small lad he helped his grandfather keep it in order.

This trunk passed to her sister, Mrs. Landon Waters, who has handed it down (direct) into the Ferguson family—"Twas given me by the widow of John B. Ferguson of Clinton, S. C. to be placed in "Old Exchange," Charleston. Here it will remain—reminding us as we pass, of the loyal devotion of Mary Musgrove—a heroine of Laurens County, South Carolina.

## MARYLAND



"DEEDS FOR MEN, WORDS FOR WOMEN"  
Maryland State Seal designed by Lord Baltimore  
in 1648

THE Thirty-third Annual State Conference of the Maryland State Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Hotel Belvedere, Baltimore, Maryland, March 16 and 17. The Hostess Chapters were the Francis Scott Key, Gen-

eral Mordecai Gist, John Eager Howard and Washington-Custis Chapters of Baltimore.

The Conference sessions were held in the beautiful ballroom of the hotel. Promptness and efficiency were outstanding characteristics of the convention, ably directed by the State Regent, Mrs. Wilbur B. Blakeslee, who called the Conference to order at 9:30 on Wednesday morning. The invocation was offered by the Reverend Dr. Donn Frank Fenn, Rector, St. Michael and All Angels Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore. This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance and Salute to the Flag. The National Anthem was rendered as a bugle solo by Miss Adele Dixon from St. Mary's Female Seminary, after which Miss Edith Stockton May repeated the American's Creed. Mrs. Charles M. Shriver extended the welcome from the hostess chapters and the response was made by Mrs. Maud H. Maulsby, State Vice-Regent. Greetings were given by His Honor, the Mayor of Baltimore, Howard W. Jackson; by Mrs. Frank Madison Dick, Vice-President General; Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., Treasurer General, and Maryland's candidate for the office of President General; Miss Page Scharzwaelder, candidate for the office of Treasurer General, and Mrs. Willard Steele, of Tennessee, candidate for the office of Curator General. Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes also brought greetings and told of recent changes in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE and made a plea for its support by the Maryland Daughters. After the reports of the State Officers were given, Senator Millard E. Tydings read a most interesting paper on Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of Maryland's signers of the Constitution. Beautiful musical selections by Ralph Ehler's Ensemble and by Mrs. Joseph M. Coale added to the enjoyment of the morning.

The honored guests were entertained at luncheon in the main dining room of the hotel. The afternoon session began with a Memorial Service conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. Anthony Bonn, and by the Reverend Dr. Arthur B. Kinsolving, Rector, Old St. Paul's Episcopal Church. A beautiful solo by Mr. Edward Jendree added to the effectiveness of the occasion. As the names were read of Chapter members

who had entered into life eternal during the past year, their Chapter members rose and placed white carnations to a large cross of green in loving tribute.

The rest of the afternoon service was devoted to the reading of the reports of Chapter Regents, whose excellent accounts of work done made those present realize the valuable work accomplished by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

On the evening of Wednesday a formal dinner was held in the Banquet Room of Hotel Belvedere, attended by distinguished guests, National Officers and members. This was followed by a reception for all members and their guests. This was held in the Ball Room at 7:30. A delightful evening program was then presented. After greetings were brought from the State Presidents of other National Patriotic Organizations the chief Address of the evening was given by Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes who related in her charming, vivacious and humorous manner some of her experiences in becoming an author. The audience was delighted and inspired with the address.

Thursday morning's program was preceded by a breakfast held in the Grill Room of the Hotel at which Mrs. George Morton Scott, State Chairman for Junior Membership acted as hostess and introduced Mrs. John E. Nelson, Regent of the Pittsburgh Chapter who made a brief talk on the Junior Membership plan of the Society.

The regular morning and afternoon sessions were chiefly devoted to business matters, to reports of various committees and to those of State and National Chairmen. A fund was started for the building of a State Chapter House in Baltimore and over sixteen hundred dollars was pledged at the Conference. This fund is to be known as the "Mrs. Frank Madison Dick Fund" in honor of the generous Vice-President General whose careful planning has made this project seem feasible. With the retiring of the Colors at three o'clock Thursday afternoon the Thirty-third State Conference of the Maryland State Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was adjourned.

ESTHER MOHR DOLE,  
*State Historian.*

## NEBRASKA

**T**REE PLANTING" was the theme of the Thirty-sixth Annual State Conference of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution in Nebraska, held March 16, 17 and 18, at Nebraska City, situated in the southeast corner of the state on the Missouri River.

It was here that the pioneers entered Nebraska on boats up the river from St. Louis and trekked their way overland on the Nebraska City cutoff to the Oregon Trail. The town of about 8000 is full of historic interest, and it is here that Arbor Lodge, once the beautiful home of J. Sterling Morton, founder of Arbor Day, is located. This fine mansion and estate is now a state park, and has thousands of visitors every year.

In this oldest of Nebraska cities, the gateway to the frontier, through which poured the long stream of covered wagons during the last century, surrounded by memorials of the pioneer days, the thoughtful preparations of the hostess chapter were manifest in the generous and gracious hospitality shown on every side.

The headquarters of the conference was at the old stone Hotel Grand, built in 1874; the sessions were held at the fine new Memorial Building auditorium, a most adequate and convenient place for the purpose, with large comfortable lounge, glassed-in trophy room in which the Lue R. Spencer Travelling Genealogical Library was housed. Also in this room was displayed the unique and valuable map made under the supervision of the state historian, Mrs. A. J. Lazure of Fort Calhoun, showing the location of every marker put up by the D. A. R. in the state, with a tiny reproduction of each, drawn in ink from a snapshot, showing the style of marker placed.

Ample space for the display of hand-work from the Approved Schools was provided in the fine well-lighted basement.

The weather was unusually perfect for the time of year, clear and balmy, and was preceded on Tuesday by a fine rainfall all over the state, which added greatly to the happiness and peace of mind of the dele-

gates, having followed a winter of almost unprecedented drought.

Registration began at 10 A. M. Wednesday on the mezzanine of the hotel, with executive board meeting at 11 and Chapter Regents Dutch Treat Luncheon at 12.

The opening session was at 2 o'clock, following bugle call, with Processional led by Mrs. Frank Lowery, regent of the hostess chapter, with pages, state officers, etc. The call to order was given by the State Regent, Mrs. Reuben E. Knight of Alliance, followed by devotionals by State Chaplain, Mrs. W. J. Byer of Lincoln, pledge of allegiance to the flag, led by State Chairman, Correct Use of the Flag, Mrs. George Lannin; American's Creed and the singing of America by the assembly, with Mrs. E. H. Wescott, past state regent, leading.

During the afternoon, annual reports were given by the state regent, with Mrs. George H. Holdeman, state vice regent in the chair; the state officers, national vice chairmen. Reports were also given of the eight district meetings held last fall, followed by various other state and special committees.

The formal opening was on Wednesday evening, at 8 P. M., and was open to the public. Following the bugle call, the processional was led by Mrs. Lowery, preceded by two pages bearing the colors; then the rest of the pages, state officers, past state regents, honored guests, with the state regent at the rear, all attired in evening dress—a colorful sight.

A stirring number of the opening ceremony was the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by Miriam Carleton-Squires, of Broken Bow. The official call to order was given by Mrs. Knight, state regent. Mrs. Lowery welcomed the guests on behalf of Otoe chapter of Nebraska City. Greetings were extended by representatives of Daughters of Founders and Patriots, Daughters of 1812, Daughters of American Colonists, Colonial Dames and other patriotic organizations. Mrs. Holdeman, state vice regent, gave the response.

The main address of the evening was given by Theodore W. Metcalf, Legion Department Commander, which was most favorably received and warmly commended by delegates and members of the conference, especially that part relating to the

United States' attitude on war and armament.

One of the high lights of the evening was the appearance of Miss Marion Arendt of Fairbury, winner of the Good Citizenship award in Nebraska, who will accompany the state regent to Washington in April. She was presented to the audience and spoke a few words of greeting and thanks for the honor conferred.

Also an outstanding feature was a group of harp solos played by Miss Louise Seidl of Omaha, as a part of the play "Elizabeth Pours Tea," put on by members of the Junior Group of Omaha Chapter of Omaha. The playlet, based on "The Adams Family," was set in a colonial scene, with the characters wearing colonial costumes, and was most entertaining and well acted.

Another playlet, portraying the correct use of the flag, was staged by Mrs. Lannin, state chairman, assisted by members of her chapter, Sioux Lookout of North Platte.

An informal reception in the lounge followed the meeting, in charge of Mrs. Lowery and her committee, during which punch and cakes were served.

Following special breakfasts arranged by Mrs. J. C. Suttie, State Chairman, Junior Groups; and Mrs. A. A. Bald, State Chairman, Genealogical Research, the Thursday morning session convened at 8:30, with usual opening preliminaries, roll call and minutes. The reports of chapter regents followed, in the order of the date of their organization. Also reports of state chairmen of national committees were given, showing the accomplishments of the different committees in Nebraska during the past year.

Dr. Jane B. Ringer, Lincoln, chairman, reported on resolutions, and Mrs. B. K. Worrall, Lincoln, chairman of nominating committee, reported.

At 12 o'clock the Past and Present State Officers Club met for a Dutch Treat Luncheon at the hotel. Thirty were present, and each responded to roll call by stating the nature of their service and under whose administration. This was an enjoyable affair, with Mrs. Frank W. Baker, junior past state regent, in charge of arrangements.

At 1:30 P. M. the memorial hour was held, one of the most impressive features of the conference, honoring those members

who have been taken from the ranks by death during the past year. The procession was led by pages dressed in white, followed by the regents of chapters suffering losses of members. On the stage was a large white cross bearing a candle for each deceased member, which was lighted by a page as the state regent read the names.

The State Chaplain, Mrs. Byer, was in charge of the ceremony, assisted by Mrs. Martin Schmaus and Mrs. J. M. Scott, from the hostess chapter. This was a solemn and beautiful service, with Mrs. Knight giving the tribute. The audience stood at attention while taps was sounded and the colors retired, to the strains of soft music.

A scenic drive about the city followed, through courtesy of the chamber of commerce, through beautiful Riverside Drive and Park, ending at Arbor Lodge State Park, where a maple tree was planted, in commemoration of the sesquicentennial signing of the Constitution of the United States. Mrs. Lloyd Peterson of Nebraska City, state chairman of Arbor Lodge D. A. R. museum, was in charge of the dedication ceremony, and Mrs. Knight threw the first shovelful of dirt.

The delegates were then taken on a conducted tour of the beautiful old historic mansion, with its many and vast rooms, richly furnished with fine old pieces by the Morton family. In one of the upstairs bedrooms, President Cleveland, with his wife, the beautiful Frances Folsom Cleveland, once spent the night as guests of the family; the furnishings remain unchanged. Many other notables were entertained in this grand old home in years gone by—every room is fraught with memories. Daughters visiting it for the first time may well feel proud that Nebraska owns this fine old estate, with its parks and beautiful drives, through the generosity of the sons of J. Sterling Morton. The carriage house has many ancient vehicles used by the Morton family; also an old stage coach driven by Buffalo Bill, and other historic pieces.

Of especial interest to the members of the conference is the D. A. R. room on the second floor, where antiques and pioneer relics loaned or donated by the members, are displayed.

On leaving Arbor Lodge the delegates

were driven to the Armstrong Antique Shop, where tea was served, honoring Mrs. Knight. Members of the hostess chapter in charge of this delightful affair were Mrs. Walker Neely, Mrs. Lucien Utterback, Misses Della Wilson, Mary Wilson and Grace Ware. The visitors spent the remainder of the afternoon browsing around the rooms of this quaint shop, examining and admiring the large display of historic relics, antique furniture and glassware collected by Mr. Clarence Armstrong.

The banquet Thursday evening in the Memorial Building dining room was dedicated to Nebraska City and J. Sterling Morton, and had as its theme the "plant trees" symbol. The general scheme of the decorations was commemorative of early Nebraska. Table decorations showed the progress in transportation from the covered wagon to the modern airliner. One table featured a pioneer scene, another represented the southeast Nebraska orchards, of which Nebraska City is in the center; and on a third was used a Lewis and Clark project. The speakers' table was especially appropriate with its replica of Arbor Lodge. Favors for the guests were small trees.

Mrs. Knight, state regent, presided at the banquet table, and toasts were given by Mrs. York Hinman, North Platte; Mrs. Horace N. Cary, Kearney; Mrs. Adam McMullen, Beatrice; Mrs. C. S. Paine, Lincoln; Mrs. Scott Merrill, Fairbury; Mrs. Frank W. Baker, Omaha; Mrs. E. H. Wescott, Plattsmouth; and Dr. Jane B. Ringer, Lincoln; all past state regents, and all speaking on the theme of trees and their attributes, such as leaves, historical trees, fruit trees, family trees, shade trees, etc.

Awards were given for historical research, motion picture service, greatest number of new magazine subscriptions, largest percent of new members, etc.

Mrs. Lannin sang the Arbor Day song written by the late C. M. Aldrich, Mrs. Aldrich being a member of Otoe chapter, at the request of the state regent.

Other music was two songs by Mrs. Miriam Carleton-Squires, state chairman of motion pictures, which she sang in connection with her presentation of the motion picture award. They were beautifully rendered and very much enjoyed, Mrs. Squires being an operatic singer of wide reputation.

Another outstanding musical treat were two solos sung by Mrs. Wescott, Plattsmouth, with Mr. Wescott at the piano.

The program ended with a genealogical procession, arranged by the state chairman of genealogical research, Mrs. Bald.

Mrs. O. C. Morton, chairman, Miss Mary Wilson, Mrs. D. M. Blosser and Mrs. Schmaus were members of the hostess chapter in charge of arrangements for the banquet, at which more than 200 were seated.

Friday morning the remainder of the chapter regents gave their reports, election was held, resolutions acted upon.

Among the resolutions passed by the conference was one pledging its allegiance to the constitution and to individually use every effort to combat subversive propaganda with patriotic education, and that the conference go on record as opposed to any legislation which would in any way endanger the foundation of our nation or which would inject into our government those things which are un-American.

Another resolution opposing the change from a two year elective term for state officers to a three year term, was upheld unanimously, as was the endorsement of Mrs. Helen M. Drake, of Elizabeth Montague chapter of Beatrice, for honorary Vice President General.

The newly elected officers were called to the platform by the state regent, and introduced to the conference: Mrs. George Lannin, North Platte, treasurer; Mrs. John Lang, Wymore, corresponding secretary; Mrs. J. C. Lawrence, Omaha, chaplain; Mrs. Frank Lowery, historian; and Miss Sara Finch, Kearney, librarian. Mrs. Frank W. Baker, junior past state regent, was unanimously elected honorary state regent.

Mrs. Byer, state chaplain, pronounced the benediction and the conference adjourned to meet in Columbus in March, 1939.

Those in attendance will carry with them for many a day the memory of the many courtesies extended with such thoughtful care for the happiness and well being of the visitors; the profusion of flowers on all occasions, the beautiful decorations, the fine music, and above all, the gracious hospitality of the hostess chapter.

MRS. EARL J. WILLIAMS,  
State Chairman,  
Press Relations Committee.

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OREGON

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THE Twenty-fifth Annual State Conference of Oregon Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Portland, March 15, 16, and 17, 1938, with Multnomah Chapter hostess, and Mrs. Boone G. Harding, State Regent, presiding. The Conference was in honor of Mrs. James B. Montgomery, State Organizing Regent and Honorary State Regent who formed the hostess chapter forty-two years ago.

The session opened Tuesday evening with a processional of pages, National and State officers, distinguished guests; music, addresses of welcome and greetings. Honorable Joseph K. Carson, Mayor of Portland, and Miss Jeanette Dentler, Regent of the hostess chapter, extended a cordial welcome. Governor Charles H. Martin, Mr. Frank S. Gannett, President of the Oregon Society, S.A.R., Mrs. John H. Hall, State Director, C.A.R., and Mrs. James B. Montgomery, guest of honor, presented greetings. Telegrams were read from Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, N.S., D.A.R., Mrs. Charles E. Head, Vice President General, Mrs. John Y. Richardson, Reporter General to the Smithsonian Institution, and Miss Anne M. Lang, ex Vice President General from Oregon.

An interesting and comprehensive address on the work of the Junior American Citizens Committee was given by Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner, National Chairman, a welcome and distinguished guest. A splendid address on Americanism by Judge Clarence H. Gilbert, concluded the program. After the retiring of the colors an informal reception was held.

Wednesday morning, the first business session consisted of reports of State Officers, State Chairmen and an address on Historical Research by Miss Margaret Clark of the W. P. A. Historical Records Survey. A Silver Jubilee Luncheon at noon honored Mrs. James B. Montgomery, Mrs. Carrie R. Beaumont, Honorary State Regent and Founder of the State Conference twenty-five years ago; Mrs. Isaac Lee Patterson, ex-Vice President General and Mrs. J. Thorburn Ross, ex Regent Multnomah Chapter,

the only two members who had attended every previous State Conference. A program presented by Sacajawea Club Junior American Citizens was an interesting part of the afternoon program. A Junior Membership Dinner, honoring Mrs. Boone G. Harding, State Regent with Multnomah Junior Chapter hostess, preceded the evening meeting, which was Regents' Night, the first in the history of the Oregon Society.

The business session continued Thursday, consisting of reports, an address on Heraldry by Mr. J. J. McDonald, Associate Editor of the American Historical Society, Round Table Discussion on Parliamentary Law by Mrs. Charles H. Castner, Conference Parliamentarian, and election of officers for the coming two years. Those elected were: Regent, Mrs. Gilbert E. Holt; First Vice Regent, Mrs. Howard P. Arnest; Second Vice Regent, Mrs. William Horsfall; Chaplain, Mrs. J. E. Ferguson; State Recording Secretary, Mrs. G. R. Hyslop; State Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Margaret Ingle; State Registrar, Mrs. Harry B. Moore; State Treasurer, Mrs. G. H. Ostrander; State Historian, Mrs. R. W. Van Valin; State Librarian, Mrs. John L. Soulé; State Custodian, Mrs. H. C. Eakin.

Miss Grace Cramer, Oregon winner of the D. A. R. Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, was honored at a "Good Citizenship Luncheon" at which Mr. Ralph E. Dugdale, Superintendent of Portland Schools was the speaker on "Citizenship."

A resolution was adopted by the State Conference reaffirming the stand of our National Society on the teacher's oath, restrictive immigration, registration and finger-printing of aliens, and its national defense program. A resolution to be addressed to the Governor and the next session of the State Legislature, urging the adoption of the Douglas Fir as the Oregon state tree, and one to be addressed to the Oregon Delegation in Congress for adequate equipment and personnel pertaining to Army, Navy and Air Force for the guarantee of national security in this northwest territory and the mouth of the Columbia River, were other resolutions adopted.

A beautiful and impressive memorial service for members who had passed away during the year was conducted by the State

Chaplain, Mrs. William Horsfall at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

Oregon Daughters were honored by the presence of Mrs. Charles E. Head, Vice President General, N. S., D. A. R., whose address on "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" at the banquet which closed the sessions was one of the high lights of the State Conference.

ELIZABETH E. PETTINGER,  
*State Chairman, Press Relations.*

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## WISCONSIN

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**W**IISCONSIN'S 42d State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution met in Madison, March 20, 21, and 22, 1938, less than six months after its 41st conference. One would naturally expect a smaller number of delegates than usual, less enthusiasm, and less interest, but the 42d State Conference was outstanding for its large attendance, great enthusiasm and deep interest.

Everything conspired to make the conference an auspicious one—the presence of Mrs. William A. Becker, president general; Mrs. William H. Pouch, organizing secretary general; Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue, historian general; and Miss Ruth Bradley Sheldon, chairman, Caroline E. Holt Scholarship Fund, N. S. D. A. R., lending a special brilliance and luster—the beautifully planned and executed details of the sessions and social events under the direction of the hostess chapter, John Bell, of Madison—and last, but not least, the balmiest weather of an unusually early spring.

Those who were fortunate enough to come to Madison Sunday afternoon, were entertained at the tea given by Mrs. C. A. Harper in honor of the national officers. During the tea, a group of children, directed by Miss Lydia Wakeman, danced the minuet most charmingly.

The State Board of Management met Sunday afternoon, and again Monday morning.

The Wisconsin Officers Club, an organization born just last October, proved to be a lusty infant, when it held its first dinner

meeting on Sunday evening. The infant's mother, Mrs. George Baxter Averill, Vice President General from Wisconsin, presided and introduced the guests of honor. Mrs. Becker gave a delightfully informal talk about her experiences in Europe during the past summer, relating in particular the court presentation ceremonies.

Monday morning, the usual pre-Conference meeting of chapter regents and state chairmen was held, and a few of the state chairmen gave their plans for the coming year. Ignoring her recent illness, Mrs. Helen Kimberly Stuart, Wisconsin's state regent, presided at this meeting, and everyone realized the effort it cost Mrs. Stuart to be present, and were correspondingly grateful and appreciative. During this meeting, the chapter regents voted to waive their reports at the Monday luncheon, and to ask Mrs. Becker to speak on national defense instead.

The luncheon hour found two luncheons in progress—one, that of the chapter regents, with Mrs. Becker as guest of honor; and the other, that of the Junior Group, in charge of Mrs. Frank L. Harris, state chairman, and with Mrs. Pouch as honor guest.

The formal opening of the conference took place at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, with Mrs. William H. Cudworth, state vice regent, in the chair. After the usual greetings, the report of the state regent was read. Mrs. Pouch, in her role of National President of the C. A. R., gave a splendid talk on the work to be done among our own young people. In line with the idea of youth, Mrs. Averill, state chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, presented Wisconsin's first "Pilgrim"—Miss Esther Witherbee—who gave a delightful talk on the thrilling experience of being a pilgrim. When the name of Verna Haire, Weyauwega, Wisconsin, was later drawn by Mrs. Becker, under the supervision of the State Department of Education, all the Daughters hoped that this 1938 Pilgrim would appreciate the trip to Washington as much as Miss Witherbee apparently did. An Americanism skit was given by women of foreign birth, under the auspices of the Neighborhood House in Madison, and graphically showed applicants for citizenship papers appearing before the government representative.

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The conference dinner was held early so that Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch could leave on an evening train for the Minnesota conference. Candlelight gleamed on the faces of over three hundred guests, and the picture of the Daughters softly singing "Star of Wisconsin" under the leadership of Mrs. Earl Metcalf was a lovely one. Mrs. Becker gave an inspiring address on "Our Heritage."

Tuesday morning two breakfasts were scheduled—Mrs. Stuart was entertaining the Juniors,—and the Historians, thirty-four in number, were having a Dutch Treat Breakfast. The State Historian introduced the guest of honor, Mrs. Goodhue, who graciously answered all and sundry questions put to her about historic projects.

In the morning the Conference reconvened, and all of the Daughters were privileged to hear Mrs. Goodhue speak about the Surrender Room at Moore House, for which Wisconsin furnished the crimson damask draperies. At the close of her talk, we all felt we wanted to visit Yorktown, not only for its historical interest, but to view the lovely antiques placed in the Surrender Room by Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. Edward Parkinson gave a most stirring "Tribute to the Flag." Dr. Joseph Schafer, superintendent of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, gave a scholarly address on "Wisconsin's Contribution to the Northwest Territory"—pointing out that the state's problem had been primarily a sociological one—the assimilation of the foreign born by native Americans. Dr. Schafer stated that "Wisconsin was unique in that she gave the other states a lesson in tolerance, a lesson in her willingness to compromise, and a lesson in state unity." Miss Cornelia Van Kooy, director of nurses in the State Department of Public Health, spoke about the Indians in Wisconsin and urged the Daughters to give a scholarship to a young Indian girl or boy so that they might be educated for a useful, gainful occupation in later life.

The Resolutions Committee, under the able leadership of Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, presented resolutions favoring strong national defense, and protesting against the Mays bill, against changing the

present majority required to amend the Constitution, and against the Dies bill.

New business included the presentation of facts concerning the surgeon's quarters at Old Fort Winnebago, Portage, by the State Historian. After the recommendation of the State Board of Management that the Daughters of the American Revolution in Wisconsin purchase and restore this historic spot, the Conference voted to undertake the project.

An unusually large number of persons attended the closing luncheon, and later visited the Forest Products Laboratory and heard a lecture by Arthur G. Koehler on "The Lindbergh Ladder." Returning to the Hotel Loraine (where all the sessions of the Conference had been held) the delegates packed their bags and bid adieu to their indefatigable hostesses, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Ewbank—and then started home in the sun-drenched afternoon with minds and hearts filled with things to be accomplished before the 1939 Conference!

ARDELIA OLDEN KOCH,  
*State Historian.*

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## MASSACHUSETTS

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FROM every part of the old Bay State, more than 650 loyal Daughters of the American Revolution gathered in Boston on a beautiful spring morning, to attend the 44th State Conference. This was held at the Copley Plaza Hotel on March 22 and 23, 1938, with the State Regent, Mrs. Frank L. Nason, presiding at all meetings. The morning meeting opened in the usual manner, with the dignified entrance of the State officers and distinguished guests, escorted by the color-bearers and pages. Following the call to order by the State Regent, the invocation was given by the Rev. J. L. McCorison, Jr., a graduate of Northland College; then came the Pledge to the Flag, the American's Creed, sung by the Daughters of the American Revolution chorus, and the singing of America by the audience.

Mrs. Nason gave a brief word of greeting, which was followed by that of Mrs. Russell William Magna, Honorary Presi-

dent General, who addressed herself in particular to the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage candidates, who were the guests of this meeting; Mrs. Magna emphasized the word "good", saying that it was a "good" morning, and a "good" conference, because a large group had met who were interested in promoting "good" government. She stressed the fact that the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage candidates represented the "good" qualities of honesty, integrity and forthrightness. Miss Nancy Hudson Harris, Vice-President General, and Mr. J. F. Robinson, State President of the Sons of the American Revolution, extended their best wishes to the Daughters.

The Conference was honored by the arrival of Governor Charles F. Hurley, representing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He referred to the State Regent as a "good citizen," adding that he was appreciative of our efforts toward good citizenship. Mrs. Garfield, State Chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, reported that 143 candidates had been named, and that 93 girls were present, who were anxiously awaiting the drawing of the name of the girl for the trip to Washington in April. After a vigorous shake, Governor Hurley drew from a large box a white envelope with the name of the lucky candidate. The winner was Miss Josephine M. Keane of the Framingham High School, who was escorted to the platform, to receive the congratulations of Governor Hurley and Mrs. Nason. Ellen Larson, the 1936 Pilgrim from this state, drew the name of Frances Debrowski of the North Andover High School as the first alternate; and Constance Nestle, the 1937 Pilgrim, drew the name of Nellie Veremko, Great Barrington High School, as the second alternate.

After greetings from Mrs. Latimer, State Regent of Connecticut, Mrs. Hoskins, State Regent of New Hampshire, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder of New York, candidate for the office of Treasurer-General, Mrs. Charles M. Campbell, State President of the Daughters of the Revolution, and Mrs. Lewis A. Francis, State Director of the Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Nason presented her third and final report. She concluded with the words, "Well done, good and faithful workers"; but it is in-

deed true that without the wise leadership and faithful hours of service which the State Regent has given, Massachusetts could not have accomplished what has been done.

The nominations and presentation of the candidates for State office for the coming administration were followed by recess for luncheon.

The afternoon meeting opened with a beautiful memorial service in memory of those Daughters who have passed on during the last year. The State Chaplain, Mrs. Faulkner, read appropriate verses from the Scripture, and several poems; Mr. Harry D. Newcombe sang two solos.

One of the highlights of the Conference was a program given by boys of the 7th and 8th grades of the Dracut Centre School, sponsored by Lydia Darrah Chapter of Lowell. This included a play, "Signing the Constitution," which had been written, and was presented by 12 boys of the school. No better way can be taken than this, to show us all the difficulties under which the Constitution was drawn up, and what wise provisions it contains.

The reports of the State officers were most encouraging. Voting for new officers began, and continued during the afternoon. State Chairmen also presented their reports, two of which should be given special attention: Mrs. Johnson, State Chairman of Real Daughters and Granddaughters Committee, has completed five years' work, and presented to the State Society 30 beautifully-bound volumes of records of real granddaughters in Massachusetts, listing a total of 447, with complete biographies of 281. These books will be placed at State Headquarters. Mrs. McQuesten, State Chairman of Genealogical Records, stated that 48 bound volumes of records will be sent to the library in Washington this year, making a three-year total of books sent, 73, together with many pamphlets, town records, etc., thus making Massachusetts 100 per cent all three years in this work.

After a colorful reception to the State officers and guests at 6:30 P. M., 325 members, which is a larger number than for some time, enjoyed the banquet which followed. At the end of a three-year term of office, the retiring officers entertained the gathering; Mrs. Nason proved a most capable toastmistress, with her amusing intro-

ductions of each of her official family. The members were impressed again with the versatility and originality of the State officers, for, in addition to many amusing stories, they listened to original poems and a song. During the evening, the Daughters of the American Revolution chorus furnished music, and Mrs. Sanford, from Hillside School, brought an official "thank-you" for the gift of more than \$3,000, which has been raised in the past three years, and given to the school by Massachusetts, in honor of Mrs. Nason.

The second morning meeting opened in the usual manner. After the reading of the minutes, the report of the tellers was given, and Mrs. Nason declared the following officers duly elected—Miss Ethel Lane Hersey, State Regent; Mrs. Frederick Glazier Smith, State Vice-Regent; Miss Susan E. Tiffany, Chaplain; Mrs. Lester S. Daniels, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. Walter Allen, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Marcus Newell Wright, Treasurer; Mrs. Lyman A. Brown, Registrar; Mrs. Irving R. Merriam, Historian; Mrs. Harry Barlow, Librarian; and Mrs. Horace A. Whittemore, Curator. Mrs. Nason presented the State Regent-elect, Miss Hersey, who pledged her best efforts to carrying on the work of the Society.

Reports of State Chairmen continued, and showed encouraging results in the vari-

ous committees. Mrs. Fisher, State Chairman of the Daughters of the American Revolution Museum, was happy to report the gift of a dessert spoon, made by Paul Revere, in honor of Mrs. Nason. Mrs. Smith, State Chairman of National Defense through Patriotic Education, reported that there had been 12 study groups in the state. Mrs. Francis, State Director of the Children of the American Revolution, showed the progress that had been made in this work—four new societies to be formed soon.

Music by the Daughters of the American Revolution chorus was given during the morning. Generous pledges to the organ fund for Memorial Continental Hall, in honor of Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, were made. A resolution was adopted that the full title of this Society, instead of the abbreviated initials, should be used at all times. It was also voted to send letters of thanks to several donors of gifts for State Headquarters. Mrs. Nason, retiring State Regent, was elected an Honorary State Regent.

After the minutes by the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Barnard, and the singing of *Auld Lang Syne* by the assembly, adjournment brought to an end a successful and inspiring Conference.

RUTH D. MERRIAM,  
*State Historian.*



## New England Ancestor

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

*A hundred years ago, on this same hill,  
Wordless, he watched the circling swallows go  
With wind-smooth breasts southward, leaving the still  
Deserted barn locked close against the snow.  
Silent, he saw the creeping tide of frost  
Reap all that scythe and harrow left behind,*

*Feeling the sense of something yielded, lost,  
When winter's signature in ice was signed.  
Iron lock and staple padlock, pasture bars  
Were all he had to build against the night;  
He knew no syllables to frame the stars,  
No phrase to stay an instant time's sure flight.  
But in this song I speak for him, who wore  
The dream that holds his likeness in its core.*

# COMMITTEE REPORTS



## Report of the Approved Schools Committee

MEMBERS often say to the National Chairman ". . . school has a large endowment and many buildings, it doesn't need our help." Your National Chairman wonders just how much thought these ladies have really given to the matter. Have they considered how little income there is from investments in these uncertain days? Do they realize that whatever income there is from the endowment has to go for scholarships, loans to students, faculty salaries, food, overhead, etc.?

Do they realize that the more buildings there are the more expenses there are for upkeep as the buildings undergo a great deal of wear and tear with hundreds of students constantly using them? Only student help is used to do all the work, but this is not the most economical method for as soon as one group becomes really efficient the students graduate and a new group must be trained. Yet if the students were *not* permitted to do this work they would *not* be there.

Nine-tenths of the students at our Approved Schools pay little or nothing to the schools and so must earn their way. The limited income from the endowments cannot begin to make up the difference between what the students pay and what they earn. The schools, therefore, must appeal for assistance to meet these discrepancies. Rarely, if ever, do they begin the school year with enough money ahead to carry them through.

While on the subject of endowments the present National Chairman feels very strongly that whenever the Daughters of

the American Revolution give a building they should also give endowments which will take care of repairs, painting, etc. She very much hopes that the states will give something to endow the Florence H. Becker Recreation Hall in which every state had a part. It is not fair to put an increased financial responsibility upon our schools unless we are prepared to help them carry it.

Doesn't this article throw a little different light on the subject of endowments and buildings?

KATHARINE MATTHIES,  
*National Chairman.*



## Report of the Conservation Committee

INCLUDED among the 25,000,000 shade and ornamental elm trees which dot home lawns, shelter our parkways, and beautify the streets of our American cities, are scores of elms accounted especially famous. Either for their hoary age and generous spread, or as associated with Presidents, pioneers, noteworthy men or occasions, these venerable trees have won for themselves a particular notoriety.

It was under an elm that General Washington, in 1775, took command of the Revolutionary Army. That tree is gone, but due to the tireless efforts of Mrs. James H. Dorsey of the Baltimore Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., its scions live. It was under an elm still standing opposite the Senate wing of the Capitol that he is reported to have stood and watched that structure take form.

For John Quincy Adams, Grant, Hayes, Lincoln, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, famous living elms are growing on the Capitol grounds, the White House grounds, and in interesting places throughout the country.

There are the Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Daniel Boone elms; the Calhoun, Logan, and the Custer elms. There are the Lafayette elms in Maine and Massachusetts, the Sarah Whitman Hooker elm planted in 1773 at West Hartford, Connecticut. Seven scions of the Penn Treaty elm at Old Shackmaxon, Pennsylvania, grow now on the campus of Haverford College.

There are the Oliver Ellsworth elms—only two left now of the original thirteen—at Windsor, Connecticut, which in 1903 were marked as a D. A. R. shrine.

There are elms for Whittier, Holmes, Beecher, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Louisa May Alcott. There are the Sign Post and the Whipping Post elms at Litchfield; old Liberty Elm, at Boston; the Sentinel and Deerfield elms, and the one of Italy Hollow. There is the Bridal elm which good Sarah Saltonstall got from an Indian for a quart of rum and planted in 1775 by her well at Wethersfield.

And so, tree by tree, the histories of these and other ancient elms are known. Pieced together they could write the story of America—its famous men and women, and the parts they played in the development of our nation.

It is for us, with those other individuals and groups, dedicated to dual precepts of preservation and conservation, to decide whether these and other elms shall remain standing and healthy, mute but living symbols of our historic heritage and social growth, or whether they shall fall, victims to a dread malady which has already caused the sacrifice of 4,000,000 elms that others about them might live. No longer either a national problem alone, or a local one, the Dutch elm disease resolves itself into a challenge demanding concerted action on the part of every citizen of the country who believes that America's heritage—the American elm be saved.

Since 1930, when the disease was first identified in three trees near Cleveland, Ohio, 28,268 elms have been felled and

burned over their stumps. They were incurably infected, and the safety of other elms demanded their destruction. Fully one-fifth of these were "planted" elms, whose loss is keenly felt by householders and communities. All together, planted and "wild", including less valuable elms growing in forest stands or back country areas, swell the national investment in elm trees to more than \$750,000,000. This vast esthetic and commercial asset is at stake.

Since 1934, when federal activities to wipe out the disease were begun, over twelve million dollars have been expended through state and national government agencies. Basing their figures on recent records, officials estimate an additional \$15,000,000, spread over five years or more of uninterrupted activity, will be necessary to completely eradicate the Dutch elm disease from our country.

Although at present largely confined to a relatively small, fan-shaped area spreading out from New York City into that state, New Jersey, and Connecticut, there is no natural reason why the disease must remain there. No elm anywhere in the country is safe. Every American elm species is highly susceptible to the ravages of this virulent fungus which spreads from tree to tree on the bodies of tiny European elm bark-boring beetles.

Efficient control work demands the full time efforts of crews of men to locate diseased and dying elms, and follow-up crews to fell all trees which menace the healthy ones about them. This point is all important to remember: the Dutch elm disease can be, and field reports indicate it is being, wiped out. But a continuing supply of funds to employ competent scouts and members of eradication crews who can stay at these tasks the year 'round is absolutely necessary if the disease is to be annihilated. Time, men, and money are the three essentials of success in the continuing campaign.

"Save the American Elm" is a worthwhile cause in which to enlist our services. If we believe this, we must find a way to make our convictions articulate to the end that regular and emergency funds may be forthcoming from year to year, to prosecute vigorously the national campaign to wipe

out the Dutch elm disease forever from our country.

Our only hope for victory in this fight is to assure wide-spread, concerted action by all interested citizens.

MRS. AVERY TURNER,  
*National Chairman.*

## Report of the Caroline E. Holt Scholarship Fund Committee

THE Philippines Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized in Manila, August 24, 1913. This chapter was the third outside of the United States, Mrs. Charles S. Lobingier being Organizing Regent and its first Chapter Regent.

The chapter's outstanding work during its first year was the beginning of the Philippine Scholarship Fund. The Continental Congress Daughters of the American Revolution, of 1913, authorized "the Treasurer general to open an account to be known as the Philippine Scholarship Fund", for the benefit of worthy Filipino girls, high school graduates, to be sent to the United States for post-graduate work in nursing, hygiene, and public welfare service. Mrs. Caroline E. Holt was made chairman of the Philippine Scholarship Fund Committee. Mrs. Charles S. Lobingier was made first vice-chairman, and gave the initial contribution—twenty-five dollars.

During the past two years Miss Margaret Carl, American-Filipina mestiza, has been

doing post-graduate work in nursing at Teachers College, Columbia University, as a beneficiary of this fund, the name of which was changed after Mrs. Holt's death to the Caroline E. Holt Scholarship Fund. Miss Carl graduated the latter part of January, 1938, with bachelor of science degree.

During her last semester the University sent her to the Westchester County Department of Health, Headquarters, White Plains, N. Y., to do required Field Work in connection with her Social Service Course in the University. Immediately upon her graduation the Department of Health asked her to join their regular staff; so now our Scholarship nurse is back with them engaged in work which she loves and which is giving her an experience which will be invaluable to her. She will be there till June when she sails for the Philippine Islands to begin her service to her people for which she has been trained and to which she is eagerly looking forward. The Health Department's having offered her this position as soon as she was available is sufficient testimony as to the student service she gave them, and as to the service she will give her country. Needless to say, this is a great satisfaction to all of us.

When Miss Carl received the notice from the Registrar of Columbia University that she had formally been granted the degree of bachelor of science, she exclaimed, "A million thanks to the D. A. R."

RUTH BRADLEY SHELDON,  
*Chairman.*

**In Memoriam**

The National Society records with deep sorrow the death, on March 20, 1938, of Mrs. Isaac L. Patterson, of the Multnomah Chapter, Oregon. Mrs. Patterson served the State of Oregon as State Regent 1916-1918, and the National Society as Vice President General 1919-1922.

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## Junior

### Shrewsbury Towne Chap- ter D. A. R. Junior Group, New Jersey

THIS year for the first time, the Shrewsbury Towne Chapter Juniors have held meetings separately from the Senior group. However, we meet once a month with the Seniors as well as once a month by ourselves. This, we feel, keeps us in close contact with the Senior group and yet gives us a chance to express ourselves. One of our Juniors is Regent of the chapter and others of us hold other offices and chairmanships.

We held a rummage sale on December 5, 1937, which realized \$15.00. This we used for our Christmas party.

The day before Christmas was our big event of the year. A Christmas party for twenty-one foreign children. Santa Claus was there in full regalia and gave out the gifts from under the Christmas tree. There were 186 articles of clothing and 136 toys distributed to the children. We really clothed them from the skin out. Also had refreshments and the youngsters enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

Some of us transport patients to the clinic. Nine of our Juniors transcribe and work on the Braille press.

This year we gave five dollars to the student loan and assist Seniors in all chapter projects. MRS. H. A. FRANCK,

*Junior Chairman.*

*Denver, Colorado*

The Junior Group of Peace Pipe Chapter in Denver is very proud that our beloved sponsor and former Regent, Mrs. Frederic C. Krauser, is a National Vice-Chairman for Junior Membership. Mrs. Adam S. Wagner of the Peace Pipe Junior Group



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

## Membership

is President of the John Blue Society, C. A. R., in Denver, and was appointed one of the State promoters for the C. A. R. in Colorado, from Peace Pipe Chapter.

We have placed THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE in the Reading Room of the Main Branch of the Denver Public Library. We believe this will create a demand for this fine magazine by the reading public.

Our group sponsored a benefit card party and added \$18.70 to the Treasury. "Selling desserts" gave us \$4.00 with a minimum of effort.

We utilize the Junior Membership cards as notices for meetings. We have 26 members and our per capita assessment is paid.

Peace Pipe Juniors have subscribed four dollars toward the "Penny Pine" project for an acre of reforestation.

MARGUERITE MATSON,  
*Chairman Junior Membership.*

Edition 2 of *Echoes of the Junior D. A. R.'s*, sponsored by the Junior National Assembly, and edited by Mrs. Edmund A. Blowers of Detroit, Michigan, has been issued. Mrs. Blowers is to be congratulated on this newsy and interesting news sheet.

*Four Junior American Groups Unite for Interesting Ceremony in Pueblo, Colo.*

How the Daughters of the American Revolution are working throughout the country to foster and build up respect for the American flag among school children was graphically demonstrated at a joint meeting of Junior American Citizens' clubs of the Thatcher and Parkview schools Friday, February 11.

These clubs of school youngsters are sponsored by the National Society, D. A. R., through the local chapters, "in an effort to train youth to have a better understanding of the Constitution, more knowledge of the foundations on which this nation was built, a greater love of country and its government, and a deeper respect for the Stars and Stripes."

As a part of this endeavor, the five junior clubs met Friday in the Thatcher school auditorium for a patriotic program and then went to the school grounds where a new American flag was presented to the school by the clubs on behalf of the Arkansas Valley Chapter, D. A. R.

#### *State Regent Gives Talk on Flag*

Guests introduced to the children during the program included: Mrs. Clarence H. Adams of Denver, state regent of the D. A. R.; Mrs. Wardner Williams, Arkansas Valley Chapter regent; Mrs. Lillian Thatcher, past regent of the Arkansas Valley Chapter; Mrs. Monte J. Leabo, chairman on Correct Use of the Flag; W. C. Carrington, of the Sons of the American Revolution, and Mrs. Rodney Wren, regent of Fontaine qui Bouille Chapter.

A brief talk on the history of the flag, and the first American flag in Colorado was given by Mrs. Adams.

The four "Junior American" groups at Thatcher school under the direction of Mrs. Mildred Marshall are the "True Americans," the "General Pershing," the "Lincoln" and the "Betsy Ross." Parkview school has one club of 31 members, the "George Washington" club, under the direction of Miss Mary Belle Brown.

The program presented by the Thatcher clubs included a playlet written by Marjorie Van Arsdale, in which George Washington was played by Wardner Crockett and Betsy Ross by Marjorie Van Arsdale.

A colorful flag-raising ceremony, with all members and visitors joining the pledge of allegiance to the flag, followed.

#### *Junior Auxiliary, Cabrillo Chapter*

The Junior auxiliary of Cabrillo chapter has been only organized four months and accomplishments have been great during this short period.

Chairman entertain board members with a luncheon at the Del Mar Club in Santa

Monica Saturday, October 16, 1937, when officers were installed in the presence of Senior Regent and invited honor guest, Mrs. John Hodge, State Vice Regent.

Several guest teas have been held, one of which honored the State Regent, Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young.

Junior chairman holds office on Senior board. Members attend all senior chapter meetings.

President General's message read at junior meetings which are held the first Saturdays of each month in the individual homes of the present six members.

Fifteen minute radio address on Constitution Sesquicentennial presented by Miss Louise Janace McNary, Junior chairman.

Pledged \$14.00 to D. A. R. Neighborhood Center and gave a St. Patrick party for several hundred children there.

Launched Colonial benefit tea commemorating both anniversaries of Lincoln and Washington which several hundred guests attended.

Project for year: Doll exhibit featuring 35 dolls dressed in duplicate gowns worn by the "First Ladies in the White House." This exhibit was featured as a highlight by the juniors during the D. A. R. State Conference in the Biltmore Hotel March 9-11, 1938, at Los Angeles, California.

Respectfully submitted,

LOUISE JANACE McNARY,  
*Junior Chairman.*

Miss Ruth Ahlert,  
*Junior Historian.*

A Junior Daughters of the American Revolution Chapter was formed on Thursday, October 7, when Mrs. J. Earl Gidding, Regent of the Washington Court House Chapter (Ohio), invited a number of the younger girls eligible to the Society to her home for a dessert bridge and meeting.

The group selected Mrs. John Browning as their chairman for the coming year. They have assisted the parent chapter in the annual card party for the benefit of the library; have taken over the Ellis Island work as their project and had a food sale, which netted them a nice profit.

The chapter has been organized now for three months and it has many plans for the future. One member will attend the Junior activities in Washington during the National Conference.

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(Story winning second prize (\$5.00) Junior D. A. R. Contest)

## A True Revolutionary Romance

VIRGINIA SELLERS AND ELSIE SALLEE

**E**ACH spring apple trees bud, blossom and drop their petals on the graves of Isaac and Myeerah Zane—trees planted by Isaac's own hands in his little orchard near his cabin of hewed logs. There for forty years these two lovers lived, reared their family of three sons and four daughters, and in their memory Zanesfield, in Logan County, Ohio, was named.

This was the country of the Wyandot Indian tribes, whose head chief was Tarhe, the Crane, handsome, commanding, just and friend of the white man. Tarhe, whose beautiful French Canadian wife and only child, Myeerah (the White Crane), were the center of his great love and devotion—a love and devotion which was returned in no less a degree.

Little did happy dark-eyed Myeerah dream the day two white boys were captured by her tribe of the heroic part she was to play, years later, in the saving of the life of one of these boys. And little, too, did Isaac Zane dream that morning when he and his brother Jonathan started to school in Moorsfield, Virginia, in 1762, that his capture by the Wyandot Indians would eventually help to bring about peace and avert much blood-shed in the Miami and Mad River valleys.

Childhood knows no barriers and the little Indian princess, Myeerah, and the boys played together many hours of the day. Myeerah's white skin and features of her French Canadian mother made the boys scarcely conscious of her Indian blood.

Two years of this strange sort of life for the boys passed—Isaac, for the most part, contented, but Jonathan's growing homesickness a trial to his brother. Two years of searching for their sons by the Zanes

was now at an end and ransom offered. Tarhe readily ransomed Jonathan, but the pleadings and tears of Myeerah brought his refusal to ransom Isaac.

The years passed and in Isaac's mind there grew a longing to return to his own people. Perhaps the life of his kinsmen in Virginia was his real heritage. Or, perhaps the life of the white man would have no appeal after these years of freedom and out-door life with the Indians. He was not unhappy, but he had many moments of doubt. Should he go and leave Myeerah, his childhood playmate, and now in whose heart he knew beat a lasting love? Should he remain and marry her, knowing that the longing to return to his parents might torment him and mar their love? He must find out for himself. It must be an escape. He knew Tarhe would never give his consent. His mind was made up and his escape carefully planned. He would go under cover of the dark and be many miles away before the rising sun brought detection.

History gives no account of Isaac's return home. Undoubtedly it was uneventful. His reunion with his family was about the year 1776. For a time he was happy, but he soon realized this was not his life and that his heart and thoughts were with the red man and Myeerah on those green hills in Ohio.

So with a light heart he set his course to the west where he knew contentment lay. But his return trip was not destined to be so uneventful. Not far from Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, he was surprised by a party of Seneca Indian scouts and taken captive. From the moment of his capture Isaac Zane felt the hopelessness of his plight. His

American dress in no way portrayed his long association with Indian life. Should he plead for his freedom, explaining his position in the Wyandot tribe? Reason told him this was futile. All Americans were treated as war enemies by the Senecas who were strongly allied with the British in the American Revolutionary war which was being fought at this time. Fear struck at his heart, not the fear of death which he knew he most certainly would suffer. His life with the Indians told him that he could not escape that. Rather was it a fear that he would never see Myeerah again. How cruel Fate was to take him from this world without even a last farewell! Dear, brave, faithful, Myeerah! When sentence of death was pronounced he took it stoically. He would not bring disgrace upon his adopted tribe by showing his emotions. Running the gauntlet, he reproached himself bitterly for leaving his beloved Wyandots. So heavy was his heart that their blows seemed only to strike there. His most fervent prayer was that their torture preceding his death would not be prolonged.

Back in Ohio Myeerah was inconsolable after Isaac's departure. Her consuming love for this young white Indian made his return imperative. He must be found. She would lead the search herself. Could stern old Tarhe refuse to let this ardent, heroic daughter go? Rather would he do this than see his little White Crane grieve. Accordingly, he commanded Thunder Cloud, a Wyandot chieftain, and a body of warriors to accompany her. Myeerah sensed Isaac's direction—his former home in the east. Nearing Fort Duquesne, the main encampment of the Senecas, some Indian scouts were sent out. They brought back word of Isaac's impending fate. Desperately Myeerah urged her men on to his rescue, knowing that minutes were precious. She saw in Isaac's death, the death of all her hopes and future happiness. Would she be too late? Was that a cloud of smoke ahead? Was there a smell of smoke in

her nostrils? She must get there in time. Faster, oh faster! They reached the clearing. There she could see the lighted torches and the braves cowering wildly about in a circle. Her eyes sought the center of that circle. There, tied to the stake, his body drooping, she saw Isaac Zane. She was not too late. Their torches had not kindled the pyre. Myeerah knew no fear. She would not stop until she reached her lover. Above the cries of the Senecas, Myeerah's shouting was heard. "Stop, stop! I claim this man as a member of the Wyandot tribe."

The Seneca chief, Cornplanter, respected the age-old Indian custom of the right of a woman to claim a prisoner at the stake. Then, too, he was not anxious to incur the hostilities of the Wyandot tribe by refusal to release this white Indian. He commanded Isaac's bands to be cut. The Indian princess triumphantly claimed the captive.

Isaac and Myeerah returned to the Wyandot country where their marriage followed soon afterwards. There they lived in complete harmony for forty years, both dying in the year 1816.

We shudder to think what massacres might have taken place if it had not been for this tie with the white man, which their marriage brought about. Tarhe's friendship with the white settlers was strengthened by his own marriage to a French Canadian and now by Myeerah's marriage. Later, when Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chief, wanted Tarhe to join forces with him against the Americans, he refused, saying his sympathies were largely with the white settlers. Thus this marriage of Isaac and Myeerah helped to alleviate much tragedy and suffering in the Miami and Mad River valleys.

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Reference: History of Zanesfield, Warder Public Library, Springfield, Ohio.

Virginia Sellers and Elsie Sallee are members of the Junior Chapter, Lagonda Daughters of the American Revolution, Springfield, Ohio.

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INSIGNIA—NATIONAL SOCIETY CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

## The Nebraska State Sunday at Valley Forge

**T**O write of Valley Forge is truly a thrill for me, because in my veins runs the blood of men who suffered there with Washington—my great-great-great grandfather, Samuel Whitney, his brother Seth, and their cousin Isaacah Robinson, were all there through that terrible winter. So I am glad that Nebraska can commemorate these men in the services in Washington Memorial Chapel, on the Nebraska State Sunday.

As you know, each state is assigned a Sunday in the order in which they were admitted to the Union. As Nebraska was 37th, the Nebraska Sunday is the first in October. The services are under the auspices of the National Society of Colonial Dames of Nebraska and the Nebraska State Society, D. A. R.

In 1933, on the tenth annual Nebraska Sunday, the beautiful Nebraska State flag was given through the Nebraska C. A. R. to Washington Memorial Chapel, and since then, the Nebraska C. A. R. has been a sponsor by giving \$5.00 to help defray expenses of the services. Each year, too, a High School is chosen to write a tribute to Nebraska, which is read in the service. Each High School that is chosen becomes a sponsor by giving \$2.50 toward the expenses.

The service is held in a setting of almost prodigal beauty. The quiet strength and dignity of the stone chapel, the splashes

of scarlet and yellow in the trees, the hazy air, make poignant the memory of the long bleak winter which Washington and his men spent on a spot now so beautiful. In this hushed atmosphere sound out the words of Washington's prayer for the people of the United States, and youth's tribute to the state that made the services possible.

This inspiring memorial is held because we believe with Cyrus Bailey that, "No spot on earth—not the plains of Marathon, or the passes of Sempach, nor the place of the Bastile, nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England—is so sacred in the history of the struggles of mankind for human liberty as Valley Forge."

And youth has its part in the service because Mrs. Miller, as State Director of Nebraska, thought that the C. A. R. should have a part in recognizing the bravery of the soldiers who stood by with Washington at Valley Forge.

LAVERNE PRUDEN,  
Member of Crete Society, C.A.R.

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**A** LARGE society of Children of the American Revolution has been organized in Wheeling, West Virginia, under the direction of Wheeling Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.

"Old Trails" was selected as the name of the new society.



GARDEN OF MRS. D. E. FRENCH, STATE REGENT OF WEST VIRGINIA, AT BLUEFIELD

## *Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics*

IT is easy to understand why May was chosen for the celebration of Arbor Day. Though buds have begun to bloom in the South long before this, and do not reach the fullness of their perfection in the North until it is almost over, May, after all, is the month when the Nation, taken by and large, is most tree-conscious. "The fragrant snow of spring," as Normans call their apple blossoms, is sweeping over our own country; all the sturdy evergreens are tipped with priceless jade; all the glossy chestnuts are lifting their pale candles. Wherever we turn, we find florescence.

Under these circumstances, the editor is particularly happy that so much material, based on the subject of trees, has come to her desk, and that she is privileged to pass it on to you. **Pearl H. Stewart** explains how the archives of Washington seem to take on new life through commemorative trees; **Minnie Muse Jones** tells the tale of a venerable Pennsylvania pine, in its own words; **Marjorie Barstow Greenbie** produces a poignant love story centering around the appealing figure of "Johnny Appleseed," on the influence of his doctrines and his deeds. There is verse, too, about a chestnut tree by **Bessie Schenck Bunten**; and there are news items about

historic trees in the States of Washington, Oregon, Kentucky, and Illinois, and a review by **Edna M. Colman** of that delightful book "Trees of Note in Connecticut" of which Katharine Matthies is the author. The editor hopes you will enjoy all of these as much as she has; and—to let you in on an office secret!—she will confide to you that she has the wherewithal to recognize Flag Day next month as significantly as she is recognizing Arbor Day this month.

Speaking of prodigality in the matter of contributions, the editor feels she must mention **Mrs. David E. French**, State Regent of West Virginia, who, ably assisted by members of the National Society in every part of the state, sent in such "numerous treasure" that the editor was almost overwhelmed! Try as she might—and she did try very hard—she simply could not use all of it at once, even though she stretched the number of pages to which the magazine is permitted to run to the utmost contract limit, left out this department entirely, and cut the space allotted to various others, in two! But, gradually, as time goes on, she will present more of it to you; and, for the moment, just as she gave you glimpses of other regents' homes, through the media of the Christmas cards they had sent her, she

wants to give you a glimpse of Mrs. French's garden through the medium of a card that has come to her, bearing cordial greetings, since the holidays. The editor is hoping to visit West Virginia, where she has never been—except to fill a solitary speaking engagement in Martinsburg—sometime this spring; and she is sure, from this picture, that she had better make a "bee-line" for Bluefield! Incidentally, somewhere along the way, either coming or going,—whether it is in a "bee-line" from Washington or not—she also proposes to see New River Canyon. As you look at the picture of this—which she is also sharing with you at this time—do you blame her for feeling that way?

**Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg**, who is one of our most distinguished contributors, writes charmingly of various functions which enliven the Washington scene; but when your editor asked her to describe one of her own, she modestly declined! Therefore, since the Capital boasts no more delightful hostess, it is obvious that someone else must do so for you, if you are to have a complete picture of the social season.

Her latest gesture of hospitality took the form of a musicale, held on Senator Vandenberg's birthday, at which they presented their gifted daughter, Elizabeth, to their friends as an accomplished pianist. The party was held at the Sulgrave Club, which is quite the smartest of its kind in the city;

and as the press of Washington proclaimed, in reporting it the next day, all the "right" people were there—or over three hundred of them at least! The musicale was scheduled to begin at ten; but when your editor—who had left the Flagsted Concert early on purpose to be prompt—arrived at quarter past, only those guests who had dined early and informally were already there. She was glad that she was one of this number, for she was just in time to see the artist of the evening—herself a springlike vision in her fluffy pink dress, with her hair shining like spun-gold!—come in on her father's arm and take her place at one of the two big pianos in the ballroom. Miss Vandenberg had already completed her first two numbers—a series of selections from Chopin and a similar series from Brahms—when diplomats and other dignitaries began to arrive. Fortunately they did not miss her series of Debussy music, or the overture to "The Meistersinger" with which she brought her formal program to a superb climax, playing it in the form of a duet, with Dr. Kurt Hetzel at the second piano.

Senator Vandenberg had said beforehand that his "one birthday wish" was for a concert given by his daughter. And, appropriately, this concert ended with the strains of "Happy Birthday to You!" while the entire audience joined in the singing, with everyone present who was having a birthday rising to "take a bow."



Courtesy of W. Va., State Roads Comm.

NEW RIVER CANYON, JUST EAST OF QUINNIMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

# THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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(Organized April 5, 1895)

Founder, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP (Deceased)

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THE JANUARY ISSUE contained a full page announcement regarding requirements for contributions to this magazine. On the whole the response to this has been satisfactory. However, owing to the great increase in the amount of material received and the difficulty of handling this with a small staff it is necessary to make the following stipulations:

No manuscripts of any kind can be considered unless typewritten and double-spaced without hand-written interpolations.

No manuscripts or pictures can be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

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*Some of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims as they appeared at the opening session of the Continental Congress.*

## Editor's Office — Mrs. Keyes Speaking

WITH the burgeoning of spring, youth has surged through Memorial Continental Hall like a fresh and fragrant breeze.

The first arrivals were the P. A. R.—the Pilgrims of the American Revolution—whose name has now officially been changed to G. C. P.—Good Citizenship Pilgrims. These senior high school girls—one from every state in the Union—are the happy beneficiaries of the trip to Washington which is provided annually by the National Society in recognition of outstanding character and achievements; and the supreme moment of the pilgrimage came when the girls filed across the stage, and received, from the fair hands of the retiring President General, the good citizenship medal

which is the outward and visible sign of their inward and spiritual grace. Their multi-colored dresses gave the effect of a moving rainbow; and there was something of the symbolism of a rainbow in the stirring sight of the pilgrims themselves.

On the night of their arrival, shepherded by their benign and beautiful director, Mrs. Raymond Kimbell, the pilgrims came to see the costume dolls which I have gathered from the four corners of the earth; and after that they kept streaming in and out of my office. I could not help noticing how many "redheads" there were among them, and wondered—by no means for the first time—if Titian tints did not bespeak determination and perseverance. I noticed too that

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Congress, with Mrs. William A. Becker and Mrs. Raymond Kimbell in the center of the stage

the pilgrims were uniformly clear-eyed and fresh-skinned, that they bore themselves with dignity as well as zest, that intelligence no less than enthusiasm characterized them. No single undertaking of the National Society seems to me more significant and far-reaching than that which provides for this pilgrimage; and I only hope that in time it may be expanded to include girls from our own territorial and insular possessions and from the foreign countries where our overseas chapters are located. What a thrill there would be, for actors and audience alike, if a girl from Puerto Rico, for instance, were coming close—figuratively and literally also—to a girl from Pennsylvania, a girl from the Canal Zone to a girl from California.

However, though we did not have girls from overseas among the pilgrims at the Congress this year, we *did* have one who represented another important phase of the National Society's work: Margaret Carl,

the beneficiary of the Carolyn E. Holt Scholarship Fund. This was originally called the Philippine Scholarship Fund, its name being later changed to honor the first chairman of the committee carrying on this branch of work; and Margaret Carl is herself as lovely a Filipino as the most diligent search through the length and breadth of those enchanting islands could possibly reveal. She came on to Washington from New York, where she is doing post-graduate work at Columbia University; and she was certainly a "vision of delight" as she appeared on the platform and in this office. No native dress with which I am familiar has more grace and charm than that of the Philippine; and the one which Miss Carl wore, made of gold spotted and gold bordered purple gauze, was a superb example of an exquisite costume.

Becker Boys and Becker Girls—Home-makers and Juniors—and finally the Children of the two parent societies—the Sons



MISS MARGARET CARL, PRESENT BENEFICIARY OF THE CAROLYN E. HOLT SCHOLARSHIP FUND, ON A VISIT TO THE EDITOR'S OFFICE

and Daughters of the American Revolution—all these have come and gone. The cool corridors have seemed warmer when thronged with flexible figures, the marble steps more plastic as they have been pressed with flying feet. Now quiet reigns again, that strange hush which is always the more oppressive when it follows after clamor. But it is not the silence of finality. It is the silence of prescience, permeated with prom-

ise—the promise which has already taken form and substance within these hallowed walls: that the lamp which we have lifted will be upheld by a strong and steadfast hand through ages yet to come and that the undertaking of the past will be the fulfillment of the future.

*Frances Parkinson Keyes*

A VISIT

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